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*Program of the
Ann Arbor May Festival*

University of Michigan. University Musical Society,
University of Michigan. School of Music



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SIXTH
ANNUAL MAY FESTIVAL
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

TO BE HELD IN

University Hall, Ann Arbor,
Michigan

May 11, 12, 13.
1899

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN
UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF MUSIC
1899

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TENTH SEASON

1898-1899

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LIST OF *CONCERTS and SOLOISTS*

Thursday, May 11, 8 P. M.

REQUIEM (Two Movements) - - - - - *Brahms*
MOTETT, "GALLIA" - - - - - *Gounod*

SOLOISTS

Miss SARA ANDERSON, Soprano Signor GIUSEPPE CAMPANARI, Baritone
Mr. EMIL MOLLENHAUER, Mr. HERMANN A. ZEITZ, Conductors

Symphony Concert

Friday, May 12, 3 P. M.

SOLOISTS

Miss SARA ANDERSON, Soprano Miss ELSA von GRAVE, Pianist
Mr. CLARENCE SHIRLEY, Tenor Mr. EMIL MOLLENHAUER, Conductor

Sembrich Concert

Friday, May 12, 8 P. M.

SOLOISTS

Madame MARCELLA SEMBRICH Mr. MYRON W. WHITNEY, Jr.
Mr. EMIL MOLLENHAUER, Mr. HERMANN A. ZEITZ, Conductors

Popular Concert

Saturday, May 13, 2:30 P. M.

SOLOISTS

Miss ANNA LOHBILLER, Soprano Miss BLANCHE TOWLE, Contralto
Mr. EMIL MOLLENHAUER, Conductor

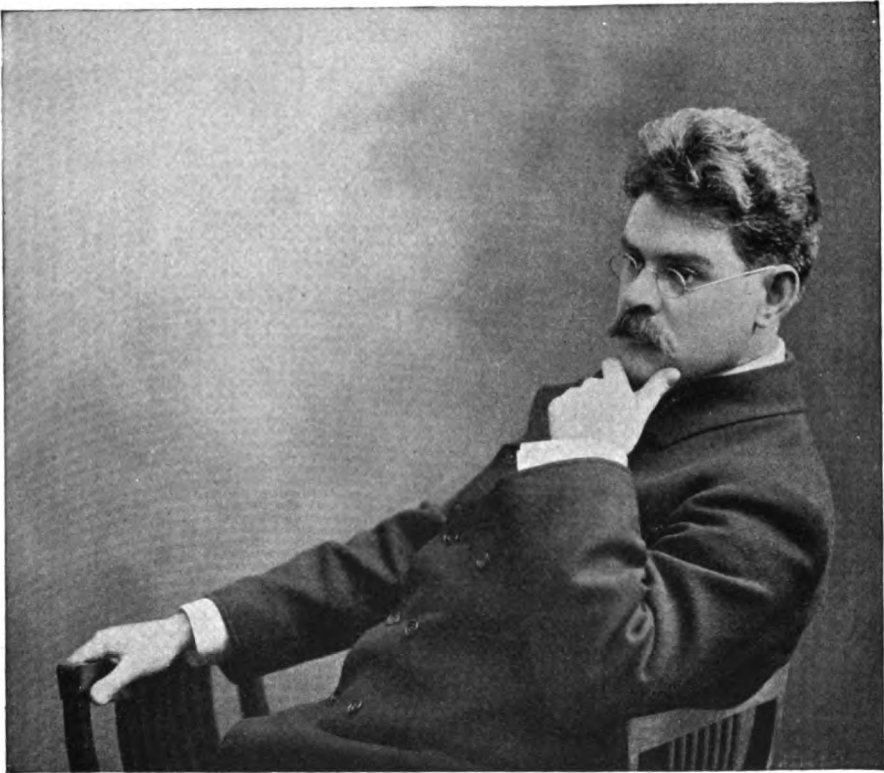
"Samson and Delilah"

(Camille Saint-Saens)

Saturday, May 13, 7:30 P. M.

CAST

DELILAH	- - - - -	Mrs. Josephine Jacoby
SAMSON	- - - - -	Mr. George Hamlin
THE HIGH PRIEST OF DAGON	- - - - -	Mr. Gwynn Miles
ABIMELECH, SATRAP OF GAZA	}	Mr. Myron W. Whitney, Jr.
AN OLD HEBREW		
PHILISTINE MESSENGER		
THE CHORAL UNION	♫	Mr. HERMANN A. ZEITZ, Conductor



EMIL MOLLENHAUER

Boston Festival Orchestra

PERSONNEL

EMIL MOLLENHAUER, Conductor

First Violins

EDWARD HEINDL
RUDOLPH RISSLAND
J. W. CROWLEY
H. HEINDL, JR.
L. G. EATON
J. C. COLE
BARTLETT BRIGGS
W. S. COTTON
JULIUS AKEROYD
P. FIUMARA

Second Violins

J. DREBINGER
B. J. HOLMBERG
J. B. FIELDING
F. HENSELT
D. B. SHEDD
C. G. MILLER

Violas

W. A. HOCHHEIM
W. RIETZEL
F. FIALA
J. BENAVENTE

Cellos

LUDWIG CORELL
ARTHUR HADLEY
CARL WEBSTER
D. W. FISHER

Basses

R. N. DAVIS
H. E. COUCH
O. L. SOUTHLAND
H. R. KREBS

Piccolo

W. RIETZEL

Flutes

E. A. FRANKLIN
J. M. STURTEVANT

Oboes

EUG. DEVAUX
P. C. FISCHER

Clarinets

A. VANNINI
I. O. HEMENWAY

Bassoons

F. BERNHARDI
L. POST

French Horns

H. DUTSCHKE
A. RIESE
F. DEYERBERG
W. A. CLARKE

Trumpets

ARTHUR S. WONSON
WM. T. HERRICK

Trombones

D. H. MOORE
A. P. RIPLEY
CARL BEHR

Tuba

OTTO LORENZ

Harp

VAN VEACHTON ROGERS

Tympani

J. M. CASEY

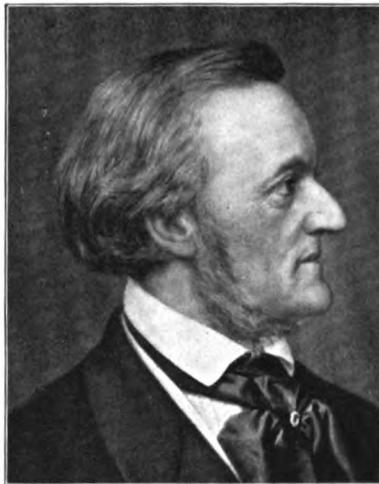
Bass Drum, Triangle

Cymbals

CARL LUDWIG

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BEGINNING OF EACH
CONCERT



WILHELM RICHARD WAGNER

PROGRAMS

CHORAL UNION SERIES

1898-1899

TENTH SEASON - SIXTH CONCERT

(No. LXXV Complete Series)

FIRST MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

Thursday Evening, May 11, 8 o'clock

REQUIEM (Two Movements) - - - - Brahms
MOTETT, "GALLIA" - - - - Gounod

SOLOISTS

Miss Sara Anderson, Soprano Signor Giuseppe Campanari, Baritone
Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, Mr. Hermann A. Zeitz, Conductors
Mr. Llewellyn L. Renwick, Organist

PROGRAM

1. Overture to "Die Meistersinger" - - - - Wagner
 2. Hymn to St. Cecilia - - - - Gounod
 3. Aria, "Farewell Ye Hills," from "Joan of Arc" - - Tschaikowski
MISS ANDERSON
 4. Aria, "Vision Fugitive," from "Herodiade" - - - Massenet
SIG. CAMPANARI
 5. Requiem - - - - Brahms
 - (a) Poco Andante
 - (b) Moderato, in modo di MarciaTHE CHORAL UNION
 6. Two Movements from the Suite d'Orchestre - - - Moszkowski
 - (a) Theme and Variations
 - (b) Perpetual Motion
 7. Prologue to "Pagliacci" - - - - Leoncavallo
SIG. CAMPANARI
 8. Motett, "Gallia" - - - - Gounod
MISS ANDERSON, THE CHORAL UNION, ORCHESTRA, AND ORGAN
-

The audience is requested to remain seated until the very end, that the effect of the music be not lost.

The next Concert in this Series will be given Friday, May 12, at 3:00 P. M.

CHORAL UNION SERIES

1898-1899

TENTH SEASON - SEVENTH CONCERT

(No. LXXVI Complete Series)

SECOND MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

Friday Afternoon, May 12, 3 o'clock

SYMPHONY CONCERT

SOLOISTS

Miss Sara Anderson, Soprano

Mr. Clarence Shirley, Tenor

Miss Elsa von Grave, Pianist

Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, Conductor

PROGRAM

1. Overture, "Faust" - - - - - Wagner
2. Aria, "Ciélo e Mare," from "La Gioconda" - - - Ponchielli
MR. SHIRLEY
3. Fantasic, "Romeo and Juliet" - - - - - Svendsen
4. Hungarian Fantasic - - - - - Liszt
MISS VON GRAVE
5. Aria, "Pleurez mes Yeux," from "Le Cid" - - - Massenet
MISS ANDERSON
6. Symphony No. 3, "Im Walde" - - - - - Raff
Part I. In the Daytime
Impressions and Sensations; Allegro (F major)
Part II. At Twilight
(a) Revery : Largo (A-flat major)
(b) Dance of Dryads; Allegro assai (D minor)
Poco meno mosso (A major)
Part III. At Night
Silent rustling of the woods at night. Entrance and exit
of the Wild Hunt with Frau Holle (Hulda) and Wotan.
Daybreak : Allegro (F major)

Mason & Hamlin Pianoforte used.

The next Concert in this Series will be given this evening at 8 o'clock.

CHORAL UNION SERIES

1898-1899

TENTH SEASON - EIGHTH CONCERT

(No. LXXVII Complete Series)

THIRD MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

Friday Evening, May 12, 8 o'clock

SEMBRICH CONCERT

SOLOISTS

Madame Marcella Sembrich

Mr. Myron W. Whitney, Jr.

Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, Mr. Hermann A. Zeitz, Conductors

PROGRAM

1. Overture, "Benvenuto Cellini" - - - - - *Berlioz*
2. "Flitterwochen" - - - - - *Slyx*
STRING ORCHESTRA, FLUTES, BELLS AND HARP
3. Aria, "Casta Diva," from "Norma" - - - - - *Bellini*
MME. SEMBRICH
4. Stabat Mater - - - - - *Verdi*
THE CHORAL UNION
5. Aria, "Ella giammai m'amo," from "Don Carlos" - - - - - *Verdi*
MR. WHITNEY
6. Songs: (a) Die Forelle - - - - - *Schubert*
(b) Vergebliches Stündchen - - - - - *Brahms*
MME. SEMBRICH
7. (a) Prelude to 3d Act of "Herodiade" - - - - - *Massenet*
(b) Introduction to 3d Act of "Lohengrin" - - - - - *Wagner*
8. Waltz, "Voce di Primavera" - - - - - *Strauss*
MME. SEMBRICH
9. Grand Polonaise in E: - - - - - *Liszt*

The next Concert in this Series will be given Saturday, May 13, at 2:30 P. M.

CHORAL UNION SERIES

1898-1899

TENTH SEASON - NINTH CONCERT

(No. LXXVIII Complete Series)

FOURTH MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

Saturday Afternoon, May 13, 2:30 o'clock

Popular Concert

SOLOISTS

Miss Anna Lohbiller, Soprano

Miss Blanche Towle, Contralto

Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, Conductor

PROGRAM

- | | |
|--|--------------------|
| 1. Overture, "Hansel and Gretel" - - - - - | <i>Humperdinck</i> |
| 2. Ronde d'Amour - - - - - | <i>Westerhout</i> |
| 3. Villanelle - - - - - | <i>Dell'Acqua</i> |

MISS LOHBILLER

- | | |
|---|-----------------|
| 4. Three Movements from the "Rustic Wedding Symphony" - | <i>Goldmark</i> |
| Wedding March: Moderato molto (E-flat major) | |
| In the Garden: Andante (G minor) | |
| Dance: Allegro molto (E-flat major) | |
| 5. Ballet Music from "Coppelia" - - - - - | <i>Delibes</i> |
| (a) Valse à la Poupée (b) Czardas | |
| 6. Aria, "O Don fatal," from "Don Carlos" - - - - - | <i>Verdi</i> |

MISS TOWLE

- | | |
|-------------------------------|--------------|
| 7. Liebesgefluester - - - - - | <i>Steck</i> |
|-------------------------------|--------------|

STRING ORCHESTRA

- | | |
|---|----------------|
| 8. Overture, "Robespierre" ("The Last Day of Terror") - - | <i>Litolff</i> |
|---|----------------|

PLEASE NOTICE that the performance of "Samson and Delilah," the final Concert in the Series, will commence promptly at 7:30 this evening. A half hour earlier than the other evening Concerts.

CHORAL UNION SERIES

1898-1899

TENTH SEASON - TENTH CONCERT

(No. LXXIX Complete Series)

FIFTH MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

Saturday Evening, May 13, 7:30 o'clock

“Samson and Delilah”

OPERA IN THREE ACTS BY CAMILLE SAINT-SAENS.

CAST

DELILAH	- - - - -	MRS. JOSEPHINE JACOBY
SAMSON	- - - - -	MR. GEORGE HAMLIN
THE HIGH PRIEST OF DAGON	- - - - -	MR. GWVLIM MILES
ABIMELECH, SATRAP OF GAZA	}	MR. MYRON W. WHITNEY, JR.
AN OLD HEBREW		
PHILISTINE MESSENGER		

THE CHORAL UNION

MR. HERMANN A. ZETZ, *Conductor.*



GIUSEPPE CAMPANARI

DESCRIPTIVE PROGRAMS

FIRST CONCERT

Thursday Evening, May 11

OVERTURE, "Die Meistersinger" - - - WAGNER

THE only humorous work Wagner has left is "Die Meistersinger." For this reason, as well as for others, it occupies a peculiar place among his music dramas. It well illustrates the composer's great leitmotif system; that is, having a certain specific phrase for every personage in the drama, and also for the elements that enter into the emotional texture. This phrase is always used to announce the entrance of the corresponding idea or person, and one who accustoms himself to listening for the distinctive phrases throughout the performance, experiences a sense of balance and unity.

Wagner's critics from the first complained of a lack of melody in his music. He retorted that they were judging by a very primitive kind of melody, one in which the cadence must fall at frequent and never varied intervals, while what he wrote was "endless melody." With perhaps an idea of showing that he could write as beautiful melodies as the Italians, "Die Meistersinger" was produced. A singing contest in which Walter, a knight who has entered the list in order to win as a prize the lovely Eva, offers an admirable opportunity for the composer's defense, and also for such a ridiculing of his critics (whom he represents in the person of Beckmesser, a stupid and jealous competitor of Walter) as his heart delighted in.

"Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg," the text and music by Richard Wagner, was first given under Hans von Bülow's direction at the Court Opera in Munich, on June 21, 1868.

The prelude opens strongly and broadly with the first theme of the Master Singer's March, treated contrapuntally—in evident allusion to the old school of musical art which the master singers represent in the comedy. The exposition of this first theme is followed by a subsidiary—the second theme of the same march, also known as the KING DAVID-motive (David was the tutelary patron of Master Singers' guild)—which is followed by a return of the first theme, now elaborately developed by the full orchestra. This strong climax is followed by some phrases taken from Walther's "Preislied" and "Werbelied," leading to a modulation to E-flat major and a burlesque parody on the first theme, given out *staccato* by the wood-wind, and worked up contrapuntally against a droll little counter-figure taken from the crowd's jeers at Beckmesser in the singing contest in the third act. This burlesque counterpoint goes on until it becomes sheer "cats' music," when it suddenly debouches into an exceedingly ingenious and beautiful passage; the first violins, 'celli, and some wind instruments play the melody of the third verse of Walther's "Preislied,"—which here becomes the real second theme of the prelude—while the wood-wind play the first subsidiary in diminution, and the double-basses and bass-tuba give out the first theme, note for note, as a ponderous bass; the second violins surround this combination of

three separate themes with an elaborate contrapuntal embroidery in sixteenth notes. The working-out goes on apace, growing stronger and stronger, until the first subsidiary returns *fortissimo* in the wind, against surging figuration in the strings, and a resplendent coda closes the movement.

HYMN TO ST. CECILIA - - - GOUNOD

ARIA, "FAREWELL YE HILLS," from
"Joan of Arc" - - - TSCHAIKOWSKI

MISS ANDERSON

God's will be done !
Joan must yield obedience to the heavenly mandate !
Yet why this fear arising in my breast,
That breaks my heart and fills my soul with anguish ?

Farewell ye hills, and all ye fertile valleys,
Ye lovely peaceful plains, a long farewell.
Joan no more among your shades will linger,
The hour has come, the hour for her to say,
Farewell !

Ye meadows fair, ye trees which I have cherished,
Ah ! when I am gone, your flowers will open still !
My grotto cool, my brooklet swiftly flowing,
From you I pass, I never more may see you ;
Joan departs, her life with you is ended.
Ye quiet scenes where peaceful pleasures blended,
No more shall I your pleasant ways behold,
My scattered flocks will wander undefended :
The shepherdess is driv'n to leave her fold.
For other flocks by her must now be tended,
When murd'rous war's tremendous plains unfold.
'T is thus the voice of God to me hath spoken,
No low ambition tempts me by her token.
Madonna ! To thee my heart is wholly open,
'T is filled with sorrow, it throbs with anguish.
Farewell forever more !

ARIA, "VISION FUGITIVE," from "Herodiade," MASSENET

SIGNOR CAMPANARI

"Herodiade," opera in three acts, was first given at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, in Brussels, Dec. 19, 1881. It had a success of a season ; but when given at the Opera-Italien in Paris on Jan. 30, 1884, after being partly rewritten by the composer, it failed completely. The literal translation of the air sung in this concert is as follows:

HEROD :

'T is a dream that my spirit so lonely entrances,
Could I now as of old her fair beauty behold,
That gave me bliss untold to repay my fond glances.
All my hope it enhances.
This vision I 'd ne'er lose, it is so sweet to me,
Vain illusion, though I well know it be !



JOHANNES BRAHMS

Vision sweet ! I would follow thee though
 thou art fleeting.
 Angel of my sad life, my soul giveth thee greeting.
 Ah ! 't is thee ! joy of my heart, my love and hope
 ever thou art !
 I would fold thee so near that thy heart-beat I 'd hear,
 And with my own reply ; gladly then would I die,
 In that blest dream so joyous, love for thee showing.
 Ah ! with no fear or regret, on thee my whole
 soul bestowing.
 Thou joy of my heart and my hope !
 Vision sweet and blest joy of my heart !
 Fond illusion so fleeting,
 Ah ! thou art my only love and my hope !

REQUIEM (Two Movements) - - - BRAHMS

(a) Poco Andante

(b) Moderato, in modo di Marcia

THE CHORAL UNION

The "German Requiem," so called, is not a requiem in its sentiment, nor in any sense a religious service. The poem is full of consolation for the mourner, of assurances of joy hereafter, of warnings against the pomps and vanities of the world, and closes with the victory of the Saints over death and the grave. It might with more propriety be called a "sacred cantata." The work has seven numbers—two baritone solos and chorus, soprano solo and chorus, and four separate choruses. It was first performed at Bremen on Good Friday, 1868, and in 1873 was first heard in England. It was also given at the Cincinnati Festival of 1884, under Mr. Thomas's direction.

The opening chorus, "Blessed are they that go mourning," is beautifully written, and is particularly noticeable for the richness of its accompaniment. In the Funeral March, which follows, a very graphic resemblance to the measured tread of the cortège is accomplished by the use of triple time. In this, as well as in numerous other instances, the composer cuts loose from ordinary methods, and in pure classical form, and by the use of legitimate musical processes, achieves what others seek to effect by sensuous or purely imitative music.

It was the "German Requiem" which first made Brahms famous ; it confirmed all that Schumann had said of him. Its great difficulties require an extraordinary chorus and orchestra ; but when these can be had, the power and beauty of the work will always be conceded.

I

Blessed are they that go mourning, for the Lord He shall give them comfort.
 Seed in sorrow scattered yieldeth a joyful harvest. For he that goeth weeping and
 beareth seed so precious, shall come back rejoicing and bringing sheaves in plenty.

II

Behold, all flesh is as the grass, and all the goodliness of man is as the grass and
 flowers. The grass it doth wither, and the flower it decayeth.

Now therefore be patient, brethren, unto the coming of Christ.

See how the husbandman waiteth for the excellent fruit of autumn, and hath
 long patience for it, until he receive the rains of the morning and evening showers.

Behold, all flesh is as the grass, and all the goodliness of man is as the grass and
 flowers. The grass it doth wither, and the flower decayeth.

So then be patient ; God's word endureth ever, yea, in eternity.
 The redeemed of the Lord shall return with singing unto Zion, coming rejoicing.
 Gladness eternal shall be upon them for aye ; gladness and rapture, these shall
 be their portion ; and tears and sighing shall flee from them.

TWO MOVEMENTS from Suite No. 1 in F

in F Major, Op. 39 - - - - MOSZKOWSKI

III. Tema con variazioni : Andante (A major) - - - 2-4

V. Perpetuum mobile : Vivace (F major) - - - 4-4

Moritz Moszkowski was born at Breslau, on Aug. 23, 1854. He first studied music in his native city, then at the conservatorium in Dresden. Thence he went to Berlin, where he entered Stern's Conservatorium and Kullak's Akademie, at which latter establishment he continued for some years as teacher of the pianoforte, after his own course of studies was completed. He gave his first public concert in Berlin in 1873, and has since appeared there as a pianist, as well as in Paris, Warsaw, and other cities.

The suite from which the two movements played at this concert are taken is dedicated to the London Philharmonic Society. The theme of the first of the movements given (the third in the suite itself) reminds one strongly, if not quite by its melody, yet by its rhythm and general character, of a once famous Russian song known throughout Germany as "Der rothe Sarafan," on which Thalberg wrote one of his earliest sets of variations for the pianoforte. It is an excellent example of Moszkowski's characteristic melodic style, and of a certain chromatic element in his harmony which reminds one somewhat of Spohr.

The second of the two movements given (the *finale* of the suite) adds one more to the already long list of "Perpetual Motion" movements. Paganini wrote one, and Weber wrote one. As its title implies, it is pervaded almost throughout by a restless, scurrying figure in sixteenth notes, now in the strings, now in the wood-wind, and anon in both. It is a favorite *bravura* show piece for virtuoso orchestras.

PROLOGUE TO "PAGLIACCI" - LEONCAVALLO

SIGNOR CAMPANARI

"Pagliacci," drama in two acts, was first brought out at the Teatro dal Verme in Milan on May 21, 1892. Victor Maurel sang the part of Tonio. The opera was first given in this country in the Grand Opera-house in New York on June 15, 1893, with Mr. G. Campanari as Tonio. The English translation of the text is as follows :—

Tonio (passing his head through the curtain): May I? (*Coming forward*) May I? (*Bowing over the prompter's box*) Ladies,—Gentlemen!

I pray you hear why alone I appear!

I am the Prologue!

Our author loves the custom of a prologue to his story

And, as he would revive for you the ancient glory,

He sends me to speak before you!

But not to prate as once of old,

That the tears of the actor are false, unreal!

That his sighs and cries, and the pain that is told,

He has no heart to feel!

No! no? our author to-night, a chapter will borrow from life with

its laughter and sorrow!

Is not the actor a man with a heart like you?

So 't is for men that our author has written,



SARA ANDERSON

And the story he tells you is true !
 A song of tender mem'ries, deep in his listening heart one
 day was ringing ;
 And then with a trembling heart he wrote it,
 And he marked the time with sighs and tears.
 Come then, here on the stage you shall behold us in human fashion,
 And see the sad fruits of love and passion,
 Hearts that weep and languish, cries of rage and anguish,
 And bitter laughter !
 Ah, think then, good people, when ye look on us clad in our
 motley and tinsel,
 Ours are human hearts, beating with passion,
 We are but men like you, for gladness or sorrow,
 'T is the same broad heaven above us,
 The same wide lonely world before us !
 Will ye hear, then, the story ?
 How it unfolds itself surely and certain ?
 Come then ! ring up the curtain !

MOTETT, " Gallia "

GOUNOD

MISS ANDERSON, THE CHORAL UNION, ORCHESTRA,
 AND ORGAN

Gallia is the ancient Latin name of France ; and this work was composed by Charles Gounod at the close of the Franco-Prussian war when his country was conquered by the Germans, and his beloved Paris was in the hands of the invader. He could find no words better suited to express the depth of his feeling than those of the mournful prophet.

CHORUS

Solitary lieth the city, she that was full of people !
 How is she widowed ? she that was great among nations,
 Princess among the provinces, how is she put under tribute ?
 Sorely she weepeth in darkness, her tears are on her cheeks,
 And no one offereth consolation, yea, all her friends
 have betrayed her,
 They have become her enemies, they have betrayed her.

SOPRANO SOLO AND CHORUS

Zion's ways do languish, none come to her solemn feasts :

SOPRANO SOLO

All her gates are desolate : her priests sigh, yea, her virgins
 are afflicted and she is in bitterness.

CHORUS

Is it nothing to all ye that pass by ?
 Behold, and see if there be any sorrow that is like unto my sorrow,
 Now behold, O Lord, look Thou on my affliction,
 See the foe hath magnified himself.

SOPRANO SOLO AND CHORUS

Jerusalem, Jerusalem, O turn thee to the Lord thy God,
 O turn thee, O turn thee unto thy God.

SECOND CONCERT

Friday Afternoon, May 12

OVERTURE, "A Faust Overture" - - - WAGNER

THIS work is not to be taken in any sense as an overture to Goethe's "Faust;" it was written in Paris in January, 1840, as the first movement of a "Faust" symphony. This may account for its being more in the sonata-form than any of Wagner's other overtures, except those to "Rienzi" and "Tannhäuser." Wagner once wrote that he had taken Faust's "*Entbehren sollst du, sollst entbehren!*" (Thou shalt forego, shalt do without!) as the motto of this movement; he also insisted that the movement had to do with the character of Faust, and Faust alone; that there was no reference to Gretchen in it. Like Liszt, in his "Faust" symphony, he meant to reserve another whole movement for Gretchen, and probably also another for Mephisto. But the plan of the "Faust" symphony was definitively abandoned, and this single movement given to the public under its present title, "Eine Faust-Overtüre." It was not originally in its present form, and Wagner's affirmation that there "was no Gretchen in it" has probably given rise to some misconception. It was long and generally known that Wagner rewrote and remodelled the work in Zürich in 1855 at Liszt's earnest instigation. But it was only on the publication of the Liszt-Wagner correspondence that it was discovered that Liszt, on this occasion, had earnestly advised his friend "to put some Gretchen into it"—for the sake of musical form and contrast. So the melodious second theme of the wood-wind may refer to Gretchen after all.

ARIA, "CIELO E MARE," from "La Gioconda" - - - PONCHIELLI

MR. SHIRLEY

Amilcare Ponchielli was born in Cremona, Sept. 1, 1834. His first compositions were quite successful, and he was particularly fortunate in that he very early caught the favor of the Italian opera-going public. He died Jan. 16, 1886, and at that time, and for some years previous, enjoyed a position in Italy second only to Verdi, whose successor he was generally regarded as being.

"La Gioconda" was first brought out at La Scala, Milan, April 8, 1876. In England it was first produced at Covent Garden, May, 1883. It was first given by Abbey's famous Italian opera company in New York, and later in the season, in Boston with Nilsson and Fursch-Madi in the leading rôles.

Ocean and Sky,
The blue vault ethereal,
Like a holy altar shines.
Will my angel come from Heaven?
Will she come from ocean's billows?



CLARENCE SHIRLEY

Here I wait her ; for warmly blows the breeze to-day
that love doth hold.

Ah, what heart for you out-reaching
Would disturb you,
O bright dream, O dream of gold ?

Thro' the mist's glooming,
There 's no land, no mountain looming ;
Wavelets kiss the pale horizon.
On the billows where I am waiting with a
pulse that scarce doth move,

Come, O my darling,
Come, take the kiss of Life's sweet bliss,
Sweetest boon of life and love,
Come, O darling, here I wait thee, with a pulse
that scarce doth move.

FANTASIE, "Romeo and Juliet" - SVENDSEN

HUNGARIAN FANTASIE - - - LISZT

MISS VON GRAVE

This Fantasie, based on Hungarian popular songs, is considered one of the most important works of Franz Liszt. Hungarian by birth, he, more than other composers, felt and expressed the sweet and quaint melodies, and the fire of these folk-songs. The work is dedicated to Hans von Bülow, and was a favorite of that famous pianist.

ARIA, "PLEUREZ MES YEUX," from

"Le Cid" - - - - - MASSENET

MISS ANDERSON

"Le Cid," opera in four acts, was brought out at the Academie Nationale de Musique in Paris, Nov. 30, 1885. The opera did not hold the stage long, but some of the airs from it have maintained their place in concert repertory. The air sung in this concert is in the part of Chimene, the heroine.

The literal prose translation is:—

I come out of this frightful combat with my soul broken. But at last I am free, and can sigh without restraint, and suffer without witnesses.

Weep, weep, weep my eyes. Fall, sorrowful dew, that no ray of sunshine shall ever dry. If I have a hope left, it is to die soon. Weep, weep, my eyes, weep all your tears. But who has ordained the eternity of tears? O dear buried ones, do ye find such delight in bequeathing implacable sorrow to the living? Alas! I remember! He said, "With thy sweet smile thou canst never lead on but to glorious paths, and blessed ways." Ah, my father! Alas!

SYMPHONY NO. 3 IN F MAJOR,

"In the Woods," Op. 153 - - - - - RAFF

Joseph Joachim Raff was born at Lachen, on the Lake of Zürich, on May 27, 1822, and died in Berlin on June 26, 1882. His education was begun at Wiesenstetten, in Würtemberg; and he afterward entered the Jesuit Lyceum at Schwyz, where he won prizes in German, Latin, and mathematics. He also studied music, but extreme poverty soon compelled him to abandon taking lessons; he turned schoolmaster, but still continued studying music without a teacher, and made considerable progress on

the pianoforte and violin, and also in composition. In 1843, being twenty-one years old, he sent some of his MS. compositions to Felix Mendelssohn in Leipzig, who gave him a letter of introduction to the firm of Breitkopf & Härtel; this led to the publication of some of his works. From that time Raff continued to be an indefatigable producer up to his death.

Raff was indubitably one of those geniuses to whom almost constant, and at times extreme, poverty was a real and lasting evil. He was a man of the highest and, for his time, somewhat new aims in art; notwithstanding his rather fragmentary professional education, he was conspicuously a master of the technique of composition,—in fact, very few of his contemporaries possessed his enormous facility in conquering contrapuntal difficulties, nor his often astonishing ease of style. He was a man of truly poetic nature, of warm and genial feeling, and was doubtless more profoundly in earnest than he often seemed to be. He was a real force in his day, and his influence upon German music and musical thought was conspicuous. He stood well in the front rank of composers of his time. Of his works, the “Lenore” symphony is probably the most widely popular, though the “Im Walde” is most admired by musicians.

This symphony, like Beethoven's “Pastoral,” verges on the confines of pure symphonic writing, closely approaching the domain of “program-music.” Yet, descriptive and picturesquely suggestive as much of it is, it never quite becomes pure “program-music.” Indeed, it adheres so closely to the form of the symphony that one of the earliest criticisms on it in Germany was to the effect that, in the last movement (where there is a famous suggestion of daybreak), “the composer, out of deference to the symphonic form, had made the sun rise twice on the same morning.”

The first movement, *Allegro* in F major (3-4 time), is headed: “In the Daytime; Impressions and Sensations.” It begins with some rather vague prelude in the strings, horn, and bassoon, the 'celli and double-basses coming in at one time with a hint at the first theme, which is soon to follow; a flicker or two of light comes from the flutes and oboe,—like sunshine through the branches,—and soon (at the twenty-sixth measure) all this dreamy vagueness crystallizes into shape, and the first theme is duly announced in the strings in the tonic, F major, at first *piano*, but soon swelling to *forte*, as the development proceeds. Just as the *forte* is reached, a sudden change to *pianissimo*, with the entrance of the trombones on the chord of D-flat major, heralds the coming of the first subsidiary, a phrase partaking of the nature of passage-work, beneath which the basses bring in once more the first theme. This subsidiary theme is developed at some length with lightly skipping passages in the wood-wind, which remind one a little of the first theme, until the strings modulate by themselves to the subdominant, B-flat major, and the second theme enters in that key. This theme is developed first by the strings, then by the horns against a waving figural variation in the violins and occasional trills and running passages in the flutes. The conclusion-theme sets in in 9-8 time,—it is really a development of the figure already heard in the violins at the sudden *pianissimo* just before the entrance of the first subsidiary,—and is developed at considerable length, thus closing the first part of the movement in B-flat major. There is no repeat.

The free fantasia is long and elaborately worked out, and ends with a vigorous climax, leading back to the re-entrance of the first theme in the tonic (beginning of the third part of the movement), given out *forte* by the full orchestra. This third part is in the regular relation to the first, only that the second theme is now in the dominant, C major, instead of in the tonic. The movement ends with a very long and elaborate coda.



ELSA VON GRAVE.  

The second movement, *Largo*, in A-flat major (2-4 time) is headed: "In the Twilight; Revery." After some free preluding in the clarinet and horn, accompanied by the strings, the principal theme is given out by all the strings in full harmony, against a sort of obbligato in the bassoon,—or, rather, it were more accurate to say that this passage is really in five-part harmony, the bassoon playing one of the parts. This calm, tender melody is followed by some more florid work in the clarinet and horn, and then the theme sets in again in the horns and violas, against a *pizzicato* accompaniment in the strings, and rapid running passages in the flute and other wooden wind instruments. Then follows an elaborately developed second theme (*Con moto*) in E major, which, in its turn, makes way for a dreamy, mysterious conclusion-theme in F major—flutes accompanied by the muted violins—and then the principal theme comes back in the tonic, A flat major, played by the second violins and a 'cello solo against a hushed accompaniment in the other strings *con sordini* and syncopated triplets in the flutes. The theme returns for the last time, as a coda, in the strings, against which the clarinet plays florid, recitative-like phrases.

The third movement, *Allegro assai* in D minor (3-4 time), is still in the twilight, and is headed, "Dance of Dryads." It is the Scherzo of the symphony, and is elaborately worked out in the regular scherzo form, with a Trio in A major, in which the orchestral effect of the high harmonics and trills of the violins, against a melody in the wood-wind, seems to have been suggested by the corresponding part of Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet" symphony.

The fourth movement, *Allegro* in F major (4-4 time), is headed: "At Night. Silent murmuring of the woods at night. Entrance and exit of the Wild Hunt, with Frau Holle (Hulda)* and Wotan. Daybreak." It opens with a mysterious *pianissimo* theme in the 'celli and double-basses alone, which is forthwith made the subject of the exposition of a four-part fugue "of imitation,"—the voices entering as follows: 1, 'celli and basses; 2, second violins and violas; 3, first violins; 4, horn,—and leads to the entrance of the "Wild Hunt" theme in the strings, clarinets, and bassoons. This "Wild Hunt" is worked out with great elaboration and vigor; it swells to *fortissimo*, then dies away again in the distance, to make way for a most poetically picturesque orchestral picture of the gray morning dawn and sunrise, with a return of the opening theme of the movement in the horns, and at last a return of the second theme of the first movement. Unfortunately, Raff has stopped his sunrise half-way, and then gone back to darkness again and a return of the "Wild Hunt," only to have a new dawn and sunrise when the wild hunters have again disappeared. This repetition is, however, generally omitted in performances of the symphony nowadays; not so much for the sake of meteorological accuracy, perhaps, as because the movement, in its original shape, is excessively long.

* Hulda, or Holda, was the Venus of Northern mythology; her other name was Freia. She was primarily the goddess of Spring, and then of love. It was she who enticed Tannhäuser into the Venus Mountain. After the introduction of Christianity, Hulda soon got to be regarded as an evil spirit, and was associated with nocturnal storms, like other witches, and called Frau Holle.

THIRD CONCERT

Friday Evening, May 12

OVERTURE, "Benvenuto Cellini" - - BERLIOZ

"FLITTERWOCHEN," String Orchestra,
Flutes, Bells, and Harp - - - STYX

ARIA, "Casta Diva," from "Norma" - BELLINI

MME. SEMBRICH

ARIA Gentle Goddess, softly spreading
Through this sacred grove thy light,
Cast thy tender veil upon us,
Cool all wrath and give us peace;
Drive hot anger from our bosoms,
Cause all doubt and fear to cease.

STABAT MATER - - - VERDI

THE CHORAL UNION

This is the second of "Quattro Pezzi Sacri," a series of four works of a religious character. They are among the latest publications of the composer, not having been copyrighted until late in 1898. The text is the familiar Latin hymn, which Verdi has treated in a modern yet original manner, displaying throughout in the movement of the voices his mastery of vocal color.

STABAT MATER. BY G. VERDI

For Chorus and Orchestra.

Stabat Mater dolorosa
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,
Dum pendebat Filius.

Cujus animam gementem
Contristatam et dolentem
Pertransivit gladius.

O quam tristis et afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater Unigeniti.

Quæ moerebat et dolebat
Pia Mater, dum videbat
Nati poenas inclyti.

Quis est homo, qui non fleret,
Matrem Christi si videret
In tanto supplicio?



MME. SEMBRICH

Quis non posset contristari,
Christi Matrem contemplari
Dolentem cum Filio?

Pro peccatis suæ gentis,
Vidit Jesum in tormentis,
Et flagellis subditum.

Vidit suum dulcem Natum
Moriendo desolatum,
Dum emisit spiritum.

Eja Mater, fons amoris,
Me sentire vim doloris,
Fac, ut tecum lugeam.

Fac ut ardeat cor meum
In amando Christum Deum,
Ut sibi complaceam.

Sancta Mater, istud agas,
Crucifixi fige plagas
Cordi meo valide.

Tui Nati vulnerati,
Tam dignati pro me pati,
Poenas mecum divide.

Fac me tecum pie flere,
Crucifixo condolere
Donec ego vixero.

Juxta crucem tecum stare,
Et me tibi sociare
In planctu desidero.

Virgo virginum præclara,
Mihi jam non sè amara,
Fac me tecum plangere.

Fac ut portem Christi mortem,
Passionis fac consortem,
Et plagas recolere.

Fac me plagis vulnerari,
Fac me cruce inebriari,
Et cruore Filii.

Flammis ne urar succensus,
Per te, Virgo, sim defensus
In die judicii.

Christe, cum sit hinc exire,
Da per Matrem me venire
Ad palmam victoriæ.

Quando corpus morietur
Fac ut animæ donetur
Paradisi gloria. Amen.

ARIA, "Ella giammai m'amó," from Don Carlos VERDI

MR. WHITNEY

The scene of this aria, the introduction to the fourth act of the opera, is laid in the study of King Philip in Madrid, who, as the curtain rises, is discovered leaning in deep meditation against a table, covered with documents. Two candles are burning out. Dawn is lighting the windows.

KING PHILIP: She never loved me! 'Gainst me her
Heart is barred!
Still do I see her sad look
Of the day she came from France.
Where am I? The dawn lights the terrace!
Too slowly do my days pass! O Heaven,
Bring sleep to my eyes!
Alone will I sleep in my royal mantle,
When the evening of my day shall come;
Alone under the dark vault
In the tomb of the Escorial.
Oh, that the chaplet the power might bring me
Of reading in that heart
What Heaven alone can see!
When the prince sleeps, the traitor watches.
Alone will I sleep in my royal mantle,
When the evening of my day shall come.

SONGS: (a) Die Forelle, - - - SCHUBERT
(b) Vergebliches Ständchen - - - BRAHMS

MME. SEMBRICH

(a) PRELUDE TO 3D ACT OF "HERODIADE" MASSENET
(b) PRELUDE TO 3D ACT OF "LOHENGRIN" WAGNER

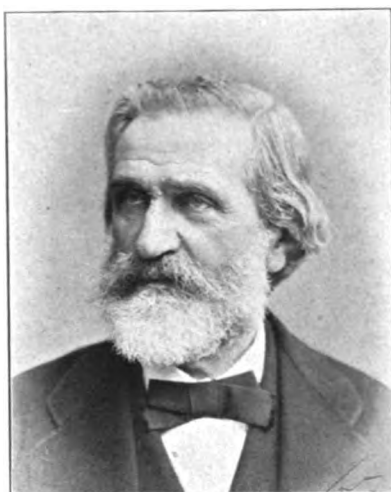
PRELUDE TO ACT III OF "LOHENGRIN"

This introduction to the third act is supposed to be the ball-room music played at Lohengrin and Elsa's wedding. It begins, *Sehr lebhaft (Molto vivace)* in G major (2-2 time), with the jubilant first theme given out and briefly developed in *fortissimo* by the full orchestra. This soon makes way for the resounding second theme, in the same key, given out in *fortissimo* by the 'celli, horns, and bassoons in unison against harmony in repeated triplets in the strings, and repeated by all the brass and 'celli against a similar accompaniment in the rest of the orchestra. Then comes a softer, more march-like episodic theme, still in G major, given out and for the most part developed by the wind instruments. Then the first and second themes return, very much as at first, if with more variety in the way of modulation, the movement ending with the close of the second theme.

WALZ, "Voce di Primavera" - - - STRAUSS

MME. SEMBRICH

GRAND POLONAISE IN E, - - - LISZT



GIUSEPPE VERDI

FOURTH CONCERT

Saturday Afternoon, May 13

OVERTURE, "Hansel und Gretel" - HUMPERDINCK

"HANSEL UND GRETEL," Fairy Opera in three tableaux, was first given at the Court Theatre in Weimar, on Dec. 23, 1893. Its success was immediate, and soon became so universal as to be comparable only with that of Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" and Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci."

The prelude is quite free in form.

RONDE D'AMOUR - - - WESTERHOUT

VILLANELLE - - - DELL'ACQUA

MISS LOHBILLER

I've seen the swallows pass by me
Cleaving the light clouds on high,
They spread their wings and are sailing,
Where the bright sun ne'er is failing.
I have follow'd with my eyes
Many swallows trav'ling eastward,
And my soul was wafted heav'nward
Following them with glad surprise,
Ah! to fair lands up in the sky.
And my heavy heart was lighten'd
Following them so far on high.
I've seen the swallows pass by me
Into space, far above me.

THREE MOVEMENTS from "The Rustic Wedding," GOLD-
MARK Symphony No. 1, in E-Flat Major, Op. 26

It is not quite easy to understand why Goldmark called this composition a symphony; the sonata-form is nowhere apparent in it, and it seems more like a suite of characteristic tone-pictures than a symphony. It was first given in Vienna, on March 12, 1876, eleven years after the composer's "Sakuntala" overture. Like the overture, it soon made its way over the musical world—excepting France, for it was not given in Paris till the season of 1890-91—and became a stock piece in the repertory of almost all noted orchestras.

The first movement, "Wedding March," *Moderato molto* in E-flat major (2-4 time), is in the form of a theme with variations. The theme is first given out unaccompanied, by the 'celli and double-basses in octaves; a certain resemblance it bears to the Portuguese Hymn, "Adeste, fideles," may or may not have been intentional. There are thirteen variations. It is said that Goldmark, in writing this movement, had in mind the numerous groups of wedding guests marching up to the church and disappearing one after another into the church itself.

The third movement, "In the Garden," *Andante* in G minor and G-flat major (4-4 and 12-8 time), is plainly meant for a love-scene. It opens with a tender melody

— which begins in G minor, but modulates almost immediately to B-flat major — sung at first by the clarinet, then taken up by the violins in octaves. This theme is followed by a more passionate one in G-flat major, which is elaborately developed as a quasi-operatic love-duet; the tenor part is sung by the 'celli and horns, and the soprano by the violins and higher wooden wind instruments. Toward the end of the movement the first G minor and B-flat major melody returns in the clarinet, and the close is hushed and quiet as the beginning.

The fourth movement, "Dance," *Allegro molto* in E-flat major (2-2 time), is based on the jolliest of dance-tunes. It is elaborately worked up, with ever-increasing spirit and furious energy, interrupted for a moment at one point by a return of the tender clarinet theme of the garden-scene.

BALLET MUSIC from "Coppelia" - DELIBES
(a) Valse (b) Czardas

Leo Delibes was born in 1836 at St. Germain du Val (Department of Sarthe). In 1848 he entered the Paris Conservatoire, where he obtained several prizes. He became the pupil of Adam in composition, and has written numerous comic operas and ballets which show great ability and refinement, among which we would mention the operas "Le Roi l'a dit" (1873) and "Lakmé" (1883), and the ballets "Coppelia" and "Sylvia." He has also written numerous songs which show great delicacy and refinement, and in many cases a delightful originality.

The ballet "Coppelia," from which the orchestra this afternoon will play a Waltz and Czardas, was first given in New York by the National Opera Company, March 11, 1887. It belongs to the most popular compositions of its class, and has long been one of the admired entertainments in the opera-houses of Europe.

ARIA, "O Don Fatal," from "Don Carlos" - VERDI
MISS TOWLE

O fatal dower, O cruel gift,
With which my fate in anger array'd me;
Thou, that so vain, so proud hast made me,
I loath and curse thee, my beauty rare.
Now tears alone for me remaining,
A hopeless life I must endure.
Ah, so abhorrent my crime, so staining
No grief can make my conscience pure.
I loathe and curse thee, my beauty rare.

O queen beloved I sacrificed thee
To the revolt of this wild heart:
In a lone cloister from earth secluded,
I may conceal my guilt apart.

Oh Heav'n! Carlo, the scaffold to-morrow will ascend.
Ah, one day remaineth, sweet hope smiles upon me!
Ever blest be Heav'n, his life I'll save!

LIEBESGEFLUESTER - STECK
STRING ORCHESTRA

OVERTURE, "Robespierre" ("The Last Day of Terror") - LITOLFF



ANNA LOHBILLER

FIFTH CONCERT

Saturday Evening, May 13

"SAMSON AND DELILAH," Opera in 3 Acts, SAINT-SAENS

DELILAH,	- - - - -	MRS. JACOBY
SAMSON,	- - - - -	MR. HAMLIN
THE HIGH PRIEST OF DAGON,	-	MR. MILES
ABIMELECH, SATRAP OF GAZA,	} -	MR. WHITNEY
AN OLD HEBREW,		
A PHILISTINE MESSENGER,		

THE CHORAL UNION

MR. ZEITZ, Conductor

Charles Camille Saint-Saens is unique among French composers in that he has made his mark in every field of composition. He is an accomplished pianist, a clever organist, the greatest French symphonist, and an operatic composer of great distinction. The great reputation enjoyed by many *bizarre* compositions like the "Dance of Death," "Le rouet d' Omphale," and "Phaeton," has made him known to concert audiences, but his fame rests more securely on his symphonies, piano concertos, and operas, which also enjoy great popularity. He employs classic forms with ease, and has been influenced but little by ultra-modern tendencies, is, in fact, one of the most uncompromising opponents of the Wagnerian style. To say that he has not been influenced in his writings by the spirit which dominates music at this time would be to deny him the possession of the fundamental qualities of a great composer, but he has strenuously objected to that lawless use of modern freedom of style which characterizes the works of many of the younger men, whose enthusiasm has not been tempered by experience and observation. The "Samson and Delilah" is justly considered one of his greatest works. The present school of composition is in many ways a reaction against former practises, and will surely justify its promises if its representatives are guided by the principles which find their most perfect expression in the works of Camille Saint-Saens.

SAMSON AND DELILAH

ARGUMENT

The following sketch of the Saint-Saens opera is translated freely from *Les Annales du Théâtre et de la Musique*, by Noel and Stouling, 1892 : —

"The prelude is singular. There is a darting phrase which is developed, and mingled with this phrase is a chorus of Hebrews, sung behind the curtain. The lamenting captives ask deliverance of God. The fugal form of the number, which continues until the rise of the curtain, indicates at once the severe and classic nature of the work. Samson arouses the courage of his co-mates, and prepares the revolt which the insolence of Abimelech hastens to fury. Samson kills the Satrap of Gaza, and the Israelites *exeunt* at the right of the stage. The High Priest of Dagon descends, attended, from the temple, and curses Samson. The return of the triumphant Hebrews is one of the most ingenious numbers of the opera. There is a chorus of basses, to which liturgic color and rhythm give astonishing breadth, and they emphasize the more strongly the fresh chorus of the women of Philistia, 'Now Spring's generous hand.' The charming phrase will be found again in the temple-scene, the last tableau, as will the melodic design of the great duet of the second act, but ironically, in the orchestra, while Delilah insults the blinded hero. The Dance of the Priestesses of Dagon, which follows the chorus, is of delightful inspiration, and it prepares effectively the grandeur of the drama that follows. Delilah looks earnestly at Samson and sings to him, and Samson listens, not heeding the old man near him who says, 'The powers of hell have created this woman, fair to the eye, to disturb thy repose.'

"The second act is in the valley of Sorek. Delilah's house is at the left. It is surrounded with Eastern and luxuriant plants. Night is coming on. Delilah sings a passionate appeal to Love, invoking his aid. Then comes the duet with the High Priest who, deceived by the feigned love of Delilah, begs of her to deliver Samson to him; Delilah reveals her real hatred in a dramatic burst. The duet of Samson and the temptress is, as one knows, the chief number of the work. It is impossible to paint better the hesitations of Samson, as he stands between love and religious faith. The great phrase of Delilah is a superb expression of passion. The orchestral storm hastens the action on the stage, and when the elemental fury is at its height, Delilah enters her dwelling. Samson follows her; and the curtain falls on the appearance of the Philistines to master their foe.



CHARLES CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS

"The first tableau of the third act is a lament of remarkable intensity. Samson mourns his sin and a chorus of Hebrews behind the scenes reproach him and despair. The style is here rather that of the oratorio than the opera. An exquisite chorus follows, 'Dawn now on the hill-tops,' which brings to mind the chorus of Philistines in the first act. Then comes the ballet so well known in concerts. From this moment until the fall of the curtain there runs in the orchestra a hurried motive, which is heard with rhythmic effect in the evolutions of the sacred dance; which gives the measure to the bitter mockings of Delilah and the sacrificial ceremonies; which, constantly quicker and more impetuous, accentuates the movement of the final chorus. The motive is feverish, mystical; its rapid pulsations give the idea finally of the religious madness of the Philistines inspired by the madding rites at the shrine of Dagon. The ballet is cut in two by a phrase of great breadth sustained by arpeggios of the harp, and thus is a strange solemnity given to the dance of the priestesses. After the irony of Delilah, and the supplication of Samson to the Lord, is a skilfully made canon, sung by Delilah and the High Priest. There is a sonorous chorus of great brilliancy, in which effect is gained by simple means. Samson pulls down the temple, and the curtain falls with a few measures of orchestral fury."

ACT I—SCENE I

Public place in the city of Gaza in Palestine. At L., the portal of temple of Dagon. At the rising of the curtain a throng of Hebrews, men and women, are seen collected in the open space, in attitudes of grief and prayer. Samson is among them.

CHORUS:

God! Israel's God!
To our petition hearken!
Thy children save!
As they kneel in despair
Heed Thou their prayer,
While o'er them sorrows darken!
Oh, let thy wrath
Give place to loving care!

THE WOMEN:

Since Thou from us
Hast turned away Thy favor
We are undone,
In vain thy people fight.

[*Curtain rises.*]

CHORUS:

Lord, wilt Thou have
That we perish forever—
The nation that alone
Hath known
Thy light? Ah! all the day
Do I humbly adore Him:

Deaf to my cry
He gives me no reply,
Yet still I bow before Him
And implore Him
That He at last
To my aid may draw nigh!

THE HEBREW MEN:

By savage foes our cities have been har-
ried;
Gentiles Thine altar with shame
Have profaned;
Our tribes afar
To dire slavery carried
All scattered are;
Scarce our name
Hath remained!
Art Thou no more
The God of our salvation,
Who saved our sires
From the chains that they wore?
Lord! hast thou forgot
Those vows, sworn to our nation
In days of yore
When Egypt hurt us sore?

SAMSON (*emerging from the throng at R.*):

Pause and stand
O my brothers,
And bless the holy name
Of the God of our fathers!
Your pardon is at hand,
And your chains shall be broken!
I have heard in my heart
Words of hope softly spoken:—

'T is the voice of the Lord
That through His servant speaketh;
He doth His grace afford:
Your lasting good He seeketh;
Your throne shall be restored!
Brothers! now break your fetters!
Our altar let us raise
To the God whom we praise!

CHORUS:

Alas! vain words he utters.
Freedom can ne'er be ours!
Of arms our foes bereft us;
How use our feeble powers?
Only tears are left us!

SAMSON:

Is your God not on high?
Hath He not sworn to save you?
He is still your ally
By the name that he gave you!
'T was for you alone
That He spake through His thunders!
His glory He hath shown
To you by mighty wonders!
He led through the Red Sea
By miraculous ways,
When our fathers did flee
From a shameful oppression!

CHORUS:

Past are those glorious days,
God hath venged our transgression;
In His wrath He delays,
Nor hears our intercession.

SAMSON:

Wretched souls! hold your peace!
Doubt not the God above you!
Fall down upon your knees!
Pray to Him who doth love you!
Behold His mighty hand,
The safeguard of our nation!
With dauntless valor stand
In hope of our salvation!
God the Lord speeds the right;
God the Lord never faileth!
He fills our arms with might,
And our prayer now prevaieth!

CHORUS:

Lo! the Spirit of the Lord
Upon his soul hath rested!
Come! our courage is restored;
Let now His way be tested!
We will march at His side;
Deliverance shall attend us,
For the Lord is our guide,
And his arm shall defend us!

SCENE II

The same. Abimelech, satrap of Gaza, enters at L., followed by a throng of warriors and soldiers of the Philistines.

ABIMELECH:

Who dares to raise the voice of pride?
Do these slaves revile their masters?
Who oft in vain our strength have tried,
Would they now incur new disasters?
Conceal your despair
And your tears!
Our patience will hold out no longer;
You have found that we are the stronger;
In vain your prayer,
We mock your fears:
Your God, whom ye implore with
anguish,
Remaineth deaf to your call;
He lets you still in bondage languish,
On you His heavy judgments fall!

If He from us desires to save you,
Now let him show His power divine,
And shatter the chains your conquerors
gave you!
Let the sun of freedom shine!

Do you hope in insolent daring
Our God unto yours will yield,
Jehovah with Dagon comparing,
Who for us winneth the field?
Nay, your timid God fears and trembles
When Dagon before Him is seen;
He the plaintive dove resembles;
Dagon the vulture bold and keen.

SAMSON (*inspired*):

O God, it is Thou he blasphemeth!
Let Thy wrath on his head descend,
Lord of hosts!
His power hath an end.
On high like lightning gleameth
The sword sparkling with fire;
From the sky swiftly streameth
The host burning with ire:—
Yea! all the heavenly legions
In their mighty array
Sweep over boundless regions,
And strike the foe with dismay.
At last cometh the hour
When God's fierce fire shall fall:
Its terrible power
And His thunder appall.

SOLO AND CHORUS OF ISRAELITES:

Lord before Thy displeasure
Helpless the earth shall quake;
Thy wrath will know no measure
When vengeance Thou shalt take!

ABIMELECH:

Give o'er! rashly blind! Cease thy railing,
Wake not Dagon's ire, death entailing!

SAMSON AND CHORUS:

Israel! break your chain!
Arise! display your might!
Their idle threats disdain!
See, the day follows night!
Jehovah, God of light,



HERMANN A. ZEITZ.

Hear our prayer as of yore,
And for Thy people fight!
Let the right
Win once more!

SAMSON:

Lord, before Thy displeasure
Helpless the earth shall quake;
Thy wrath will know no measure
When vengeance Thou shalt take!
Thou the tempest unchainest;
The storms Thy word obey;
The vast sea Thou restrainest;
Be our shield, Lord, to-day!

CHORUS:

Israel! break your chain! etc.

Israel! now arise!

(Abimelech springs at Samson, sword in hand, to strike him. Samson wrenches the sword away and strikes him. Abimelech falls, crying, "Help." The Philistines accompanying the satrap would gladly aid him, but Samson, brandishing the sword, keeps them at a distance. He occupies the r. of stage, the greatest confusion reigns. Samson and the Hebrews exeunt r. The gates of Dagon's temple open; the High Priest, followed by a throng of attendants and guards, descends the steps of the portico; he pauses before Abimelech's dead body. The Philistines respectfully draw back before him.)

SCENE III

The same, the High Priest, Attendants, Guards.

HIGH PRIEST:

What see I?

Abimelech by slaves struck down and dying!

Oh, let them not escape!

To arms! Pursue the flying!

Wreak vengeance on your foes!

For the prince they have slain!

Strike down beneath your blows

These slaves who flee in vain!

FIRST PHILISTINE:

All my blood, it was fated,
Turned to ice in my veins;
Methought my limbs were weighted
With heavy load of chains!

SECOND PHILISTINE:

My arms are unavailing,
My strength is like the flax;
My knees beneath me failing—
And my heart melts like wax.

HIGH PRIEST:

Cowards! with hearts easily daunted,
Ye are filled with foolish alarm!
Have ye lost all your boldness vaunted,
Do you fear their God's puny arm?

SCENE IV

The same.

PHILISTINE MESSENGERS:

My Lord! the band by Samson guided
To revolt, with furious wrath
Across our land by fear divided
March, leaving woe in their path.

O fly from the threatening danger!

Come! why should we perish in vain?

We'll leave the town unto the stranger,
And the sheltering mountains gain.

HIGH PRIEST:

Curse you and your nation forever,
Children of Israel!

I fain your race from earth would sever,
And leave no trace to tell!

Curse him, too, their leader! I hate him!

Him will I stamp 'neath my feet!

A cruel doom must now await him;

He shall die when we meet!

Curse her, too, the mother who bore him,

And all his hateful race!

May she who faithful love once swore him

Prove heartless, false, and base.

Cursed be the God of his nation,

That God his only trust;

His temple shake from its foundation,

His altar fall to dust!

MESSENGERS AND PHILISTINES:

In spite of brave professions,

To yonder mountains fly;

Leave our homes, our possessions,

Our God, or else we die.

(Exeunt L., bearing Abimelech's dead body. Just as the Philistines leave the stage, followed by the High Priest, the Hebrews, old men and children, enter r. It is broad daylight.)

SCENE V

The Hebrew Women and Old Men; then Samson and the victorious Hebrews.

HEBREW OLD MEN:

Praise ye Jehovah! Tell all the wondrous story!

Psalms of praise loudly swell!

God is the Lord! In His power and His glory

He hath saved Israel!

Through him weak arms have triumphed
o'er the masters,

Whose might oppressed them sore;
Upon their heads He hath poured dire
disasters,
They will mock Him no more!

(*The Hebrews, led by Samson, enter R.*)

AN AGED HEBREW:

His hand in anger stern chastised us,
For we his laws had disobeyed;
But when our punishment advised us,
And we our humble prayer had made,
He bade us cease our lamentations—
"Rise in arms, to combat!" He cried,
"Your God shall provide
Your salvation;
In battle I am by your side!"

HEBREW OLD MEN:

When we were slaves, He came our
chains to sever,
We were ever his care;
His mighty arm was able to deliver,
He hath turned our despair!
Praise ye Jehovah! Tell all the wondrous
story!
Psalms of praise loudly swell!
God is the Lord! In His power and His
glory
He hath saved Israel!

SCENE VI

Samson, Delilah, the Philistines, the Hebrew Old Men. The gates of Dagon's temple open. Delilah enters, followed by Philistine Women holding garlands of flowers in their hands.

THE PHILISTINE WOMEN:

Now spring's generous hand
Brings flowers to the land;
Be they worn as crowns
By their conquering band!
With light, gladsome voices.
'Mid glowing roses,
While all rejoices,
Sing, sisters, sing —
Your tribute bring!
Come, deathless delight,
Youth's springtime bright,
The beauty that charms
The heart at the sight,
The love that entrances
And new love wakens
With timid glances!
My sisters, love
Like birds above!

DELILAH (*addressing Samson*):

I come with a song for the splendor
Of my love who won in the fray!
I belong unto him for aye.
Heart as well as hand I surrender!
Come, my dearest one, follow me

To Sorek, the fairest of valleys,
Where murmuring, the cool streamlet
dallies!

Delilah there will comfort thee.

SAMSON:

O God! who beholdest my trial,
Thy strength to thy servant impart,
Close fast mine eyes, make firm my
heart.
Support me in stern self-denial!

DELILAH:

My comely brow for thee I bind
With clusters of cool, curling cresses,
And Sharon's roses sweet are twined
Amid my long tresses.

THE OLD HEBREW:

Oh, turn away my son, and go not
there!
Avoid this stranger's seductive de-
vices;
Heed not her voice, though softly it
entices;
Of the serpent's deadly fang beware!

SAMSON:

Hide from my sight her beauty rare,
Whose magic spell with right alarms
me!
Oh, quench those eyes whose bright-
ness charms me,
And fills my heart with love's despair!

DELILAH:

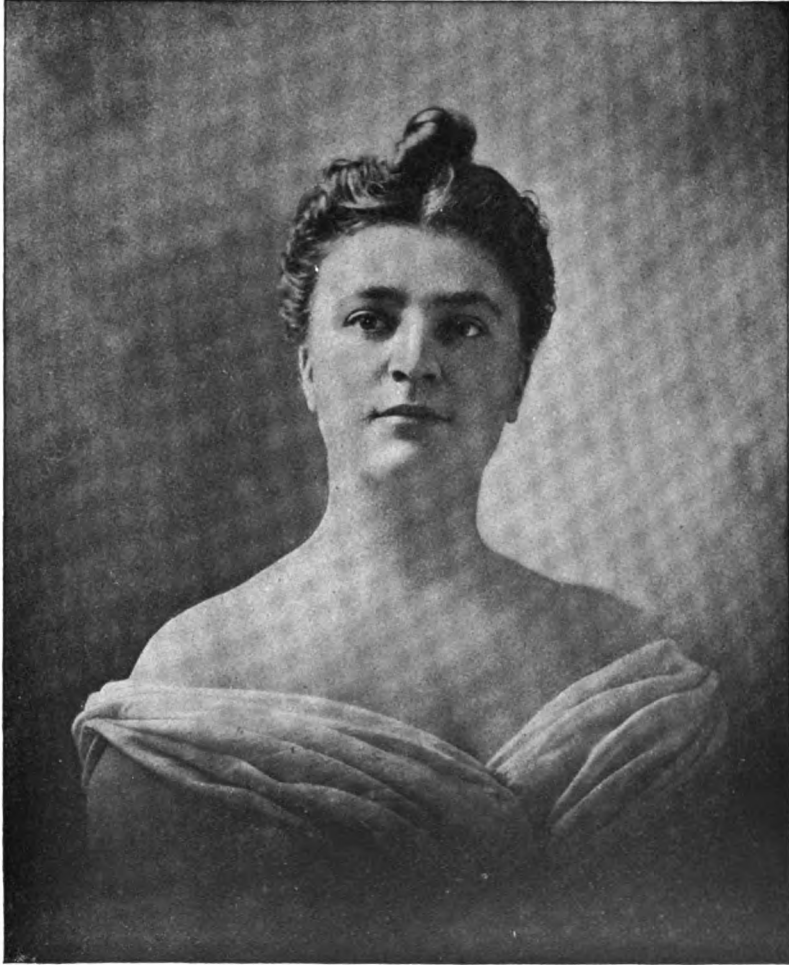
Sweet is the lily's perfumed breath;
Sweeter far are my warm caresses;
There awaits thee, Love, joy that
blesses,
And all that bliss awakeneth!
Open thine arms, my brave defender!
Let me fly to thy sheltering breast;
There on thy heart I will sweetly rest,
Filling thy soul with rapture tender,
Come, oh come!

SAMSON:

Oh, thou flame that my heart oppresses,
Burning anew at this hour,
Before my God, before my God give
o'er thy power!
Lord, pity him who his weakness con-
fesses!

THE OLD HEBREW:

Accursed art thou, if 'neath her charm
thou fallest,
If to her voice, if to her honeyed
voice thou givest heed:
Ah! then thy tears are vain, in vain
thou callest
On Heaven to save thee from the
fruits of thy deed!



BLANCHE TOWLE

(The young girls accompanying Delilah dance, waving the garlands of flowers which they hold in their hands, and seem to be trying to entice the Hebrew warriors who follow Samson. The latter, deeply agitated, tries vainly to avoid Delilah's glances. His eyes in spite of all his efforts follow all the enchantress's movements as she takes part in the voluptuous postures and gestures of the Philistine Maidens.)

Dance of the Priestess of Dagon.

DEILAH :

The spring with her dower
Of bird and of flower
Brings hope in her train ;
Her scant laden pinions
From Love's wide dominions
Drives sorrow and pain.
Our hearts thrill with gladness
For spring's mystic madness
Thrills through all the earth.
To fields doth she render
Their grace and their splendor —
Joy and gentle mirth.

In vain I adorn me
With blossoms and charms!
My false love doth scorn me,
And flees from my arms !
But hope still caresses
My desolate heart —
Past delight yet blesses !
Love will not depart !

(Addressing Samson, with her face bent upon him.)

When night comes star-laden,
Like a sad, lonely maiden,
I'll sit by the stream.
And mourning I'll dream.
My heart I'll surrender
If he come to-day,
And still be as tender
As when Love's first splendor
Made me rich and gay : —
So I'll wait him away.

HEBREW OLD MAN :

The powers of hell have created this
woman
Fair to the eye, to disturb thy repose ;
Turn from her glance, fraught with fire
not human :
Her love is a poison that brings count-
less woes !

DEILAH :

My heart I'll surrender
If he come to-day,
And still be as tender
As when Love's first splendor
Made me rich and gay : —
So I'll wait him away !

(Delilah, still singing, again goes to the steps of the portico and casts her enticing glances at Samson, who seems wrought upon by their spell. He hesitates, struggles, and betrays the trouble of his soul.)

[END OF ACT I]

ACT II — SCENE I

The stage represents the valley of Sorek in Palestine. At 1., Delilah's dwelling, which has a graceful portico, and is surrounded with Asiatic plants and luxuriant tropical creepers. At the rising of the curtain, night is coming on, and becomes complete during the course of the action.

PRELUDE

(She is more richly appareled than in the first act. At the rising of the curtain, she is discovered seated on a rock near the portico of her house, and seems to be in a dreamy mood.)

DEILAH (alone):

To-night Samson makes his obeisance,
This eve at my feet he will lie !
Now the hour of my vengeance hastens —
Our Gods I shall soon glorify !

O Love ! of thy might let me borrow !
Pour thy poison through Samson's
heart !
Let him be bound before the morrow —
A captive to my matchless art !

In his soul he no longer would cherish
The passion he wishes were dead ;
Can a flame like that ever perish,
Evermore by remembrance fed ?

He rests my slave ; his feats belie him ;
My brothers fear with vain alarms ;
I only of all — I defy him.
I hold him fast within my arms !

O Love ! of thy might let me borrow !
Pour thy poison through Samson's
heart !
Let him be bound before the morrow —
A captive to my matchless art !

When Love contends, strength ever
faileth !
E'en he, the strongest of the strong,
Through whom in war his tribe pre-
vaileth ;
Against me shall not battle long !

(Distant flashes of lightning.)

SCENE II

Delilah ; the High Priest of Dagon.

HIGH PRIEST :

I have climbed o'er the cheerless
Mountain-peaks to thy side ;
'Mid dangers I was fearless ;
Dagon served as my guide !

DELILAH :

I greet you worthy master ;
A welcome face you show,
Honored e'er as priest and pastor ! . . .

HIGH PRIEST :

Our disaster you know !
Desperate slaves without pity
Rose against their lords,
They sacked the helpless city —
None resisted their hordes.

Our soldiers fled before them
At the sound of Samson's name ;
The pangs of terror tore them,
Like sheep they became !
A menace to our nation,
Samson had from on high
A strength and preparation
That none with him can vie.

A vow hath bound him ever,
He from birth was elect
To concentrate endeavor,
Israel's glory to effect.

DELILAH :

I know his courage dares you,
Even unto your face ;
He endless hatred bears you,
As the first of your race.

HIGH PRIEST :

Within thine arms one day
His strength vanished away ;
But since then
He endeavors to forget thee again.
'T is said, in shameful fashion
His Delilah he scouts ;
He makes sport of his passion,
And all its joy he doubts.

DELILAH :

Although his brothers warn him,
And he hears what they say,
They all coldly scorn him
Because he loves astray ;
Yet still in spite of reason,
He struggles all in vain ;
I fear from him no treason,
For his heart I retain !
'T is in vain he defies me,
Though so mighty in arms ;
Not a wish he denies me ;
He melts before my charms.

HIGH PRIEST :

Then let thy zeal awaken,
Use thy weird magic powers,

That unarmed, overtaken,

He this night may be ours !
Sell me this redoubtable thrall,
Nor then shall thy profit be small ;
Naught thou wishest could be a burden.
Priceless shall be thy well-earned guer-
don !

DELILAH :

Do I care for thy promised gold ?
Delilah's vengeance were not sold
For all a king's uncounted treasure !
Thy knowledge, though boundless in
measure,
Hath played thee false in reading me !
O'er you he gained the victory,
But I am still too powerful for him ;
More keenly than thou, I abhor him !

HIGH PRIEST :

Thy design and thy deathless hate I
should have guessed ;
To hear thy wily words my heart with
pleasure trembles !
Yet, art thou sure of him ? Will thy
power stand the test ?
Hast thou measured his cunning ?
Maybe he, too, dissembles.

DELILAH :

Thrice, indeed, have I failed to accom-
plish my plan —
I have sought for the key to the strength
of the man ;
I have kindled his love with the hope
that by yielding,
I might spoil the mysterious might he is
wielding !
Thrice hath he foiled my plan, disappoint-
ed my hope ;
His secret still he holds — with him no
one can cope !
In vain I emulate all the fire he ex-
presses ;
Though I thought that I might gain that
knowledge by caresses !
This haughty Hebrew slave oft hath
hurried away
From my sweetest embraces to engage in
the fray.
But to-day
Have no fear, my might will overwhelm ;
Pale grew his face once stern,
He shook when last I saw him.
So I know
That our foe
His friends once more will spurn ;
He will yearn
For my love.
We shall see him return.

The victory shall be mine, I am ready to
meet him ;
One last weapon is left me — my tears
shall defeat him !



MYRON W. WHITNEY, JR.

HIGH PRIEST:

Oh, may Dagon, our God, by thy side
deign to stand!
'T is for him thou art fighting; thou
windest by his hand.

DELILAH:

That vengeance now at last may find him,
Delilah's chains must firmly bind him!
May he by his love yield his power,
And here at my feet meekly cower.

HIGH PRIEST:

That vengeance now at last may find him,
Delilah's chains must firmly bind him!
May he by his love yield his power,
And here at thy feet meekly cower.

DELILAH:

That vengeance now at last may find
him, etc.

HIGH PRIEST:

In thee alone my hope remaineth,
Thy hand the honored victory gaineth,
That vengeance, etc.
We two shall strike the blow —
Death to our mighty foe!

DELILAH:

My hand the honored victory gaineth,
That vengeance, etc.
We two shall strike the blow —
Death to our mighty foe!

HIGH PRIEST:

To-night didst thou not tell me
Samson is awaited?

DELILAH:

He will come!

HIGH PRIEST:

Then I go, lest he find me belated;
But soon by secret paths I bring the
avenging band,
Now the fate of thy land
Is lodged within thy hand.
Unveil his secret heart,
And rob him of his treasure;
Make him tell where resides
That force which none can measure.

[Exit.]

DELILAH: (*approaches the portico, L., and
stands leaning in a dreamy attitude
against one of the pillars*):

Ah! can it be? And have I lost the sway
That I held o'er my lover?

The night is dark, without a ray;
If he seeks me now, how discover?
Alas!
The moments pass!

SCENE III

*Delilah; Samson. He seems to be dis-
turbed, troubled, uncertain. He glances
about him. It grows darker and darker.
(Distant flashes of lightning.)*

SAMSON:

Once again to this place
My erring feet draw nigh!
I ought to shun her face,
No will have I!
Though my passion I curse,
Yet its torments still slay me.
Away! away from here,
Ere she through stealth betray me!

DELILAH (*advancing toward Samson*):

'T is thou! 't is thou whom I adore!
In thine absence I languish:
In seeing thee once more
Forgot are hours of anguish!
Thy face is doubly welcome.

SAMSON:

Ah! cease that wild discourse;
At thy words all my soul
Is darkened with remorse!

DELILAH:

Ah! Samson, my best beloved friend,
In thy heart dost thou despise me?
Is 't thus thy love hath an end,
Which once above all jewels did prize
me?

SAMSON:

Thou hast been priceless to my heart,
And never canst thou be discarded!
Dearer than life art thou regarded!
In my love none hath greater part!

DELILAH:

By my side dost thou fear some disaster?
Dost thou doubt that I love thee still?
Do I not fulfill all thy will?
Art not thou my dear lord and master?

SAMSON:

Alas! Jehovah heard my vow —
To obey Him is my bounden duty!
Farewell, I must leave thee now,
Ne'er again behold thy matchless
beauty.

No more to joyful love give way!
Israel's hopes revive by this token;
For the Lord hath decreed the day
Which shall see our chains surely
broken!
He hath spoken to me His word:
Among thy brethren thou art elected
To lead them back to God their Lord:
Ending all the woes whereby they are
afflicted!

DELILAH:

What careth my heart all forlorn
For Israel's fate or her glory?
When joy from me brutally torn,
Sums up for me the wretched story.
When I in thy promise believed
My peace of mind was forever ended;
Each false caress that I received
Was in my veins a poison blended.

SAMSON:

Forbear to rack my soul with woe!
I must yield to a law above thee;
Tenfold my grief when my tears flow —
Delilah! Delilah! I love thee!

(Distant flashes of lightning.)

DELILAH:

A God far more mighty than thine,
My friend, through me his will pro-
claimeth;
'T is the God of Love, the divine,
Whose law thy God's small scepter
shameth!
Recall blissful hours by my side,
If thou from thy mistress wilt sever!
Thou'st broke the faith that should abide!
I alone remain constant ever!

SAMSON:

Thou unfeeling! To doubt of my heart!
Ever of my love all things tell me!
O, let me perish by God's dart,
Tho' God's lightning should overwhelm
me!

(The thunderstorm approaches.)

I struggle with my fate no more,
I know on earth no law above thee!
Yea, though Hell hold my doom in store,
Delilah! Delilah! I love thee!

DELILAH:

My heart at thy dear voice
Opens wide like a flower,
Which the morn's kisses waken;
But that I may rejoice,
That my tears no more shower,
Tell thy love, still unshaken!

Oh, say thou wilt not now
Leave Delilah again!
Repeat with accents tender
Every passionate vow,
Oh, thou dearest of men!
Ah! to the charms of love surrender!
Rise with me to its height of splendor!

SAMSON:

Delilah! Delilah! I love thee!

DELILAH:

As fields of growing corn
In the morn bend and sway,

When the light zephyr rises,
E'en so my heart forlorn
Is thrilled by passion's play.
At thy voice's sweet surprises!

Less rapid is the dart
In its death-dealing flight
Than I spring to my delight,
To my place in thy heart!
Ah! to Love's delight surrender!
Rise with me to its height of splendor!

SAMSON:

I'll dry thy tears
By charm of sweet caresses,
And chase thy fears
And the grief that oppresses!
Delilah! Delilah! I love thee!

(Flashes of lightning. Violent crash of thunder.)

DELILAH:

But no! . . . the dream is o'er!
Delilah trusts no more!
Words are idle pretenses!
Thou hast mocked me before,
In oaths I set no store,
Too flagrant thy offenses!

SAMSON:

When I dare to follow thee now?
Forgetful of God and my vow —
The God who hath sealed my existence
With strength divine, that knew no re-
sistance?

DELILAH:

Ah! well, thou shalt now read my heart!
Know why thy God I have envied,
hated —
Thy God by whose fiat thou art,
To whom thou art consecrated!
Oh, tell me this vow thou hast sworn —
How thy mighty strength is redoubled!
Remove the doubts whereby I am torn,
Let not my heart be longer troubled!

(Thunder and lightning in the distance.)

SAMSON:

Delilah what dost thou desire?
Ah! let not thy distrust rouse mine ire!

DELILAH:

If still I have power left to move thee,
Whereby in the past I was blessed,
This hour I would put it to test:
Firm trust in me would now behoove
thee!

(Lightning and thunder nearer and nearer.)



GEORGE HAMLIN

SAMSON:

Alas! the chain which I must wear
Maketh not nor marreth thy joyance!
For my secret why dost thou care?

DELILAH:

Tell me thy vow! Assuage the pain I
bear!

SAMSON:

Thy power is vain; vain thy annoyance!

(*Lightning without thunder.*)

DELILAH:

Yea, my power is vain,
Because thy love is bounded!
My desire to disdain,
To despise my spirit, wounded
By the secret unknown;
And to add without reason,
In cold insulting tone
Charges of latent treason!

SAMSON:

With a heart in despair
Too immense to be spoken,
I raise to God my prayer
In a voice sad and broken!

DELILAH:

For him I have displayed
All my beauty's decoration!
And how am I repaid?
What for me but lamentation!

SAMSON:

All-powerful God, I call on thee for aid!

DELILAH:

To see thy stern face
My sad forebodings waken;
Samson, flee from this place
Ere I die, thy love forsaken.

SAMSON:

Say no more!

DELILAH:

Tell thy vow!

SAMSON:

Ask me not!

DELILAH:

Tell me now
I implore—
The vow which thou
Hast taken.

(*Lightning without thunder.*)

SAMSON:

The storm is rising fast
To rend the hill asunder
And the Lord's wrath will blast
The traitor with his thunder!

DELILAH:

I fear not by thy side! Come!

SAMSON:

Nay!

DELILAH:

Come!

SAMSON:

Say no more!

DELILAH:

At His wrath cast defiance!

SAMSON:

Vain is my self-reliance.
'T is the voice of God!

DELILAH:

Coward! you loveless heart!
I despise you! Away!

(*Delilah runs toward her dwelling; the storm breaks in all its fury; Samson, raising his arms to heaven, seems to call upon God. Then he springs in pursuit of Delilah, hesitates, and finally enters the house. Philistine soldiers enter R., and softly approach Delilah's dwelling. A violent crash of thunder.*)

DELILAH (*appearing at her window*):

Your aid, Philistines, your aid!

SAMSON:

I am betrayed!

(*The soldiers rush into the house.*)
Curtain.

[END OF ACT II]

ACT III

FIRST TABLEAU.—*A prison at Gaza.*

SCENE I

Samson; the Hebrews. Samson, in chains, blinded, with his locks shorn, is discovered turning a hand-mill. Behind the scenes a chorus of captive Hebrews.

SAMSON:

Look down on me, O Lord! Have mercy
on me!

Behold my woe! Behold, sin hath undone me!
My erring feet have wandered from Thy path,
And so I feel the burden of Thy wrath!
To Thee, O God, this poor wrecked life
I offer!

I am no more than a scorn to the scoffer!
My sightless eyes testify of my fall;
Upon my head
Hath been shed
Bitter gall!

CHORUS:

Samson, why thy vow to God hast thou broken?
What to us doth it token?

SAMSON:

Alas! Israel, loaded with chains,
From God's holy face sternly banished,
Every hope of return hath vanished,
And only dull despair remains!
May we regain all the light of Thy favor!
Wilt Thou once more Thy protection accord?
Forget Thy wrath at our reproach, O Lord—
Thou whose compassionate love doth not waver.

CHORUS:

God meant thou shouldst take the command
To lead us back to fatherland.
Samson! why thy vow to God hast thou broken?
What to us doth it token?

SAMSON:

Brothers, your complaint voiced in song
Reaches me as in gloom I languish,
And my spirit is torn with anguish
To think of all this shame and wrong!
God! take my life in expiation!
Let me alone Thine anger bear;
Punishing me, Thine Israel spare!
Restore Thy mercy to our nation!

CHORUS:

He for a woman sold his power!
He to Delilah hath betrayed us!
Thou who wert to us like a tower—
Why hast thou slaves and hopeless made us?

SAMSON:

Contrite, broken-hearted I lie,
But I bless Thy hand in my sorrow!
Comfort, Lord, let Thy people borrow,
Let them escape! Let them not die!

(*The Philistines enter the prison and take Samson out. Transformation.*)

SECOND TABLEAU.—*Interior of the temple of Dagon. Statue of the god. Sacrificial table. In the midst of the fane two marble columns apparently supporting the edifice.*

SCENE II

The High Priest, Delilah, the Philistines. The High Priest of Dagon is surrounded by Philistine princes. Delilah, followed by Philistine maidens crowned with flowers, with wine-cups in their hands. A throng of people fill the temple. Day is breaking.

CHORUS OF PHILISTINES:

Dawn now on the hilltops heralds the day!
Stars and torches in its light fade away!
Let us revel still, and despite its warning
Love till the morning!

It is love alone makes us bright and gay!
The breeze of the morn puts the shades to flight,
They hasten away like the mist-veil light!
The horizon glows with a rosy splendor;
The sun shines bright
On each swelling height,
And each treetop tender!

Bacchanal.

SCENE III

HIGH PRIEST:

All hail the judge of Israel,
Who by his presence here,
Makes our right doubly splendid!
Let him be by thy hands,
Fair Delilah, attended,
Fill high for thy love the hydromel!
Now let him drain the beaker with songs
for thy praises,
And vaunt thy power in swelling phrases!

CHORUS:

Samson, in thy pleasure we share!
We praise Delilah, thy fair mistress!
Empty the bowl and drown thy care!
Good wine maketh less deepest distress!

SAMSON (*aside*):

Deadly sadness fills my soul!
Lord, before Thee, humbly I bow me,
Oh, by Thy will divine allow me
To gain at last life's destined goal!

DELILAH (*approaching Samson with a wine-cup in her hand*):

By my hand, love, be thou led!
Let me show thee where thy feet may tread!



MRS. JOSEPHINE JACOBY

Down the long and shaded alley
Leading to the enchanted valley,
Where often we used to meet,
Enjoying hours heavenly sweet!
Thou hadst to climb craggy mountains

To make thy way to thy bride,
Where by the murmuring fountains,
Thou wert in bliss at my side!
Tell me now thy heart still blesses
All the warmth of my caresses!

Thy love well served for my end.
That I my vengeance might fashion
Thy vital secret I gained,
Working on thy blinded passion!
By my love thy soul was lured!

'T was I who have wrought our salvation!
'T was Delilah's hand assured
Her god, her hate, and her nation.

CHORUS:

'T was thy hand that assur'd
Our God, our hate, and our nation.

SAMSON (*aside*):

Deaf to thy voice, Lord, I remained,
And in my guilty passion's blindness,
Alas! the purest love profaned
In lavishing on her my kindness.

HIGH PRIEST:

Come now, we pray, sing, Samson, sing!
Rehearse in verse thy sweet discourses,
Which thou to her wert wont to bring
From thy eager love's inmost sources!
Or, let Jehovah show his power,
Light to thy sightless eyes restoring!
I promise thee that self-same hour
We all will thy God name, adoring.
Ah! He is deaf unto thy prayer,
This God thou art vainly imploring!
His impotent wrath I may dare
And scorn His thunder's idle roaring.

SAMSON:

Hearst Thou, O God, from Thy throne
How this impudent priest denies Thee,
And how his hateful troop despise Thee,
With pride and with insolence frown!
Once again all Thy glory show them!
Once more let Thy marvels shine,
Let Thy light and Thy might be mine,
That I again may overthrow them!

CHORUS:

Ha! ha! ha! ha!
We laugh at thy furious spite!
Us thou canst not affright.
With idle wrath thou ragest;
The day is like the night!
Thine eyes lack their sight,
A weakling's war thou wagest!
Ha! ha! ha! ha!

HIGH PRIEST:

Come, fair Delilah, give thanks to our
god,

Jehovah trembles at his awful nod.
Consult we now
What his godhead advises,
E'en while we bow
The sacred incense rises.

(*Delilah and the High Priest turn to the sacrificial table, on which are found the sacred cups. A fire is burning on the altar, which is decorated with flowers. Delilah and the High Priest, taking the cups, pour a libation on the fire, which flames, then vanishes, to reappear at the third strophe of the invocation. Samson has remained in the midst of the stage with the boy who led him. He seems overwhelmed with grief, and his lips are moving in evident prayer.*)

DELILAH:

Dagon be ever praised!
He my weak arm hath aided,
And my faint heart he raised
When our last hope had faded.

HIGH PRIEST:

Dagon be ever praised!
He thy weak arm hath aided,
And thy faint heart he raised
When our last hope had faded.

BOTH:

Oh, thou ruler over the world,
Thou who all stars createst,
Be all thy foes to ruin hurled!
Over all gods thou art greatest!

CHORUS:

Thy blessing scatter
With mighty signs!
Let flocks wax fatter,
More rich our vines!
Let every village with wealth o'erflow,
Keep thou from pillage
Our hated foe!

DELILAH AND HIGH PRIEST:

Accept, O lord sublime,
Our victim's grand oblation,
For e'en our greatest crime
Take them in expiation.

CHORUS:

Dagon we praise!

DELILAH AND HIGH PRIEST:

Reveal to thy priest's wondering eyes,
Who alone can behold thy glory,
All the future's dark, mystic story,
Which behind Fate's veil hidden lies!
God hear our prayer
Within thy fane!
Make us thy care!
Let justice reign!
Success attend us

Whene'er we fight!
Protection lend us
Both day and night!

DELILAH, HIGH PRIEST, AND CHORUS:

Dagon shows his power!
See the new flame tower!

Burning bright
Amid smoldering ashes,
Our Lord of light,
Descending, o'er us flashes!
Lo! the god we worship now appeareth.
All his people fear his nod!

HIGH PRIEST (*to Samson*):

That fate may not in favor falter,
Now, Samson, come, thine offering pour
Unto Dagon there on his altar,
And on thy knees his grace implore!

(*To the boy.*)

Guide thou his steps! Let thy good care
enfold him
That all the people from afar behold him!

SAMSON:

Now, Lord, to Thee do I pray!
Be Thou once more my stay;
Toward the marble columns,
My boy, guide thou my way.

(*The boy leads Samson between the two
pillars.*)

CHORUS:

Dagon shows his power, etc., as above.
God hear our prayer, etc., as above.
Thou hast vanquished the insolent
Children of Israel,
Strengthened our arm,
Our heart renewed,
Kept us from harm,
And by thy wonders
Brought these people to servitude,
Who despised thy wrath
And thy thunders!
God, hear our prayer, etc., as above.
Glory to Dagon! Glory!

SAMSON (*standing between the pillars and
endeavoring to overturn them*):

Hear Thy servant's cry, God, my Lord,
Though he is sore distressed with blind-
ness!

My former force once more restore.
One instant renew thy gracious kind-
ness!

Let Thine anger avenge my race.
Let them perish all in this place.

(*The temple falls, amid shrieks and cries.*)

ALL:

Ah!

(*The curtain falls.*)



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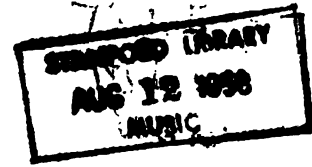
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ANNUAL MAY FESTIVAL

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TO BE HELD IN

University Hall, Ann Arbor
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May 17, 18, 19
1900

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LIST OF *CONCERTS and SOLOISTS*

Thursday, May 17, 8 P. M.

OVERTURES, "LEONORE," Nos. 2 and 3 - *Beethoven*
"LILY NYMPH," Dramatic Cantata - *G. W. Chadwick*

SOLOISTS

Miss SARA ANDERSON, Soprano Mr. EVAN WILLIAMS, Tenor
G. LEON MOORE, Tenor Mr. GWILYM MILES, Baritone
Mr. EMIL MOLLENHAUER, Mr. ALBERT A. STANLEY, Conductors

Symphony Concert

Friday, May 18, 3 P. M.

SOLOISTS

Miss ISABELLE BOUTON, Contralto Mr. WILLIAM A. HOWLAND, Baritone
Mr. EMIL MOLLENHAUER, Conductor

Miscellaneous Concert

Friday, May 18, 8 P. M.

SOLOISTS

Madame ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK, Contralto
Mr. BERNARD STURM, Violinist Mr. EMIL MOLLENHAUER, Conductor

Orchestral Concert

Saturday, May 19, 2:30 P. M.

SOLOISTS

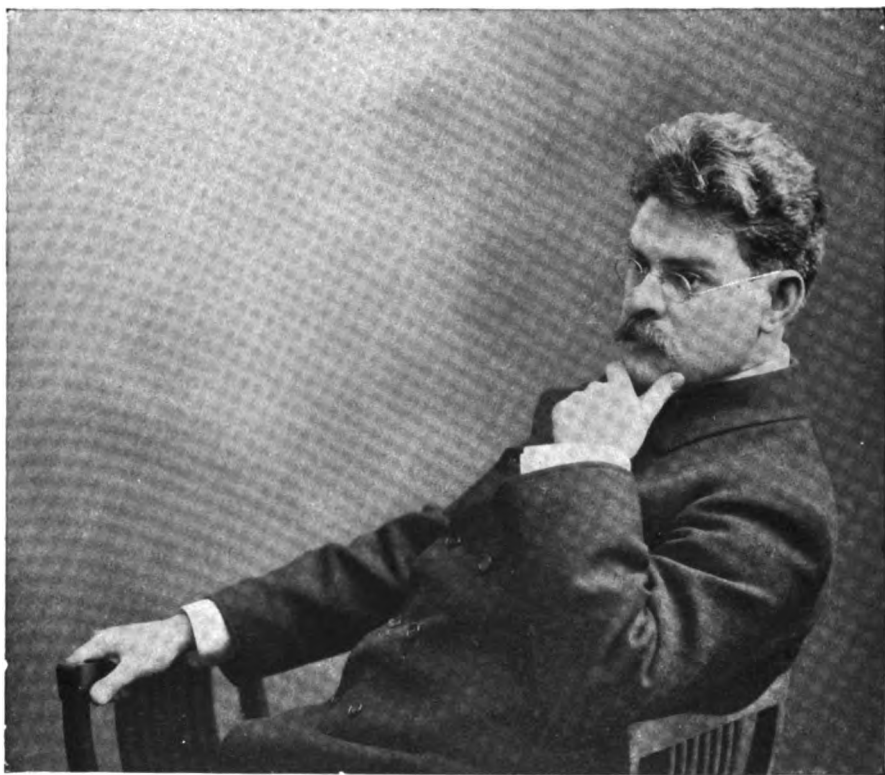
Mr. G. LEON MOORE, Tenor Mr. GWILYM MILES, Baritone
Mr. ARTHUR HADLEY, 'Cellist Mr. EMIL MOLLENHAUER, Conductor

Saturday, May 19, 7:30 P. M.

OVERTURE, "Tragic" - - - - - *Brahms*
"HORA NOVISSIMA" - - - - - *Horatio W. Parker*

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Mr. Evan Williams, Tenor

Mr. G. Leon Moore, Tenor

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Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, Mr. Albert A. Stanley, Conductors

PROGRAM

1. Overture, "Leonore," No. 2 - - - - - *Beethoven*
2. Andante, from Quartet in B flat - - - - - *Tschaikowski*

STRING ORCHESTRA

3. Aria, "Il est doux, il est bon," from "Hérodiade" - - - *Massenet*

MISS ANDERSON

4. "The Lily Nymph" - - - - - *G. W. Chadwick*

(Dramatic Poem in Seven Scenes and Epilogue, by Arlo Bates)

THE LILY NYMPH - - - - - MISS ANDERSON

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Chorus of Knights, Elves, Dryads, and Nymphs

CHORAL UNION

5. Overture, "Leonore," No. 3 - - - - - *Beethoven*

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Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, Conductor

PROGRAM

1. Overture, "Oedipus Tyrannus," Op. 35 - - - - *J. K. Laine*
2. Aria, "Ah! rendimi," from "Mitrane" - - - - *Rossi*
MISS BOUTON
3. Suite, in D - - - - - - *Bach*
(Overture, Air, Gavottes I and II, Bourrée, Gigue)
4. Aria, "I fain would hide," from "Euryanthe" - - - *Von Weber*
MR. HOWLAND
5. Symphony, No. 6, "Pastoral," Op. 68 - - - - *Beethoven*
Allegro ma non troppo; Cheerful Impressions excited on arriving
in the Country
Andante molto moto; By the Brook
Allegro; Peasant's Merry Making
Allegro; Storm—Allegretto; The Shepherd's Hymn; Gratitude and
Thanksgiving after the Storm

The next Concert in this Series will be given this evening at 8 o'clock.

CHORAL UNION SERIES

1899-1900

ELEVENTH SEASON - EIGHTH CONCERT

(No. LXXXVII Complete Series)

THIRD MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

Friday Evening, May 18, 8 o'clock

MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT

SOLOISTS

Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink, Contralto Mr. Bernard Sturm, Violinist

Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, Conductor

PROGRAM

1. Overture, "In der Natur," Op. 91 - - - - - Dvorak
2. Suite, "Indian," Op. 48 - - - - - E. A. Mac Dowell
 - (a) Legend
 - (b) Love Song
 - (c) In War Time
 - (d) Dirge
 - (e) Village Festival
3. Recitative and Aria, "Non piu di fiori," from "Titus," - - - Mozart
MADAME SCHUMANN-HEINK
4. Concerto, No. 1, G minor, Op. 26 - - - - - Bruch
Introduction, Adagio; Finale, Allegro energico
MR. STURM
5. "Die Allmacht," - - - - - Schubert
MADAME SCHUMANN-HEINK
6. (a) Selections from "Walkure" }
(b) "Trauer Marsch" from "Goetterdaemmerung" } - - - Wagner
7. Songs with Piano
 - (a) Sapphische Ode - - - - - Brahms
 - (b) Es blinkt der Thau - - - - - Rubinstein
 - (c) Wohin - - - - - SchubertMADAME SCHUMANN-HEINK
8. Kronungs Marsch - - - - - Svendsen

The next Concert in this Series will be given Saturday, May 19, at 2:30 P. M.

CHORAL UNION SERIES

1899-1900

ELEVENTH SEASON - NINTH CONCERT

(No. LXXXVIII Complete Series)

FOURTH MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

Saturday Afternoon, May 19, 2:30 o'clock

MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT

SOLOISTS

Mr. G. Leon Moore, Tenor Mr. Gwilym Miles, Baritone Mr. Arthur K. Hadley, 'Cellist
Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, Conductor

PROGRAM

1. Overture, "Figaro's Hochzeit" - - - - - *Mozart*
 2. Variations on "Austrian National Hymn" - - - - - *Haydn*
STRING ORCHESTRA
 3. Recitative and Aria, "Liebe ist die zarte Bluethen," from "Faust" - - - *Spohr*
MR. MILES
 4. Short Symphony in G - - - - - *Mozart*
Allegro; Andante; Allegro
 5. Aria, "L'Amour," from "Romeo and Juliet" - - - *Gounod*
MR. MOORE
 - 6. Serenade for strings, Op. 69 - - - - - *Volkmann*
'Cello obbligato by MR. HADLEY
 7. Theme and Variations, and Finale, from Suite in D minor, Op. 36 - *A. Foote*
 8. Dramatic Ballad, "Young Lochinvar" - - - - - *G. W. Chadwick*
MR. MILES
 9. Festival March - - - - - *H. K. Hadley*
-

PLEASE NOTICE that the performance of "Hora Novissima," the final Concert in this Series, will commence promptly at 7:30 this evening—a half hour earlier than the other evening Concerts.

CHORAL UNION SERIES

1899-1900

ELEVENTH SEASON - TENTH CONCERT

(No. LXXXXIX Complete Series)

FIFTH MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

Saturday Evening, May 19, 7:30 o'clock

SOLOISTS

Mrs. Emma Juch-Wellman, Soprano Miss Isabelle Bouton, Contralto
Mr. Evan Williams, Tenor Mr. David Bispham, Baritone
The Choral Union, Orchestra, and Organ
Mr. Llewellyn Renwick, Organist,
Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, Mr. Albert A. Stanley, Conductors

PROGRAM

1. Overture, "Tragic," Op. 81 - - - - - Brahms
2. "Hora Novissima," Op. 30 - - - - - H. W. Parker
(Being the Rhythm of Bernard de Morlaix on the Celestial Country)

PART I

1. Introduction and Chorus - - - { "Hora Novissima"
"Cometh earth's latest hour"
2. Quartet - - - - - { "Hic breve vivitur"
"Here life is quickly gone"
3. Aria (Bass) - - - - - { "Spe modo vivitur"
"Zion is captive yet"
4. Chorus - - - - - { "Pars mea, Rex meus"
"Most Mighty, most Holy"
5. Aria (Soprano) - - - - - { "O bona patria"
"O country bright and fair"
6. Quartet and Chorus - - - - - { "Tu sine littore"
"Thou ocean without shore"

PART II

7. Solo (Tenor) - - - - - { "Urbs Syon aurea"
"Golden Jerusalem"
8. Double Chorus - - - - - { "Stant Syon atria"
"There stand those halls on high"
9. Solo (Alto) - - - - - { "Gens duce splendida"
"People victorious"
10. Chorus a Capella - - - - - { "Urbs Syon unica"
"City of high renown"
11. Quartet and Chorus - - - - - { "Urbs Syon incluta"
"Thou city great and high"

(English Translation by Isabella G. Parker)



GEO. W. CHADWICK

DESCRIPTIVE PROGRAMS

FIRST CONCERT

Thursday Evening, May 17

OVERTURE, "Leonore," No. 2 - - BEETHOVEN

Born at Bonn, Dec. 16, 1770. Died at Vienna, March 26, 1827.

AS early as 1803 Beethoven arranged with Schikaneder, manager of the Theater an der Wien, to write an opera. Joseph Sonnleitner undertook to furnish the libretto. He chose Bouilly's "Leonore, ou l'Amour conjugal" which a certain Gaveaux had set to music for a Paris theatre and which Paer had also utilized for an opera given in Dresden. This Sonnleitner adapted to Beethoven's satisfaction. Beethoven desired to have the title Leonore retained for his opera, and at every performance insisted on having the name Fidelio, which had probably been decided upon in order not to offend Paer, give place to the former, but without success. Three of the four overtures written for the opera, however, Beethoven called "Leonore." The fourth one is known as "Fidelio." The First Overture, the one intended for the first performance of the opera, which took place on Nov. 20, 1805, was not played on that occasion, as it had been declared at a private hearing in the house of Prince Lichnowsky not to be effective. So Beethoven wrote a second one, on entirely different lines, retaining from the first only the melody of Florestan's song in the second act of the opera, and this was used at the first representation. Of Fidelio, in its original shape only three performances were given on account of its unfavorable reception by the critics and the public. The following year Beethoven completely revised the score, condensing its three acts into two and rewriting the overture, which, as is asserted by some biographers, presented too great difficulties to the choir of wind instruments, though this view seems scarcely tenable when the two versions are compared. It is more probable that Beethoven realized how much more impressive he could make the overture as a whole. The opera in its new form and with the new Third Overture was performed on March 29 and April 10, 1806, again with moderate success only. Then nothing more was heard of Fidelio for eight years.

In 1814 three singers of the Royal Opera were given permission to arrange a benefit, provided a work would be chosen for the use of which no outlay would be necessary. Beethoven was therefore requested to permit his Fidelio to be again presented. He at once agreed, under condition that he be given time to make numerous alterations. With the assistance of Treitschke, a well-known stage manager and libretto writer, the opera was again revised, and in this, its final shape, it was performed on May 23. As the new overture which Beethoven had decided to compose for the occasion was not completed, the Overture to "The Ruins of Athens" was sub-

*Several of the analyses have been taken from the programs of the Boston and Chicago Symphony Orchestras, to the compilers of which we express our indebtedness.

stituted for it; but at the repetition of the opera, three days later, the overture now known as "Overture to Fidelio," the fourth one of the Leonore-Fidelio series was played. This is in the key of E major (the first three are in C major), and is entirely independent of the opera so far as its melodic material is concerned. In its new version Fidelio at last proved successful. During the season of 1814, it was presented twenty-two times. This is in brief the story of the opera and its overtures, of which the two comprised in the present program are by far the most interesting, as affording a glance into Beethoven's workshop.

How self-exacting Beethoven was in deciding on the final form of a theme and in determining on apparently unimportant details in his compositions has frequently been pointed out; but the two Leonore overtures in question are the only examples we have of completed works which disclose by comparison a change of spiritual attitude in the execution of a definite plan, for the revision was clearly prompted by the desire to arrive at greater unity of thought, continuity of musical ideas, and practicability of execution.

Yet there are not a few authorities who find in the Second Overture quite as much dramatic power as in the Third. The opportunity to hear both (in the same program) is not often afforded. The second one is dependent to the highest degree on technical perfection of performance and on sympathetic conception for the effect which Beethoven had in mind when he composed it, and the difficulty which practical experience taught him to stand in the way of its adequate interpretation was probably to a great extent determinative with him in revising it, while the Third Overture, though in the same measure relying for its full impression on a performance saturated with genuine enthusiasm, is better adapted to the peculiar genius of the orchestra. With the exception of the representation of Fidelio above noted, the Second Overture seems to have been played in public only once or twice at concerts during Beethoven's life time. A review of one of these occasions contains the following remarks: "The most grotesque modulations—in truly ghastly harmony—follow one another throughout the piece; and the few trivial ideas that there are, which, however, are carefully guarded from anything like nobility—as for instance, a post-horn solo, doubtless referring to the arrival of the governor—complete the disagreeable and deafening impression." What the criterion could have been which was assumed in passing this sentence it would be difficult to conceive, did not the history of music present many equally flagrant aberrations of judgment. After Beethoven's death nothing more was heard of this overture until an incomplete copy of it fell into Mendelssohn's hands, who, with that enthusiasm for resuscitating forgotten masterworks, which was one of his many amiable qualities, prepared it for performance by filling the gap in the manuscript with a parallel passage from the Third Overture, and conducted it on Jan. 11, 1840, at a Gewandhaus concert in Leipzig.

In this form the score was published for the first time by Breitkopf and Härtel. About twenty years later the celebrated biographer of Mozart, Otto Jahn, unearthed a complete manuscript copy of the overture, which he edited with the most punctilious care, comparing it with the orchestral parts which had in the meanwhile been discovered. The results of this research he has embodied in the preface to the edition which, at his instance, was published by the same firm. These parts show that Beethoven himself, no doubt under unavoidable compulsion, made a number of excisions, one of which applied to the whole of the trumpet call ridiculed in the above quoted review. The fact that Beethoven not long before his death gave the score and parts of the overture, carefully tied up in a bundle, to Schindler for safe keeping, when considered in connection with his habitual indifference to the fate of his manuscripts, shows how well he was aware of the merits of the work.

It may be of interest to consider a few of the differences which are apparent in the general plan of the two overtures. The Second Overture is subdivided into an introductory Adagio, including Florestan's Air, an Allegro built on the same themes as the revised overture and embracing the two trumpet calls; a second Adagio, again with Florestan's Air, the famous violin passage and a Coda, *Presto*. In the Third Overture the introduction is shorter by almost one half. The Allegro movement continues without interruption, though the Florestan Air is introduced and a motive from it extensively employed. The trumpet calls are remodeled and the melody which follows them in the opera is retained. To point out the changes in thematic workmanship which Beethoven made when he wrote the overture would necessitate most copious quotations. Two features, which will strike even the casual listener, may be noted.

In the first measures of the introduction of the Second Overture a tentative beginning of the eloquent descending scale passage will be observed which in the Third Overture has been rejected. Comparison of the two Adagios will disclose similar excisions and abbreviations, which add unmistakably to the conciseness of the movement. In the opening measures of the Allegro the different ways in which the self-same subject is presented and a climax developed can not escape observation. In the body of the Third Overture the thematic workmanship will be found to be more elaborate, carried out more in detail, and on the whole more effective from a purely musical standpoint. Wagner has characterized it and defined its purpose most clearly in these words: "Far from serving only as a musical introduction to the drama, it presents the same more completely and impressively than this is done subsequently in the disconnected action of the play. This work is no longer an overture, but the most tremendous drama itself."

ANDANTE, from Quartet in B-Flat - TSCHAIKOWSKI

STRING ORCHESTRA

The composer of this charming morceau was born Dec. 25, 1840, at Wotkinsh in the Ural District of the Russian Empire, and certainly stands among the remarkable composers of the century. He died at St. Petersburg, Nov. 6, 1893.

He was a pupil of Zuremba and Rubinstein, and utilizes in his composition, to a great extent, the peculiar rhythms and harmonic sequences of Russian folk-songs.

His characteristics in composition are bold modulations and subtle melodic turns, and a wealth of gorgeous effect in orchestration. He visited this country in 1891, conducting concerts in New York and elsewhere with marked success.

ARIA, "Il est doux, il est bon," from

"Hérodiade" - - - - - MASSENET

Born, Monteaux, May 12, 1842. Still living.

MISS ANDERSON

The religious opera "Hérodiade" was produced by Massenet at Brussels, December 19, 1881, and ran through the season. It was also given in Paris, Jan. 30, 1884, after being partly rewritten by the composer.

The literal translation of the aria sung in this concert is as follows:—

He whose speech cures every pain, the Prophet, is here! To him I am going! He is gentle, he is good, his speech is calming. He speaks: all is quiet; more lightly over the plain the listening air passes noiselessly by. He speaks! Ah! when will he return? When can I hear him? I suffered; I was alone, and my

heart was calmed when hearing his melodious and tender voice. Prophet, well beloved, how can I live without thee? It was there, in the desert, where the wondering throng had followed in his steps, that once he welcomed me, a deserted child, and opened his arms to me!

"THE LILY NYMPH," - - - G. W. CHADWICK

(A Dramatic Poem in Seven Scenes and Epilogue by Arlo Bates.)

THE LILY NYMPH	- -	MISS ANDERSON.
SIR ALBRECHT	- -	MR. WILLIAMS.
THE LAKE SPIRIT, {	-	MR. MILES.
FIRST KNIGHT, }	-	
SECOND KNIGHT	- -	MR. MOORE.

Chorus of Knights, Elves, Dryads, and Nymphs.

George Whitfield Chadwick was born at Lowell, Mass., Nov. 13, 1854. After pursuing his musical studies in Boston for several years he went to Leipzig, 1877-78, where he studied in the Conservatory under Reinecke and Jadassohn. In 1879 he studied composition with Rheinberger in Munich; in 1880 he settled in Boston. He was organist of the South Congregational Church for many years. He was appointed at the same time teacher of harmony, counterpoint, and composition in the New England Conservatory, of which institution he has been director since 1897. As a composer he has won for himself a position in the very front rank of American writers. He has written three symphonies, a number of remarkably effective overtures, besides songs, church music, string quartets, and choral works of importance. Among the latter his "Phoenix Expirans" (1892) and "The Lily Nymph" (1895) stand pre-eminent. As a teacher Mr. Chadwick's influence has been very great, as he has had under his instruction many of the young composers who are beginning to make themselves felt. At the present time Mr. Chadwick is conductor of the Worcester Music Festival.

"The Lily Nymph," which in respect to form and literary as well as musical treatment might be classified as a dramatic ballad, was written for the Montreal Philharmonic Society. The subject is a familiar one in fairy lore—the fatal result of love between man and a supernatural creature—but Mr. Bates has localized the story in harmony with a tradition which attaches to a lake in the Black Forest of Germany. The lilies of that lake, according to the old tale, are enchanted maidens, who once a year, on Midsummer night, are permitted to resume their original forms. Should mortal man meet one of them and yield to their charms, death is the result. This is what happened to Sir Albrecht, in the story, who fell a prey to one of the sirens, while on his way to meet his bride. In choosing such a subject Mr. Chadwick was plainly seeking to combine the lyric or romantic, the dramatic or tragic, and the picturesque. To help to this end Mr. Bates created groups of elves and dryads to contrast with the knights of Sir Albrecht's retinue and serve the romantic, as also a demon, who, besides representing the evil principle and aiding the rationale of the story, supplies the picturesque element.

The piece is divided into seven scenes and an epilogue. In the first we are introduced to Sir Albrecht and his knights, and the elves and dryads, who serve later as commentators on the woeful tragedy, assuming for that purpose a character like that of the classic chorus. In scene II Albrecht is made acquainted with the danger that threatens, but which he continues resisting, in fancied security in the love of his bride.



SARA ANDERSON

The next scene brings us the picture of the lilies and their magic awakening; the next the love scene between the knight and the nymph, in which the domain of opera is frankly entered on. In scene V we again find the chorus of dryads and elves telling us of what the absence of dramatic spectacle will not permit us to see. The sixth scene pictures the reweaving of the spell; the seventh, the punishment and farewell of the lovers.

In the music Mr. Chadwick has been eclectic, as the loose form of the poem permitted him to be. He has used delineative music when it was called for, and has tried to blend the feeling which belongs to fantastic romance and real human passion, as in the dramatic climax. He has not ignored, but neither has he followed, the system of typical phrases. Nevertheless he has one melody which he identifies with the fate of the lovers, and from which he borrows motives that are used all through the score. He has also characterized the lake spirit by means of a striking rhythm. The subject asked for warm orchestral color, and this it has received.

(H. E. KREHBIEL.)

SCENE I.

(*Night.—A valley in the Black Forest. In the middle a lake dotted with white lilies, and stretching back to thick forest. The tramp of horses is heard. Enter Sir Albrecht followed by a group of retainers.*)

THE KNIGHTS:

How still and how peaceful the forest lies
sleeping;
We ride through the night like the
shapes of a dream.
Beside us the shadows, their phantom
march keeping,
Like comrades and knights of our fel-
lowship seem.
Tramp, tramp, our horses go,
Threading the darkness slow;
And yet when the moon shall rise eager
we ride,
Since joyful our master speeds on to his
bride.

(*The sound of female voices is heard from the forest.*)

FIRST KNIGHT:

Hark, hark! what sound awakes?
Music the silence breaks.
What may these notes betoken?

SECOND KNIGHT:

It is midsummer night,
When spirits take their flight
And elfin spells are broken.

(*Enter a group of Dryads twining one another in garlands.*)

THE DRYADS:

We love the aisles of the forest trees,
And the pattering murmur of leaves;

We love the sound of the morning breeze
As it laughs, and sighs, and grieves;
But best we love the airy flight
Where elfins play the livelong night.
By leafy ways to meet them,
We haste to find and greet them.
Hark, hark! their song fantastic, clear!
The elfin band draws near.

(*Will-o-the-Wisp flashes appear in the forest and over the lake. The elves enter dancing and frolicking.*)

THE ELVES:

Light as mote
In the beam,
As they float,
As they gleam,
Do they hasten to find us,
If we tease them,
Shall we please them;
Still they follow,
By hill and hollow,
In embraces to bind us.

ENSEMBLE.

THE KNIGHTS:

Hark, hark! the wood sprites call;
The forest trembles with singing.
List to the musical murmurs that fall,
Like fairy bells tinklingly ringing.

THE ELVES:

Light as mote
In the beam,
As they float,
As they gleam,
Do they hasten to find us,

If we tease them,
Shall we please them;

Still they follow,
By hill and hollow,
In embraces to bind us.

THE DRYADS:

Hark, hark! their song fantastic,
clear!
The elfin band draws near.

SCENE II.

(The Knights dismount and come forward.)

FIRST KNIGHT:

From fairy spell set free,
To-night the lilies fair
That on this lake ye see,
Their own true forms may wear;
Till morn shall break
Their joyance take
In dance and revelry.

SECOND KNIGHT:

But who has seen their lovely band,
No more may find in any land
Maidens so fair to see.
Their loveliness can naught express,
So all divine they be.

SIR ALBRECHT:

What are the lilies that we sleeping see,
Who dance to-night in jocund revelry?

SECOND KNIGHT:

They are lilies enchanted
By the Lake Spirit planted
White as the stars in their bloom.
But on midsummer even,
Is the elfin spell riven.
And they dance in the gloom.

FIRST KNIGHT:

Fatal the beauty of the fair lily daughters;
Deep dwells the Lake Spirit under its
waters;
And his charm
Worketh harm.
The power of his spell is above them,
That man may not see but to love them.

SECOND KNIGHT:

But all passion is vain,
They will not love again;
Since love would consume them like fire,
One for them must be death and desire!

TRIO.

FIRST KNIGHT:

Beware the fatal charm,
Flee ere it works thee harm!

SECOND KNIGHT:

O Knight, beware the spell,
Flee while yet all is well!

SIR ALBRECHT:

Safe in her love no charm
Hath power to work me harm.

SIR ALBRECHT:

No magic of beauty can charm me,
Save that of the maid who is mine;
No spell may have power to harm me,
Protected by her love divine.
Safe in her love no charm
Hath power to work me harm,
I fear no fairy spell,—
Who loves shall find all well.
I fear not the lake daughters' beauty,
My heart can not yield to their spell;
It beats but where passion is duty,
So fondly it loves and so well.
Here will I watch whate'er betide,
Since morning speeds me to my bride.

SCENE III.

*(The lake is covered by a light mist.
The Dryads and Elves return, gathering
in clusters and watching the lake.)*

THE DRYADS:

Cold on the lake's calm breast
The lilies white are sleeping,
Lulled in their wave-rocked rest,
Of dreams the secret keeping.
The stars float with them on the tide,
And loving press them to their side;
They sleep till midnight's charmed hour
Shall wake them with its magic power.

*(The mist rises, and over the surface
of the water is seen a company of
beautiful Nymphs.)*

The hour is here! They wake! They wake!

*(The Lily Nymphs move over the water
in a graceful dance.)*

THE KNIGHTS:

See, brothers, the lilies waking,
Their fairy semblance taking.



EVAN WILLIAMS

THE DRYADS:

In the dance do they glance the lake
over,
Now advance, now retreat, singing
ever;
Springing fleet, as the bee to the clover,
Clinging sweet, who so quickly
must sever.

THE LILIES:

White gliding feet,
That meet the tide,
And sliding fleet
Peep out and hide,—
Arms moonbeam white,
That gleam and leap,
Flashing like light
To charm the deep,—
Bosoms of snow,
And sweep of hair
Flung to and fro
On smooth necks bare
In flow like gold,—
Our charms behold.

THE DANCE OF THE LILY NYMPHS.

(Instrumental.)

THE KNIGHTS:

They beckon us there,
Those forms of night,
Their dance to share;
They soothe and excite,
But the fall of their spell
Shall inthrall thee well!

THE LILIES:

Oh, yield to beauty's magic spell!
Are we not fair as words can tell?
Safe in our love no charm
Hath power to work thee harm.
Then, gallant knights, love us well,
and forever;
Love us well, love us well!

THE KNIGHTS:

Oh, fatal beauty's magic spell!
Who shall escape its power fell?
Beware the fatal charm,
Flee e'er it works thee harm.
Enchantment ensnaring,
Spread they around;
Fatal, unsparing,
Their magic profound.
Love means to life last farewell, and
forever;
Last farewell, last farewell!

SCENE IV.

Duet and Chorus of Nymphs.

(A Lily Nymph approaches, addressing Sir Albrecht.)

THE LILY NYMPH:

Out of the heart of the waters,
Out of the black wave below,
Fairest of all the white daughters,
Bloomed I as pure as the snow.

Ah! man may not see but to love me,
And will by my glances is slain;
But the power of a spell is above me,
And hearts break with turbulent pain.

But all passion is vain,
I can love not again,
Since love would consume me like fire,
And for me one are death and desire.

SIR ALBRECHT:

Maiden, most fair, I adore thee,
Such spell has thy beauty cast o'er me.
Oh, stay, though but for one moment
it be;
I love thee! I love thee! my heart burns
for thee.

THE LILY NYMPH:

Ah! mortal entreating,
I glide past thee fleeting;
To listen were danger,
To love thee were death.

SIR ALBRECHT:

Fair maiden endearing,
What danger in hearing?
I love thee, sweet ranger,
Far more than my breath.
If thou canst but love me,
Thy doom how sweet to share it;
If woe hang above thee,
My heart will help thee bear it.
Ah, love! My spirit yearns for thine,
Give to my arms thy form divine.

THE LILY NYMPH:

Ah, no! It can not be! Ah, no!
And yet I can not leave thee so.

(The Lily Nymph approaches nearer.)

SIR ALBRECHT:

My heart burns for thee, dearest!

THE LILY NYMPH:

My heart, what is 't thou fearest?

SIR ALBRECHT:

I live but in thy glances!

THE LILY NYMPH:

What power my will entrances!

(*The Lily Nymphs implore her by gesture to return, while the Dryads and Elves show the utmost consternation.*)

THE LILY NYMPHS:

Beware, beware, O fairest;
If mortal love thou sharest,
Thy doom is surely spoken!

THE LILY NYMPH AND SIR ALBRECHT:

(*She flings herself into the arms of Sir Albrecht.*)

Ah! what is death beside this bliss!
Who would not dare doom for this kiss?
Love's raptures so our hearts are filling,
All else is lost in joy so thrilling.

(*They sink in rapturous embraces.*)

NYMPHS AND KNIGHTS:

He clasps her, with kisses
Her ruby lips staining;
In joy's fullest blisses
Hearts know no restraining,
Delirious embracing
While sadly retracing
{ Our way down the waters,
{ Their
{ We go the lake daughters.
{ They go

(*The Lily Nymphs, with sorrowful gestures, move slowly backward over the lake.*)

SCENE V.

(*The light of morning begins to appear.*)

THE DRYADS AND ELVES:

With the lisp of light leaves
In the morning breeze shaken,
Down the dim forest aisles
See the gleaming dawn waken.
Softest glow, faintest flush,
In the sky wax and thicken,
Till they die on the beach
As the lake ripples quicken.
Fast the morning star fades
Like a pearl dropped in wine,
As more clear and more near
Doth the coming day shine.
For the night is at end,
And with trembling leaves shaken,
See the gleaming dawn waken!

SCENE VI.

SOLO AND CHORUS OF NYMPHS.

(*A commotion is heard over the water, and the voice of the Lake Spirit calls from the depths.*)

THE LAKE SPIRIT:

Return, return, ye Lily Maidens,
Once more your snowy semblance take;
Again my spells with might enchain you,
That naught your charmed sleep may
break,
Again my spells have power;
Now comes the morning hour.

THE LILY NYMPHS:

Backward returning, we hasten
Back to the lake where we sleep;
Soon in the sunbeams will glisten
Cool dewy tears which we weep.

THE LAKE SPIRIT:

Return, return, ye Lily Maidens,
And float once more upon the tide;
Unless the fire of love has touched you,
And mortal won you to his side.
Then shall ye blighted fall,
And death make end of all.

THE LILY NYMPHS:

Backward returning, we hasten
Back to the lake where we sleep,
Fading like mist wreaths that glisten,
Fading away while we weep.

THE LAKE SPIRIT:

Return, return, ye Lily Maidens,
Unless the taint of love ye know;
Then blighted fall thy beauty holy,
Withered and stained your leaves of
snow.
Once more my spells have power;
Now comes the morning hour.

SCENE VII.

THE LILY NYMPH:

The doom upon me falls, alas!
On the lake's bosom as before,
With my white sisters shall I float
In loveliness no more.

SIR ALBRECHT:

Nay, what is doom against our love?
Can spells divide my heart from thine?
Lean on my breast, and only think
Of this sweet rapture so divine.

THE LILY NYMPH:

Too late! too late! Soon will be sleeping
The lilies all, save I alone.

SIR ALBRECHT:

Ah, bitter woe! What blight is creeping
O'er those clear eyes, that peerless
shone?



GWILYM MILES

THE LILY NYMPH :

Farewell ! farewell ! fatal the spell.

SIR ALBRECHT :

Ah ! leave me not, my life is in thy keeping !

Ah ! leave me not to bitter, bitter weeping !

THE LILY NYMPH :

(She kisses him passionately, then releases herself from his embrace and glides down again to the lake, where she stretches up her arms in farewell.)

Too late, too late ! farewell, farewell !
Heart's dearest, I for thee am slain !
(She sinks from sight.)

THE LILIES :

The doom on her falls. As before
Once more to blossoms turning,
Untouched by passion's yearning,
We float, but she is there no more.

(The mist again conceals the lake for a moment ; when it lifts, the Nymphs are gone and the lilies are again on the water.)

SIR ALBRECHT :

Heart's dearest thou, where art thou sleeping ?
I plunge to seek thine arms again.

(He flings himself into the lake.)

ÉPILOGUE.

ELVES AND DRYADS :

Ah, Lily Maid, fare thee well ! and,
forever,
Farewell, gallant Knight ; truest
lovers, farewell !
Doom, with its spell, fondest bosoms
will sever,
Leaving but blight of their passion
to tell !

THE KNIGHT :

Fare thee well, Lily Maid !
Fare thee well, gallant Knight !
Woe bear we to the bride,
Who for her love doth bide.

Fare thee well, gallant Knight ; truest
lovers, farewell !

OVERTURE, " Leonore," No. 3.

BEETHOVEN.

SECOND CONCERT

Friday Afternoon, May 18

OVERTURE, "Oedipus Tyrannus," Op. 35 - J. K. PAINE

JOHN KNOWLES PAINE, the Nestor of American composers, was born at Portland, Me., Jan. 9, 1839. He studied under Hermann Kotzchmar of that city, and made such progress that he composed a string quartet at the age of sixteen. In 1858 he went to Berlin, Germany, where he resided three years pursuing his studies under Haupt, Fischer, and Wieprecht. His ability as a composer soon attracted the notice of the critics of the Prussian capital, and the direction in which he was to display his greatest activity was thus clearly marked out for him. He returned to America in 1861, settling in Boston. He was an accomplished organist and a thoroughly trained musician. He was one of the first Americans to receive such a well-rounded technical education, and he began immediately to exert an influence upon the art of his native country that can hardly be overestimated. In 1862 he became teacher of music in Harvard College and organist of Appleton Chapel. He developed the work to such an extent that in 1876 the professorship of music, the first in the country, was established and he was appointed to the chair, a position he still holds. Of Professor Paine's ability as a composer there can be but one opinion. From the very first his compositions have been full of nobility and power. He has always been true to the highest ideals, and however much his art may have changed in other respects there has never been any deviation from these ideals. His earlier works were molded in the strictest classical forms, but of late his tendencies incline more in the direction of the romantic school. Among his earlier works may be mentioned as of particular importance, the Mass in D, and the oratorio of "St. Peter." The Mass was performed in the Singakademie, Berlin, in 1867, and was received with such approbation that since that time his reputation has been firmly established in Germany. Of his later works, the "Spring" symphony, op. 34; "The Tempest," symphonic poem; and the music to "Oedipus Tyrannus" may be selected as thoroughly representative of his best. He has, besides these, produced a large number of compositions in all forms, including cantatas for chorus and orchestra, motets, overtures, etc., etc., not one of which but is worthy of extended mention.

He has just completed a grand opera on a mediæval Provençal subject, "Azara." At a recent concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra the "Ballet Music" from this work was produced. The reception accorded it augurs well for the success of the opera. The influence exerted by Professor Paine as a teacher has been very great, and he has been for many years an inspiration to the men who have been under his instruction, while his example has been of incalculable benefit to American music.

The prelude, incidental music, and postlude to the "Oedipus Tyrannus," were written by Professor Paine for the performance of the tragedy in the original Greek by students of Harvard University at Sanders' Theatre, in Cambridge, Mass., on May 17, 1881. The tragedy itself consists of a trilogy comprising "Oedipus Tyrannus," "Oedipus in Kolonos," and "Antigone." Music to the last two was written by

Mendelssohn for the performances, in Donner's translation, at the New Palace in Potsdam on October 28, 1841 and September 19, 1843. Since the performance in Sanders' Theatre, music to the "Oedipus Tyrannus" has been written by Charles Villiers Stanford for a similar performance in Cambridge, England, on November 22-26, 1887.

The music consists of a prelude and six choruses. In the prelude the attempt is made to epitomize the play, to show the spirit and essential life of the whole tragedy in utmost concentration; to make a reflection in miniature of the whole work. It is chiefly based on two themes: the second theme of the second chorus — that expressing the love of the people for their king and their confidence in his innocence and goodness, which dispels the alarm caused by the words of the blind seer and bring to them hope and peace — and the theme of the sixth chorus, with its "tones of agony" for him who is now fallen a victim of those fatal horrors that it had been his lifelong struggle to avert. The prelude thus foreshadows that powerful contrast which is the very marrow of the tragedy — that between the fair appearance and the horrid reality in the condition of Oedipus. Between the extremes of feeling expressed in these two principal themes, the imagination is quickened by hints of other salient themes and motives of the choruses to a rapid conception of that fatal growth of trust into suspicion, and of hope into despair. It is as though one's glance were to flash through the play in presentment: there is the apparent assurance of peace constantly tending toward the restlessness of foreboding, and at the conclusion hurrying on through the cry of doubt to the final notes of oppressive and unspeakable sadness.

ARIA, "Ah! rendimi," from "Mitrane" - - - Rossi

MISS BOUTON

Francesco Rossi was born at Bari, Italy, about the year 1645. The date of his death is uncertain. Although he was in orders and a prolific writer of sacred music, he contributed no small amount to the development of the opera.

"Mitrane," his fourth opera, was produced in Venice in 1689. The aria from this work on to-night's program is not only an excellent example of his style, but is also thoroughly representative of the nobler characteristics of the compositions of his day.

Ah! give me back that heart of thine,
Give me back all that love divine,
Give me back that heart I cherished,
Give me back that love that perished,
By thee awakened.

Ever the same were my thoughts and thine,
Ever the same were thy will and mine,
Now why so cruel, so cruel?
Why hast thou from me departed?
Oh, why hast thou from me departed?
Left me sad hearted?
Give me back that joy
Which in loving me thy love imparted;
Ah! give it back!

Give it back once more,
That dear love of yore;
Give it back,

That I might unite
 My being with thine!
 Ah! give it back,
 That love divine!

English translation by Nathan Haskell Dole.

SUITE IN D MAJOR - - - - - BACH

Born at Eisenach, March 21, 1685. Died at Leipzig, July 28, 1750.

OVERTURE, AIR, GAVOTTES I AND II, BOURREE, GIGUE

The first movement of this Suite, Overture in D major, is in the form of the old so-called French overture, as it was established by Jean Baptiste Lully. It opens with a slow movement in D major, followed by a Vivace in the same key in the form of a fugue. This fugue is of a peculiar sort, approaching more closely what Fétis calls an irregular fugue, than any other established variety. The exposition has the peculiarity of the response being a measure longer than the subject. There are several passages for violin solo in this fugue, after the manner of the old concerto grosso.

The second movement, Air, *lento*, in D major is for strings only. It has probably been played at concerts, separated from the rest of the suite, oftener than any orchestral composition by Bach. It has also become familiar in chamber concerts through a transcription for violin and piano forte by August Wilhelmj, who transposed it to C major, writing the violin part a major 9th lower than in the original for the G string.

The third and fourth movements, Gavotte I and II, *allegro*, in D major would count nowadays as a single movement, the second Gavotte being the alternative or trio of the first. The Gavotte is an old French dance, its name said to be derived from the Gavots, or inhabitants of the Pays du Gap. Originally its peculiarity, as a danse *grave*, was that the dancers lifted their feet from the ground, whereas they walked or shuffled in the older dances of its class. It was in common time and generally of moderately quick movement.

The fifth movement is a Bourrée, *allegro* in D major. The Bourrée was, according to some authorities, an old French dance indigenous to the province of Auvergne. According to others it was a Spanish dance, from Biscay, where it is said to still be in common use. It differs from the Gavotte in being in alla-breve instead of in common time, and by its beginning always on the fourth quarter of the measure, instead of on the third.

The sixth movement is a Gigue, *allegro vivace* in D major. The Gigue or Giga was an old Italian dance. It is uncertain whether its name is derived from that of the old Italian fiddle or vice versa. It was always in triple time, which was written indiscriminately as 3-8, 3-4, 6-8, 6-4, or 12-8 time. It was the conventional finale of suites and partitas in Bach and Handel's day.

SCENE AND ARIA, "I fain would hide," from

"Euryanthe," - - - - - VON WEBER

Born at Eutin, December 18, 1786. Died at London, June 5, 1826.

MR. HOWLAND.

Euryanthe, from a purely musical point of view von Weber's greatest opera, was produced at the Kaerthnertheater, Vienna, October 25, 1823. In spite of the



ISABELLE BOUTON

nobility and grace of the music the lack of dramatic consistency in the opera has always militated against its success. In many ways it points quite unmistakably in the direction of Wagner, and the 2d. Act of "Euryanthe" is sometimes spoken of as the prophecy of "Tannhaeuser."

I fain would hide! Where can I rest recover?
 Oh, mad'ning phantasy, thou didst betray
 To see in her an easy prey!
 Ye mountains, crush a baffled lover,
 Ye echoes round, ne'er make reply,
 No answer to my hopeless sigh!
 She scorns my love!
 My heart is rent asunder!

Stay ardent longing stealing o'er me!
 From me she turns to Heaven above—
 As Queen of virtue I adore thee,
 So pure in nature and in love—
 What will be lands and wealth to me?
 Deprived of her, how drear the world must be!
 Could I be loved?
 My heart says nay!
 Away, unhappy thought, away! She loves him!
 And shall he obtain thee?
 And live to shame me?
 He triumph, while in dust I die?
 Ah no! he shall not live—
 For him a thousand pangs are nigh—
 Yet demon! ye have not love to give,
 She loves him!
 I alone must die!

Ye powers of vengeance now allure me,
 I yield my heart to them at last;
 The seeds of death with rage I cast,
 Of fatal fruit they now assure me.
 So vanish, dream of love!
 Ah, sweetest thought, farewell!
 But rage and vengeance lash my breast,
 My tempest-riven breast.

SYMPHONY No. 6, "Pastoral," Op. 68. - - BEETHOVEN

The indefiniteness of the construction which is applied to the term "program music" has given rise to the utmost confusion, and, in consequence, to discussions as to its justification from an esthetical standpoint, which are worse than useless because they start out from altogether different premises. The Pastoral Symphony has been quoted indiscriminately for and against the question in these arguments, notwithstanding the fact that Beethoven clearly defined his standpoint in the words: "*Mehr Ausdruck der Empfindung als Malerei*," "more an expression of feeling than painting." The imitation of the sounds of nature—the call of birds—is instanced by those who would depict in tone definite occurrences, incidents, or situations to the sacrifice of purely musical beauty, sensuous as well as formal. The superscriptions

with which Beethoven supplied the different movements of his symphony give in themselves conclusive proof as to the object he had in mind in composing it, for with one exception, "Storm," they are suggestive of moods, states of mind, not of particular phenomena, and depend principally on the association of ideas to convey his fancies more directly in tones.

Thayer quotes the following remark by Ries, a pupil of Beethoven's, which defines his attitude toward descriptive music: "Beethoven often thought of something definite in composing, although he often laughed and scolded at musical paintings, particularly at trivial ones. When he did this 'The Creation' and 'The Seasons,' by Haydn, frequently had to suffer, but not without Beethoven's gladly recognizing Haydn's higher merits."

That the explanatory titles for the different movements were an afterthought with Beethoven, is made evident by one of his sketch books in which draughts for the first movement are superscribed "Characteristic Symphony, Recollections of Country Life," and accompanied with the marginal note, "the hearer is to be allowed to find out the situation for himself." Furthermore, Beethoven assured Schindler that the imitations of the nightingale, the quail, and the cuckoo, if imitations they can be called, were intended for nothing more than a joke. Indeed, the most cursory examination discloses the fact that they are not essentials — constructive features of the Andante — but details, which however charming, are not vital parts of the movement. Highly interesting though it may be to search in the symphony for passages and figures which can be traced to definite prototypes, this procedure will add little, if anything, to the conception of the work as a whole. For transmission of the moods which the sympathetic contemplation and enjoyment of nature excited in Beethoven he had at command means infinitely above those provided by imitation.

The Pastoral Symphony was composed in the environs of Vienna, probably during the summer of 1808. It was performed for the first time on December 22 of the same year, together with the Fifth Symphony, which latter was on that occasion announced as the Sixth, while the Pastoral was designated as No. 5. The confusion as to the proper numbering of these two symphonies continued to exist in Vienna for no less than fifteen years.

The following is a more technical analysis:—

The first movement, in F major, is marked *Allegro* (2-4), and opens quietly, the first violins having the theme upon a fifth held by the 'celli and violas. The second violins add an alto in the last measure of the phrase, after which the theme is given again with a little more elaboration. With the ninth measure a new theme enters, an earnest, deeply felt motive, in quarter notes, by all the strings, except the basses. After eight measures of this a subsidiary motive is introduced leading to a repetition of the first theme, the oboe taking the melody while the horns sustain. The second subject, in C major, now follows, ending in a charming melody in thirds, played by the oboes and bassoons with occasional co-operation of the clarinets. The development and recapitulation are carried out in strict formal style, and the various themes are elaborated and contrasted with significant episodes in Beethoven's happiest vein.

The second movement, *Andante molto moto*, B flat (12-8), opens with a flowing figure given to the second violins, two 'celli with mutes, and the violas, the horns sustaining long tones, while the remaining 'celli and the basses mark the measure accent *pizzicato*. Upon this foundation the violins play short melodic phrases developing in the fourth measure into a beautiful *cantabile* theme. Further on the flute gives out a motive, which the bassoons take up two measures later leading into the second subject, a dreamy melody for 'celli, violas, and bassoons. At the very end are imitations of birds by the flute, oboe, and clarinet.



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The third movement, *Allegro*, F major (3-4), is a Scherzo full of free and frolicsome humor, and carried out with extreme simplicity and directness. The Trio is in the form of a contra-dance, the motive recalling the principal theme of the first movement. It is interrupted by a thunder storm, *Allegro*, F minor (4-4), the precursor of many an orchestral storm since Beethoven's day.

The Finale, *Allegretto*, F major (6-8), is a pretty, pastoral movement in which simple harmonies, natural and obvious melodies, and naive feelings chiefly come to expression. Formally the structure is a rondo, well worked out, but needing little or no explanation.

THIRD CONCERT

Friday Evening, May 18

OVERTURE, "In der Natur," Op. 91. - DVORAK

Born at Mühlhausen, Bohemia, Sept. 8, 1841; still living.

THE title of this overture is not easy to translate succinctly; the German "In der Natur" quite conveys the meaning of the original Czech "V přírodě," which the English "In Nature" certainly does not do so well. It might be freely rendered by "On Nature's Bosom" or "Mid Natural Scenery." Dr. Dvorak might well have chosen Schiller's—

*Freude trinken alle Wesen
An den Brüsten der Natur,**

as the motto for his work.

The overture begins with a slow introduction, *Allegro ma non troppo* in F major, with a slow sustained *pianissimo* tonic organ point—sustained notes in the bass-clarinet and fourth horn, a soft roll in the kettle drums, repeated quarter-notes in the double basses—over which the bassoons and violas give out the first theme, each phrase of which is answered by a little flicker in the flute or oboe. The thesis of this theme is developed at some length by various orchestral combinations in a gradual *crescendo* until it is at last given out *fortissimo* by the full orchestra, and followed by its natural antithesis. This development, which is quite extended, is followed by a short subsidiary in A minor, modulating back to F major at its close, and this by a brief episode on figures from the first theme, ending with a definite modulation to A major. Now comes a light tricky second theme in A major given out *pianissimo* by the strings, and extendedly developed by them and the wood-winds; a more *cantabile* subsidiary follows (still in the same key) in the violins in octaves, leading to a more turbulent conclusion-theme which is developed to a gradual climax by fuller and fuller orchestra, the thesis of the first theme returning *fortissimo* to round off the climax and conclude the first part of the movement in A major.

Then follows the free fantasia, which is very elaborate, if not very long. The third part of the movement begins rather vaguely, somewhat as if it were still part of the free fantasia, with the first theme in the English-horn and bass-clarinet, then taken up by the flute and developed rather more briefly in *crescendo* than in the first part. After this the third part presents no essential irregularities, the first subsidiary comes in F minor, the second theme in F major. The coda opens brilliantly with a *fortissimo* return of the first theme in the horns and trumpets against a high tremolo in the violins and violas. The turbulent developments which follow upon this outburst soon subside, however, and the overture ends softly with some dreamy play with the first theme.

* All beings drink joy at Nature's breasts.



MME. ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK

SUITE, "Indian," Op. 48 - - E. A. MAC DOWELL

Edward Alexander Mac Dowell was born in New York, Dec. 18, 1861. He studied with local teachers, later with Theresa Carreno. In 1876 he was admitted to the Paris Conservatoire, an unusual honor for an American. There he studied piano under Marmontel and theory under Savard. In 1879 he went to Frankfort, where he studied with Raff and Heymann. From 1881 to 1882 he was head teacher of piano at the conservatory at Darmstadt. Through the influence of Raff and Liszt his works were performed at the meeting of the "Allgemeiner deutscher Musikverein." At this time he was living in Wiesbaden. In 1888 he returned to America, taking up his residence in Boston. In 1896 he was appointed Professor of Music in Columbia University. Since that time he has resided in New York. He has been given the degree of Mus. Doc. by Princeton. Mr. Mac Dowell is a prolific writer and has composed a large number of works that would grace the literature of any nation. He writes with ease and conviction in every form, has a wonderful sense of orchestral color together with an absolute mastery of orchestral *technique*. A magnificent pianist, he has brought out several sonatas of a type seldom met with in these days. Of songs he has written many, all of them characterized by fancy and a fine discrimination in the use of vocal effects. His piano concertos rank among the very first of the modern works of this *genre*, and have been received with enthusiasm, not alone in this country, but in Europe. Among the many larger works for orchestra composed by him, the Suite on this evening's program is of particular interest on account of the fact that the themes are based on (in fact are in many instances identical with) genuine Indian melodies. This fact would not of itself be a justification for the use of such motives, but the themes themselves are interesting musically, and in the hands of such a master as Mr. Mac Dowell almost any theme can be made of interest.

It is stated on good authority that the Indian Suite was all but completed a number of years ago. Its publication, however, was deferred until very recently.

Mr. Mac Dowell has prefaced the score with the following explanatory remarks: "The thematic material of this work has been suggested for the most part by melodies of the North American Indians. Their occasional similarity to northern European themes seems to the author a direct testimony in corroboration of Thorfinnkarlsefn's Saga. If separate titles for the different movements are desired, they should be arranged as follows:—

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------|
| I. LEGEND. | II. LOVE SONG. |
| III. IN WAR TIME. | IV. DIRGE. |
| V. VILLAGE FESTIVAL. | |

Mr. Mac Dowell was undoubtedly influenced in turning to aboriginal American melodies by Dvorak's counsel, precept, and example, for it was Dvorak who boldly championed the availability for musical art works of the idioms they contain, and fortified his assertion by composing a symphony and works for the chamber in accordance with these views. The application of this principle to Indian as well as to negro melodies is in line with this argument. Theodore Baker, in a dissertation "On the Music of the North American Aborigines," submitted as a thesis to the Leipzig University in 1882, gives a number of Indian melodies and themes partly noted down by himself, partly collated from different sources. The deductions which he has drawn after analysis of their rhythmic and melodic elements are not only interesting, but can also serve as a guide to one who has so completely mastered the technic of musical compositions as to be able to apply them in a composition without doing violence to the fundamental requirements of a musical art work.

To quote side by side with the themes which Mr. MacDowell has introduced, the Indian songs and dances on which they are based, would require more

space than is here available. It must suffice to point out that he has gathered his material largely from those collected by Dr. Baker, and attributed mostly to the Iroquois and Iowa Indians, by adapting them to the purposes of his composition, retaining at times melodic progressions, and at times rhythmic peculiarities.*

In the first movement the horns announce two themes (which can be traced to an Iroquois harvest song), the first one loudly with emphasis, the second one softly, the instruments being muted. With these the composer has constructed a rhapsodical introduction which is in admirable accord with the title, Legend, and leads into the rapid movement proper. The germ out of which this grows is a rhythmic transformation of the second of the above quoted themes.

In the course of its working out a feature is introduced which is peculiar to Indian melodies; namely, the frequent use of the *appoggiatura*. In the other movements this is even more pronounced, and adds materially to the oddity of the melodic progressions and to the effectiveness of their harmonic investiture.

A more quiet second subject affords a necessary contrast and offsets the first one.

The second movement begins with a melody which is a faithful copy of a love song of the Iowas, and can be heard at the annual festival of the Onondaga Indians, the Green Corn Dance, celebrated on their reservation near Syracuse. The characteristic *appoggiatura* will here be noticed again.

Tender and pathetic as is this melody in itself, it is made doubly impressive by the rich accompaniment and the delicate instrumentation which the composer has provided for it, and the interludes which he has interspersed.

On the first theme of the third movement, "In War Time," Mr. Mac Dowell based his view that similarity between melodies of the American Indians and Northern European nations pointed to the truthfulness of the Thorfinnkarlsefin's Saga, because it resembles one in Rimsky-Korsakow's "Antar" Symphony. Theodore Baker remarks that according to a legend this song was heard as if it had come from heaven, by the people living on the Atlantic coast, several years before the arrival of the white man, and that it was considered to be music of the spirits and was sung at high festivals only. In the Suite it is given out, unaccompanied, by the flutes.

The clarinets supplement this with another lively tune, which is a lovesong of the Dakotas, the burden of the text being, "Who would fear such a man, indeed?"

In the course of this movement the dirge of the following one is foreshadowed. The principle themes are then again taken up and increasing speed and fuller orchestration form a brilliant climax to the war dance.

The tolling of bells introduces the fourth movement, a dirge, the first subject of which begins with a moaning, sighing figure. The plaintive song rises at times to cries of anguish and despair, but recedes rapidly and finally dies away in a faint echo.

The two principal themes of the last movement are adapted from a war song and a woman's dance of the Iroquois. The composer's fancy has molded them into shapes to serve for his fanciful pictures of a village festival. The first one is given out by the violins, pizzicato, the second by the flute and piccolo, with accompaniment of the wood-winds and a pizzicato figure in the strings.

This mere enumeration of themes conveys no idea as to the admirable art with which the composer constructed his work and the evident sympathy which in so doing he brought to his task. Mr. Mac Dowell has long since passed beyond the experimental, the technical stage of musical workmanship. He controls with sovereign authority all the means of musical expression and employs them with absolute certainty as to the ultimate result which he has in mind and which he has determined upon with evident appreciation of the dignity of the art.

*In this connection reference must be made to the more recent investigations of Miss Alice Fletcher and Prof. John Comfort Fillmore.



BERNARD STURM

RECITATIVE AND ARIA, "Non piu di fiori," from

"Titus" - - - - - MOZART

Born at Salzburg, Jan. 27, 1756. Died at Vienna, Dec. 5, 1791.

MADAME SCHUMANN-HEINK.

This work received its first performance in Prague, Sept. 6, 1791. Mozart was throwing himself, heart and soul, into the composition of his immortal Requiem, when he received a commission to write a festal opera in honor of the Emperor Leopold's coronation at Prague. The text selected was Metastasio's "Clemenza de Tito." Although the time allowed him was very short, and in spite of the fact that the subject given him was distasteful, he began work upon it with his accustomed enthusiasm. He was however obliged to set out on his journey to the Bohemian capital with the score unfinished. Arriving at Prague in the middle of August, he completed the opera, rehearsed it, and produced it in eighteen days after his arrival. It was not successful, for the people were too much occupied with the brilliant festivities of the week to be in a receptive mood, and the work itself was not calculated to arouse enthusiasm. Many parts were of unusual merit, notably the principal arias. One of the most famous of these arias is the one on this evening's program. A literal translation of the aria is as follows:—

Vitellia: Ha! now strikes, O Vitellia, the dread hour of trial! Hast thou the courage to behold the noble, faithful Sextus bleed for thee? Sextus, who loves thee more than life; who for thy sake became a traitor; who proves his fidelity through death; who unrewarded loves thee still! In spite of this wilt thou, forgetting thy guilt, with cheerful mien share the throne with Titus? Will not the picture of Sextus restlessly pursue thee? The breezes, the very walls will reveal my secret to Titus! No! I will at his feet my guilt confess! Through this confession I shall excuse the guilt of Sextus! Can I not blot out this stain; then farewell to all hope of the throne and to love forever!

Perfume-distilling roses are fading,
Blossoms and flow'rets my presence doth blight!
Shadows are falling, terror foreboding,
Powers of evil are closing me round.
Woe! Accurséd one!
Shame and curse follow me in my despair!
Die, dearest Sextus,
Soon will follow thee the forsaken one!

CONCERTO, No. 1, G minor, Op. 26 - - - BRUCH

INTRODUCTION, ADAGIO; FINALE, ALLEGRO ENERGICO.

MR. STURM.

Max Bruch was born at Cologne, Jan. 6, 1838. At fourteen years of age he brought out his first symphony, followed in 1858, by his first dramatic work. He has written in all the serious instrumental and vocal forms with success, but his most important contribution to music is the epic cantata, a form in which his most important works are cast. His compositions are characterized by clear melodic invention and beauty of orchestral color rather than by depth of feeling or originality. The concerto on this evening's program is a great favorite with violinists, and was written at Coblenz, where he resided from 1865 to 1867.

"DIE ALLMACHT" - - - - - SCHUBERT

Born at Lichtenthal, Jan. 31, 1797; died at Vienna, Nov. 19, 1828.

MADAME SCHUMANN-HEINK.

Great is Jehovah the Lord!
The works of creation proclaim
His wondrous power.
'T is heard in the fierce raging storm,
In the wild torrent's deep thundering roar:
Great is Jehovah the Lord!
Yea, and great his pow'r!
'T is heard in the murmur of leafy forests,
Seen in the gold of the wavy corn,
In the ravishing hue of lovely flow'rs,
In the splendor bright of the star studded welkin,
Awful its voice in thunder's deep roll,
The glare in the lightning,
Swiftly darting from heav'n,
Yet in the unrest of the soul
Most deeply is felt the power of God.
Tearful eyes lifting up,
We hope for mercy and pardon,
Great is Jehovah the Lord.

SELECTIONS from "Walkuere,"
TRAUER MARSCH, from "Götterdämmerung" } WAGNER

Born at Leipzig, May 22, 1813. Died at Venice, Feb. 13, 1883.

The two selections from the "Nibelung Ring" are well contrasted both as to their purely musical character and position in the cycle. The "Walkuere," the second drama in the Tetralogy, contains some of the most beautiful music ever written, while the Death March is in some respects the noblest dirge in the whole literature of music. This march is an epitome of the life of Siegfried, and is built up very largely on themes illustrative of the history of the Volsung race as well as his own adventures.

SONGS WITH PIANO

- | | | |
|------------------------|-----------|------------|
| (a) Sapphische Ode | - - - - - | BRAHMS |
| (b) Es blinkt der Thau | - - - - - | RUBINSTEIN |
| (c) Wohin | - - - - - | SCHUBERT |

MADAME SCHUMANN-HEINK.

"KRONUNGS MARSCH" - - - - - SVENDSEN

Johann Severin Svendsen was born in 1840 at Christiania; served six years as jæger in the Norwegian army, diligently pursuing the study of music in his leisure hours. After tedious wanderings, he joined a band of itinerant musicians at Hamburg as violinist, and went with it to Lubeck in 1862. Thence he went to Leipzig Conservatory, where, however, he was forced by a malady of the fingers to exchange the study of the violin for that of composition. Since 1872 he has lived in Christiania. He has written many works in the larger forms and in them displayed thorough technical routine and originality of conception. He may be justly considered one of the best writers of his own nation, as well as one of the most interesting of the more modern composers, although he would not be considered as occupying a position in the very first rank of contemporary writers. The work on the present program is of decided strength and beauty as well as thoroughly characteristic of his style.



G. LEON MOORE

FOURTH CONCERT

Saturday Afternoon, May 19

OVERTURE, "Figaro's Hochzeit" - - - MOZART

This overture is justly regarded as one of the best examples of Mozart's purest style. The opera to which it is an introduction was produced for the first time at Vienna, May 1, 1786. It came very near to failure on account of a conspiracy among the singers engaged in its production. At that time the feeling was very intense in Vienna, among the singers at least, in favor of the Italian composers Paisiello, Sarti, and Cimarosa, who were the arbiters of musical taste. The opera was received with great enthusiasm in Prague, and since then has always maintained its position on the stage as one of the brightest and most spontaneous productions of Mozart's genius.

VARIATIONS, on "Austrian National Hymn" - HAYDN

Born at Rohrau, March 31, 1732, died at Vienna, May 31, 1809.

STRING ORCHESTRA.

RECITATIVE AND ARIA, "Liebe ist die zarte

Bluethen," from "Faust" - - - - - SPOHR

MR. MILES.

Louis Spohr, born at Brunswick, April 5, 1784; died at Cassel, Nov. 22, 1859, was a remarkable violinist, agreeable teacher, and one of the most important composers of the romantic school. His opera "Faust" was written for Vienna, but on account of disagreements with the conductor was not produced. In 1817 Spohr became the conductor of the Frankfort Opera, and there he brought out his "Faust" in 1818. It achieved great success, and is considered a work of great power, although it is seldom given. The aria on the program is sung by Faust in his study, and is a most admirable example of the characteristics of Spohr's style.

The fiend of darkness each blessing shall render,
His mighty pow'r to my dread will shall bend;
Hell shall behold me Virtue's stern defender;
On me alone let all its ire descend!
Love, if thou wilt but smile away my sadness,
My cup will then be crowned with earthly gladness!
Love's a tender flow'ret shedding
Magic fragrance where it blows,
In its blushing leaves just spreading,
All the charms of life repose.

Love, my Rosa's breast will nourish,
 Foster'd in her arms;
 There it will unfading flourish,
 Shedding heav'nly charms.
 While on Hope vainly relying,
 From me the blessing is flying!
 Scorpions assail me, around me they hiss,
 And in spite. The Powers of the night,
 Fiendlike, poison the cup of my bliss!
 Hell, I defy the pow'r of thy malice!
 Poison is harmless with Love in the chalice.
 Rosa! Rosa!
 Love's a tender flow'ret shedding
 Magic odor where 't is found!
 Sweets receiving, sweetness spreading,
 Heav'nly blessings float around.

SHORT SYMPHONY IN G - - - - MOZART

ALLEGRO; ANDANTE; ALLEGRO.

This work, written as near as can be determined when Mozart was but thirteen years of age, is of great interest, not alone as a youthful work of one of the greatest geniuses the world has seen, but also on account of its form.

The so-called Italian Theatre Symphony consisting of three movements—two quick movements separated by an Andante—was a favorite form of composition in the middle of the eighteenth century. On the formal side it still retained the impress of its founder Scarlatti. It had nothing in common with the more dignified French overture, neither was it influenced particularly by the concerto which, in Germany at least, it all but supplanted. It was, however, the germ of the overture and symphony of later days. A group of composers in Mannheim first attempted the improvement of the form, by making the hitherto neglected wind instruments of more importance, and introducing more individuality in the use of both the strings and wind. At the same time they extended the formal side, making the relation of the various parts to each other less conventional. Still more important was the work done by the composers known as the Vienna group. Among these Haydn, Dittersdorf, and Mozart stand pre-eminent. The Mannheim composers developed more elasticity in the form, but the Vienna composers added to the content the qualities up to that time lacking. The symphony on the program of this concert is written in the earlier form, following quite closely the structure of the Italian Theatre Symphony. It consists of three movements. In the first, *Allegro* (4-4), the themes are simple and are but tentatively developed. The second movement, *Andante* (3-4), follows the first without any break in the continuity. It is a naive songlike melody with repetitions. The Finale, *Allegro* (2-4), introduces imitation, and has many qualities prophetic of the mature style of the master.

ARIA, "L' AMOUR," from "Romeo and Juliet," - GOUNOD.

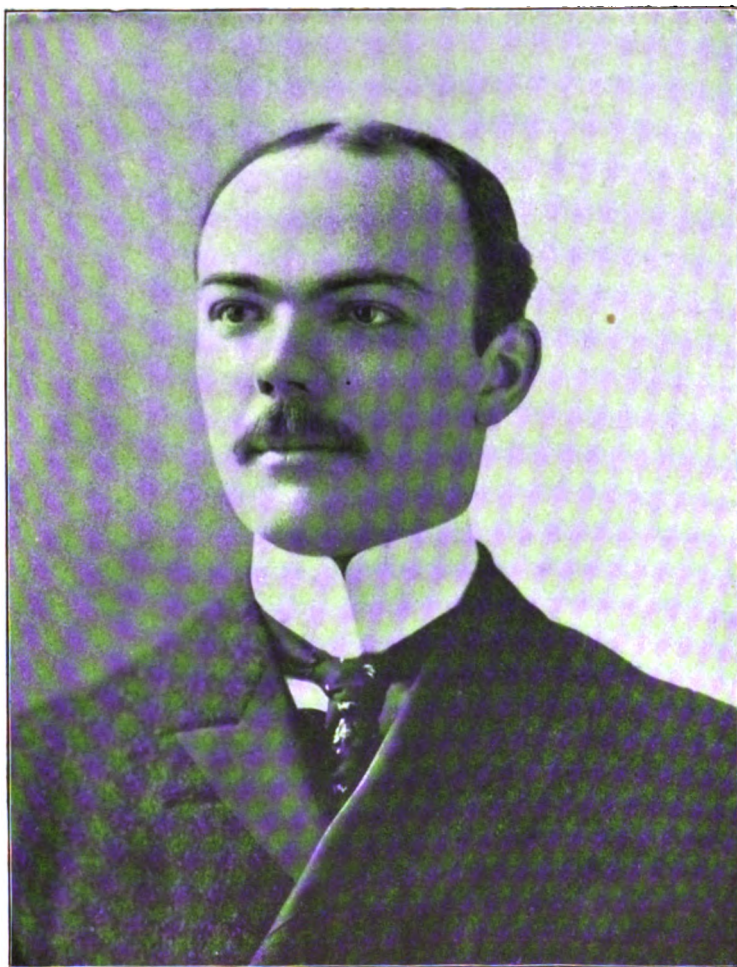
Born in Paris, June 17, 1818, died there Oct. 17, 1893.

MR. MOORE.

SERENADE, Op. 69, for String Orchestra (with 'cello

Obligato) - - - - VOLKMANN

MR. HADLEY.



ARTHUR K. HADLEY.

Friedrich Robert Volkmann was born at Lommatzsch, Saxony, April 6, 1815; died at Pesth, Oct. 30, 1883. He was encouraged by Robert Schumann to devote himself to composition. The wisdom of this advice is proved by the high character of Volkmann's work. He has written in the symphonic forms with marked success, displaying refined melodic gifts and mastery of technical details. Of the three Serenades for strings written by him, the one in D minor played this afternoon is considered the best.

TWO MOVEMENTS FROM SUITE IN D MINOR, Op. 36,

A. FOOTE

(a) Theme and Variations, B flat, 2-4.

(b) Finale, D major, 3-4.

Arthur Foote was born at Salem, Mass., March 5, 1853. He studied under B. J. Lang, S. A. Emery, and J. K. Paine. He took the degree of A. M. at Harvard University (in music) in 1875. Since that time Mr. Foote has lived in Boston where he has established himself as a successful teacher. Since 1878 he has been organist of the First Unitarian Church. He has written in all forms with success. His songs are especially popular. He has written a large number of compositions in the chamber music forms, as well as several important orchestral works. Prominent among these is the Suite in D minor from which two movements will be played this afternoon. Mr. Foote's compositions are very scholarly, and in all his work one feels that he has been severely critical of himself. For this reason they invariably appeal to musicians, and the public as a whole may be said to have given general approval to his works. The Suite in D minor received its first performance by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Emil Paur, March 7, 1896. The third movement is in the form of variations, *andante*, G minor (2-4), the theme being given out simply by the strings. From this theme are then evolved seven ingenious and interesting variations which reveal much cleverness of invention, and many diversities of rhythm and scoring.

The last movement, *Presto Assai*, in D major (3-4), goes on swiftly and bustles to the end, with two themes plainly stated and with very little development.

BALLADE, "Young Lochinvar" - G. W. CHADWICK

MR. MILES.

O, young Lochinvar has come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late,
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all;
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)

"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied ;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, to drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet ; the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume ;
And the bride-maidens whisper'd "'T were better by far,
To have match'd our fair cousin to young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light in the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur ;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan:
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran ;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye 'er heard of young Lochinvar?

Walter Scott.

FESTIVAL MARCH

H. K. HADLEY

Henry Kimball Hadley was born Dec. 20, 1871, at Somerville, Mass. At an early age he displayed marked musical talent and was placed under the best instructors in Boston. In 1894 he went to Vienna, where he pursued his studies under Eusebius Mandyszewski and Hermann Csillag. Returning to America, he accepted the position of director of music at St. Paul's Cathedral School, Garden City, N. Y. In Vienna his first symphony, "Youth and Life," was sketched, and on his return to America he finished the work, which was given its first performance under Anton Seidl's baton. The work was received most favorably by the New York critics and public. Since then it has been performed several times with great success. The "Ballet Suite" (No. 3), composed in Vienna, has also made a decided impression, for like all of Mr. Hadley's orchestral works, it is full of melodic charm and effectively scored. His songs, over one hundred in number, are noted for their refinement and beauty. Recently Mr. Hadley has written a fine concert overture, "In the Forest," while his second symphony, "The Four Seasons," was given its first hearing in New York in January, 1900. Although still very young, Mr. Hadley has won for himself a distinct place among American composers, and from the character of the work already accomplished one can predict still greater achievements in the future.



ARTHUR FOOTE

FIFTH CONCERT

Saturday Evening, May 19

OVERTURE, Tragic, Op. 81, - - - BRAHMS

Born May 7, 1833, at Hamburg. Died April 3, 1897, at Vienna.

Among other fruits of a summer's work at his favorite watering place, Iachl, Brahms brought back with him to Vienna two overtures, the "Academic" and the "Tragic." The former he composed in grateful recognition of the appreciation of his services to art which the University of Breslau publicly signalized by offering him the degree of Doctor of Philosophy; the latter, its companion-piece, is not traceable to any particular circumstance, as indeed are few of Brahms's instrumental works. Both overtures were brought out at Breslau on Jan. 4, 1881, and repeated at Leipzig on January 13 following. It is remarkable that two works so antipodal in character should have occupied the master's mind simultaneously.

The Academic Overture, based, as will be remembered, on German students songs, is brimful of humor, permeated with the elements of comedy, while the Tragic is fraught with the darkest thoughts, the shadows of an impending, unknown, and for that reason all the more dreadful fate. Uncertainty, doubt, the fear of a threatening catastrophe, alternate with passionate efforts to free the mind from the haunting thoughts and the anticipation of its approach. The power of the portraiture lies in the mysteriousness which, like a veil, enfolds the whole tone-picture, and lends it the impressiveness which Brahms knew so well how to obtain by means of harmonies and melodies vague in their tonalities and rhythmic structure. These again he throws into relief by themes sharply defined and clear cut in rhythm, and thus provides contrast without injuring the unity of the work. The Overture is an imposing tragedy in tones, a tragedy not of actual happenings, but of soul life.

HORA NOVISSIMA, Op. 30, - - - H. W. PARKER

The Rhythm of Bernard de Morlaix on the Celestial
Country, for Solo, Chorus, and Orchestra

MRS. EMMA JUCH-WELLMAN, Soprano

MISS ISABELLE BOUTON, Contralto

MR. EVAN WILLIAMS, Tenor

MR. DAVID BISPHAM, Baritone

Horatio William Parker was born at Auburndale, near Boston, Sept. 15, 1863. He studied under Boston teachers for several years, and in 1882 went to Munich where he studied with Rheinberger, whose favorite pupil he soon became. While there he wrote several important works, among them the "King Trojan" which was produced there under his direction. It was well received by the German critics. It has since then received several performances in this country, always with success. In 1885 Mr. Parker returned to this country, settling in New York. In 1893 he became

organist of Trinity Church, Boston. In 1894 he was called to the chair of music at Yale University. His compositions include a symphony, several descriptive ballads for chorus and orchestra, and a large number of church compositions, songs, orchestral pieces, organ music, etc., etc.

His style inclines to the romantic, yet of late years he has displayed a wonderful breadth of conception, as all must admit after a hearing of the "*Hora Novissima*." His compositions as a whole are characterized by much melodic and harmonic beauty and fluency of expression; his instrumentation is at once sonorous and full of color, but with the reserved power of a fine artistic instinct. His work at Yale has been very successful, and no account of the man is complete that does not take into consideration the influence such a well-trained teacher can exert on the young aspirants for distinction who come into contact with him.

Bernard of Morlaix was a monk belonging to the Abbey of Cluny, and is perhaps better known as Bernard of Cluny. The Rhythm of Bernard is a long 3,000-line poem on *De Contemptu Mundi*, in which he sends up a bitter wail over the corruption of the age, especially within the church, but gradually rises to an almost beatific vision of the Heavenly City of the Apocalypse.

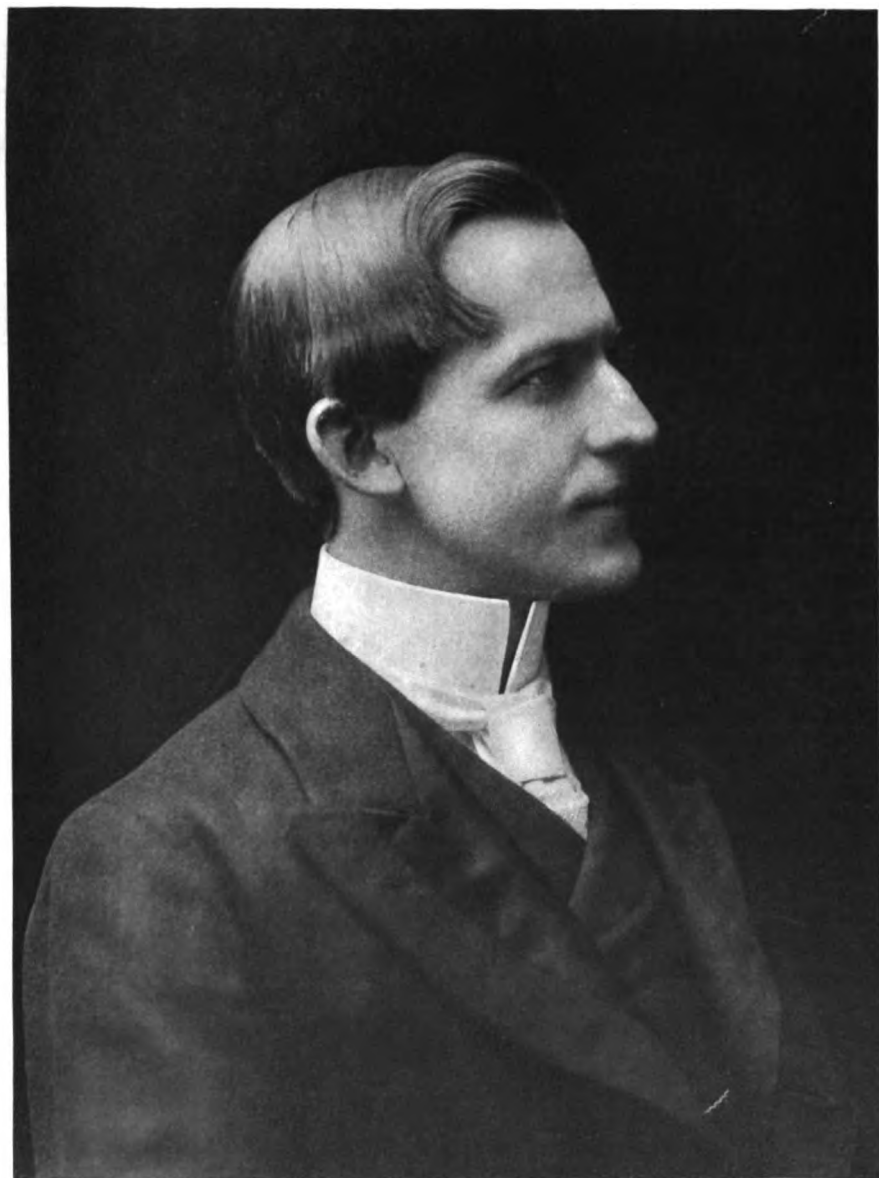
In the selection and adaptation from the devout old monk's 3,000 lines Mr. Parker has shown skill and judgment of a high order. The first three numbers depict the gloom of Bernard's mind under the consciousness of the evil in the world, and his having fallen on the last days: "*Hora novissima*"—"Cometh earth's latest hour." He then turns to the brevity of life in comparison with that of Paradise, and we have, "*Hic breve vivitur*"—"Here life is quickly gone." In the third picture we have the captivity of Zion, by Babylon's wave, her harps on the willows: "*Spe modo vivitur, et Syon angitur a Babylone*"—"Zion is captive yet, longing for freedom sweet, in exile mourning."

These are followed by three numbers which lift up the thought from earth and prepare it for the final vision of the celestial city. The first is the turning to the God of Israel, "*Pars mea, Rex meus*," and followed by two eulogistic songs, "*O bona patria, lumina sobria te speculantur*"—"O country bright and fair," and "*Tu sine littore*"—"Thou ocean without shore."

This completes the first part. The second part contains four numbers extolling the golden Jerusalem and depicting the joy, peace, and love of its inhabitants, and closes with a confession of unworthiness and prayer that he may still attain unto an entrance:—

O land of full delight,
Thy peerless treasures bright,—
May we behold them!
Thou home of beauty rare,
May we thy blessings share!
Priceless we hold them.

The almost prodigal abundance of imagery, poetic thought, and feeling in the text, while furnishing a strong spring of inspiration also makes it very difficult for the composer; for unless he hold a steady rein over his imagination, and seek for the general and essential thought, he is apt to be carried away by the profuseness of theme and thus lose force. And this happens to a certain degree in the first number,—a chorus—in which Mr. Parker treats the three stanzas in the style of the "*durchcomponirtes Lied*" (thoroughly composed song). Hence we find a superabundance of themes,—nine besides the orchestral; each change of thought is in fact characterized by its own special theme, which, however, is not carried through logically. Mr. Parker has succeeded in producing a strong sense of unity, and developed the underlying and essential thought notwithstanding the employment of so



HENRY K. HADLEY

large a number of themes. This is accomplished in two ways: in the skill with which the themes themselves are woven together, but mainly by the way the orchestral accompaniment is developed. The principal theme of the orchestral part is one characteristic of the first line of the poem.

The first chorus enters to the accompaniment of this theme, followed by the warning "vigilemus." The theme appears a few times in the chorus parts, but is mainly treated in the orchestral score.

A comforting middle movement in D flat leads to a powerful passage when the chorus reaches the contrasting thought to "Giveth the rich reward" — "Meteth the penance hard."

It is a strong chromatic passage in half notes, from E flat, fourth space, down an octave and a fourth, ending in B (below the clef), as the dominant tone of E minor, thus leading back to the fourth part of the chorus, in which are treated the two contrasting thoughts of darkness —

Cometh earth's latest hour,
Evil hath mighty power,

working up a climax *fff* on the first theme and ending with the "vigilemus," the orchestra gradually decreasing in power for three measures after.

The second principal theme enters quietly, the chorus reciting, "Recta remuneret," etc. — "True hearts in mansions fair," — and the number ends in a broad though subdued presentation of the first theme.

The second number, "Hic breve vivitur," is a quartet developed from five themes in choral imitation style; it is beautifully made and most delicately sung.

The third number is an aria for the bass, "Spe modo vivitur," strong in both the voice part and orchestral setting; it has a middle part in which the rhythm changes from four to three beats in alternate measures, lengthening later into five and six beats.

The fourth number is an introduction for fugue and chorus, joyful in character throughout. This is one of the most effective numbers, especially when the theme occurs as a climax in its original form in the orchestra while the chorus sings it augmented at the same time.

The six bars closing this number are *molto largo*. "Joyful beholding," sings the chorus in a broad, substantial phrase, and with the history of the poem before us it comes easily to the imagination that Bernard in his inspiration had almost seen the shadowy portals of the Celestial Country.

Following this in a reflective mood comes the aria, "O Bona Patria," "O country bright and fair," very appropriately assigned to the soprano. It is accompanied principally by the solo instruments.

We now come to number six the closing chorus of part first, beginning with an orchestral prelude (*allegro* and *ff*). The first theme is announced boldly in the brilliant key of B major but becomes quiet before the entrance of the chorus, which sings very softly in three octaves against the first theme.

"Tu sine littore, tu sine tempore."
("Thou ocean without shore.")

Solo voices then enter and the movement becomes eight-voiced.

The second principal theme is then taken up as a soprano solo accompanied by the male chorus.

The solo quartet again enters with the chorus and the number ends jubilantly with the stanza:—

"Tota negotia
Cantica dulcia
Dulce tonare."

Part second opens with a tenor solo accompanied by 'celli, "Urbs Syon aurea" ("Jerusalem the Golden"). This is from its nature stronger than the soprano aria and broadens out into long, sustained strains. The orchestral setting is strong and characteristic in its themes and treatment.

Next comes a double chorus, "Stant Syon Atria," principally in eight real parts. It is of unusual interest and reveals a fine command of the technique of choral development, massing of voices, contrapuntal treatment, and harmonic breadth. The men's and women's choruses sing antiphonally "Est ibi pascua" etc., and after much development by the alternate choirs, the sopranos and basses unite in singing "Regis ibi thronus," while the altos and tenors maintain the rapid "Stant Syon Atria."

In the finale of this number the full chorus sings unison passages, with an effect lofty in the highest degree.

An alto solo, "Gens Duce Splendida," follows and contains some effective points.

In the tenth number we have "Urbs Syon unica," a chorus *a capella* written in old church style. It is fugal in form and in its modulations and general treatment carries one back to the "pure school" days of Palestrina.

The finale, a quartet and chorus, "Urbs Syon inclyta," follows after an orchestral prelude; the sopranos enter followed by the altos; and the tenors and basses soon after.

Following an extensive building-up by the chorus and orchestra, an interlude introduces the second principal theme in the violins, against which the solo quartet sings "Spe tamen ambulo," the chorus interjecting the "Urbs Syon inclyta" theme. A brilliant orchestral interlude leads to the second principal theme again while the chorus now sings in unison "Urbs Syon inclyta f."

Soon the quartet enters softly "O bona patria," then the chorus still more softly almost breathing in unison "O bona patria," and through this number are several beautiful and effective similar examples, employing all the resources of fugue and fugal imitation in both chorus and orchestra.



HORATIO W. PARKER

HORA NOVISSIMA.

Being the Rhythm of Bernard De Morlaix on the Celestial Country.

THE ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY ISABELLA G. PARKER.

PART I.

I. CHORUS.

Hora novissima,
Tempora pessima
Sunt, vigilemus!
Ecce minaciter
Imminet Arbiter
Ille supremus:

Imminet, imminet,
Ut mala terminet,
Æqua coronet,
Recta remuneret,
Anxia liberet,
Æthera donet.

Auferat aspera
Duraque pondera
Mentis onustæ,
Sobria muniat
Improba puniat,
Utraque juste.

II. QUARTET.

Hic breve vivitur,
Hic breve plangitur,
Hic breve fletur:
Non breve vivere,
Non breve plangere,
Retribuetur.

O retributio!
Stat brevis actio,
Vita perennis;
O retributio!
Cœlica mansio
Stat lue plenis;

Quid datur et quibus
Æther? egentibus,
Et cruce dignis,
Sidera vermibus,
Optima sontibus
Astra malignis.

PART I.

I. CHORUS.

Cometh earth's latest hour,
Evil hath mighty power;
Now watch we ever—
Keep we vigil.
Lo, the great Judge appears!
O'er the unfolding years.
Watching for ever.

Mightiest, mightiest,
He is made manifest
Right ever crowning—
True hearts in mansion fair,
Free from all anxious care,
Ever enthroning.

Bears He the painful goad,
Lightens the heavy load,
Heavy it must be;
Giveth the rich reward,
Meteth the penance hard,
Each given justly.

II. QUARTET.

Here life is quickly gone,
Here grief is ended soon,
Here tears are flowing;
Life ever fresh is there,
Life free from anxious care,
God's hand bestowing.

O blessed Paradise!
Where endless glory lies,
Rapture unending.
O dwelling full of light,
Where Christ's own presence bright
Glory is lending.

Who shall this prize attain,
Who this blest guerdon gain,
Here the cross bearing?
Crown for the lowliest,
Thrones for the holiest,
Heaven's honours sharing.

Sunt modo praelia.
Postmodo præmia.
Qualia? plena:
Plena refectio.
Nullaque passio,
Nullaque pœna.

III. ARIA — BASS.

Spe modo vivitur,
Et Syon angitur
A Babylone;
Nunc tribulatio;
Tunc recreatio,
Sceptra, coronæ.

Tunc nova gloria
Pectoria sobria
Clarificabit,
Solvēt enigmata,
Veraque Sabbata
Continuabit.

Patria splendida,
Terraque florida,
Libera spinis,
Danda fidelibus
Est ibi civibus,
Hic peregrinis.

IV. CHORUS — INTRODUCTION
AND FUGUE.

Pars mea, Rex meus,
In proprio Deus
Ipse decore
Visus amabitur,
Atque videbitur
Auctor in ore.

Tunc Jacob Israel
Et Lia tunc Rachel
Efficietur,
Tunc Syon atria,
Pulcraque patria
Perficietur.

V. ARIA.—SOPRANO.

O bona patria,
Lumina sobria
Te speculantur;
Ad tua nomina
Sobria lumina
Collacrymantur:

Est tua mentio
Pectoris unctio,
Cura doloris,
Concupientibus
Æthera mentibus
Ignis amoris.

Tu locus unicus,
Illeque coelicus
Es paradisus:
Non ibi lacryma,
Sed placidissima
Gaudia, risus.

Now is the battle hour,
Then great rewards our dower,
What are they? blessing—
Blessings unknown before,
Passion shall vex no more,
Peace yet increasing.

III. ARIA — BASS.

Zion is captive yet,
Longing for freedom sweet,
In exile mourning;
Now is the hour of night,
Then, crowned with full delight,
Zion returning.

Ever new glories still
The inmost heart shall fill
With joy supernal.
All doubts shall disappear,
When dawneth, calm and clear,
Sabbath eternal.

O country glorious
Love hath prepared for us,
Thornless thy flowers!
Given to faithful ones,
There to be citizens—
Such joy be ours!

IV. CHORUS — INTRODUCTION
AND FUGUE.

Most Mighty, Most Holy,
How great is the glory
Thy throne enfolding!
When shall we see Thy face,
And all Thy wonders trace,
Joyful beholding?

All the long history,
All the deep mystery,
Through ages hidden.
When shall our souls be blest,
To the great marriage feast
Graciously bidden?

V. ARIA.—SOPRANO.

O country bright and fair,
What are thy beauties rare?
What thy rich treasure?
Thy name brings joyful tears,
Falling upon our ears,
Sweet beyond measure.

Thou art the home of rest,
Thy mention to the breast
Gives bliss unspoken.
Who learn thy blessed ways
Shall have, in songs of praise,
Comfort unbroken.

Thou only mansion bright,
Full of supreme delight,
Thou art preparing.
There shall all tears be dry,
There is serenest joy,
All shall be sharing.



MRS. EMMA JUCH-WELLMAN

VI. CHORUS.

Tu sine littore,
Tu sine tempore,
Fons, modo rivus,
Dulce bonis sapis,
Estque tibi lapis
Undique vivus.

Est tibi laurea,
Dos datur aurea,
Sponsa decora,
Primaque Principis
Oscula suscipis,
Inspicis ora.

Candida lilia,
Viva monilia,
Sunt tibi, sponsa,
Agnus adest tibi,
Sponsus adest tibi,
Lux speciosa.

Tota negotia,
Cantica dulcia
Dulce tonare,
Tam mala debita,
Quam bona præbita
Conjubilare.

PART II.

VII. ARIA.—TENOR.

Urbs Syon aurea,
Patria lactea,
Cive decora.
Omne cor obruis,
Omnibus obstruis
Et cor et ora.

Nescio, nescio,
Quæ jubilatio,
Lux tibi qualis,
Quam socialia
Gaudia, gloria
Quam specialis:

Laude studens ea
Tollere, mens mea
Victa fatiscit;
O bona gloria,
Vincor; in omnia
Laus tua vicat.

VIII. DOUBLE CHORUS.

Stant Syon atria
Conjubilantia,
Martyre plena
Cive micantia,
Principe stantia,
Luce serena;

Est ibi pascua
Mitibus afflua,
Præstita sanctis;
Regis ibi thronus,
Agminis et sonus
Est epulantis.

VI. CHORUS.

Thou ocean without shore,
Where time shall be no more,
Dwelling most gracious.
Fountain of love alone,
Thou hast the living stone,
Elect and precious.

Thou hast the laurel fair,
The heavenly Bride shall wear,
Robed in her splendor.
First shall the Prince confer
All priceless gifts on her,
With glances tender.

There are the lilies white,
In garlands pure and bright,
Her brow adorning.
The Lamb her Spouse shall be,
His light shines gloriously,
Fairer than morning.

There saints find full employ,
Songs of triumphant joy
Ever upraising.
They who are most beloved,
They who were tried and proved,
Together praising.

PART II.

VII. ARIA.—TENOR.

Golden Jerusalem,
Bride with her diadem,
Radiant and glorious;
Temple of light thou art,
O'er mind and soul and heart,
Thou art victorious.

Who can tell—who can tell
What noble anthems swell
Through thy bright portal?
What dear delights are thine,
What glory most divine,
What light immortal!

Longing thy joys to sing,
Worthily offering
Love overflowing;
Glory most bright and good,
Feed me with heavenly food,
New life bestowing.

VIII. DOUBLE CHORUS.

There stand those halls on high,
There sound the songs of joy
In noblest measure.
There are the martyrs bright
In heaven's o'erflowing light—
The Lord's own treasure.

In pastures fresh and green
The white-robed saints are seen,
Forever resting;
The kingly throne is near,
And joyful shouts we hear,
Of many feasting.

IX. ARIA.—ALTO.

Gens duce splendida,
Concio candida,
Vestibus albis,
Sunt sine fletibus
In Syon ædibus,
Ædibus almis;

Sunt sine crimine,
Sunt sine turbine,
Sunt sine lite
In Syon ædibus
Editoribus
Israelitæ.

X. CHORUS.—A CAPELLA.

Urbs Syon unica,
Mansio mystica,
Condita cœlo,
Nunc tibi gaudeo,
Nunc mihi lugeo,
Tristor, anhelo:

Te quia corpore
Non queo, pectore
Sæpe penetro;
Sed, caro terrea,
Terraque carnea,
Mox cado retro.

XI. QUARTET AND CHORUS.

Urbs Syon inclyta,
Turris et edita
Littore tuto,
Te peto, te colo,
Te flagro, te volo,
Canto, saluto:

Nec meritis peto;
Nam meritis meto
Morte perire:
Nec reticens tego,
Quod meritis ego
Filius iræ.

Vita quidem mea,
Vita nimis rea,
Mortua vita,
Quippe reatibus
Exitialibus
Obruta, trita.

Spe tamen ambulo,
Præmia postulo
Speque fideque;
Illa perennia
Postulo præmia
Nocte dieque:

Me Pater optimus
Atque piissimus
Ille creavit,
In lue pertulit,
Ex lue sustulit,
A lue lavit.

IX. ARIA.—ALTO.

People victorious,
In raiment glorious,
They stand forever.
God wipes away their tears,
Giving, through endless years,
Peace like a river.

Earth's turmoils ended are,
Strife, and reproach, and war,
No more annoying:
Children of blessedness
Their heritage of peace
Freely enjoying.

X. CHORUS.—A CAPELLA.

City of high renown,
Home of the saints alone,
Built in the heaven;
Now will I sing thy praise,
Adore the matchless grace
To mortals given.

Vainly I strive to tell
All thy rich glories well,
Thy beauty singing;
Still, with the earnest heart,
Bear I my humble part,
My tribute bringing.

XI. QUARTET AND CHORUS.

Thou city great and high,
Towering beyond the sky,
Storms reach thee never:
I seek thee, long for thee;
I love thee, I sing thee,
I hail thee ever.

Though I am unworthy
Of mercy before Thee,
Justly I perish;
My follies confessing,
Nor claiming Thy blessing,
No hope I cherish.

In deepest contrition,
Owning my condition,
My life unholy;
Burdened with guiltiness,
Weary and comfortless,
Help, I implore Thee.

Yet will I faithfully
Strive those rewards to see,
Beck'ning so brightly;
Ask in unworthiness
Heavenly blessedness,
Daily and nightly.

For He, the Father blest,
Wisest and holiest,
Of life the Giver,
Maketh His light to shine
In this dark soul of mine,
Dwelling forever.



DAVID BISPHAM

O bona patria,
Num tua gaudia
Teque videbo?
O bona patria,
Num tua præmia
Plena tenebo?

O sacer, O pius,
O ter et amplius
Ille beatus,
Cui sua pars Deus :
O miser, O reus,
Hac viduatus.

O land of full delight,
Thy peerless treasures bright,
May we behold them!
Thou home of beauty rare,
May we Thy blessings share!
Priceless we hold them.

O blessed forever
A thousandfold they are
Who shall inherit
Thee, their portion unfailing
And that mercy availing
Through Thy own merit.

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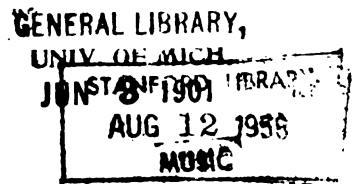
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Corrected edition



EIGHTH
ANNUAL MAY FESTIVAL
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
1901



OFFICIAL PROGRAM BOOK



GIUSEPPI VERDI

[OFFICIAL]

EIGHTH
ANNUAL MAY FESTIVAL
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

TO BE HELD IN

University Hall, Ann Arbor,
Michigan

May 16, 17, 18,
1901

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN
UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF MUSIC
1901.

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1900-1901

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LIST OF *CONCERTS and SOLOISTS*

Thursday, May 16, 8 P. M.

ORATORIO OF "ELIJAH" - - *Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy*

SOLOISTS

Mrs. MARIE KUNKEL ZIMMERMAN, Soprano
Miss FIELDING ROSELLE, Contralto Mr. GLENN HALL, Tenor
Mr. WILLIAM A. HOWLAND, Baritone
Mr. ALBERT A. STANLEY, Conductor

Symphony Concert

Friday, May 17, 3 P. M.

SOLOISTS

Mr. ALBERT LOCKWOOD, Pianist Mr. GWILYM MILES, Baritone
Mr. EMIL MOLLENHAUER, Conductor

Miscellaneous Concert

Friday, May 17, 8 P. M.

SOLOISTS

Madame SCHUMANN-HEINK, Contralto Mr. BERNARD STURM, Violinist
and
Signor GIUSEPPI CAMPANARI, Baritone
Mr. EMIL MOLLENHAUER, Conductor

Miscellaneous Concert

Saturday, May 18, 2:30 P. M.

SOLOISTS

Mr. GLENN HALL, Tenor Mr. ALFRED HOFMANN, Violoncellist
Mr. LLEWELLYN L. RENWICK, Organist
Mr. EMIL MOLLENHAUER, Conductor

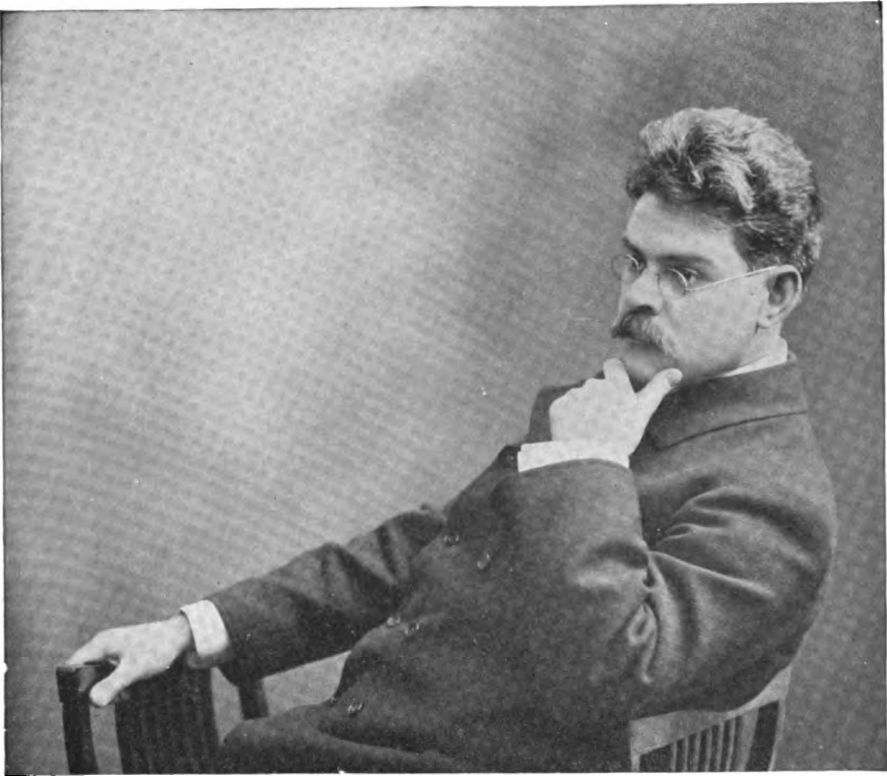
"The Golden Legend"

(Arthur Sullivan)

Saturday, May 18, 7:30 P. M.

SOLOISTS

Mrs. MARIE KUNKEL ZIMMERMAN, Soprano
Miss FIELDING ROSELLE, Contralto Mr. EVAN WILLIAMS, Tenor
Mr. GWILYM MILES, Baritone Mr. WILLIAM A. HOWLAND, Baritone
Mr. ALBERT A. STANLEY, Conductor



EMIL MOLLENHAUER

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JOHN CHLUPSA
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W. S. COTTON
THEODORE COOK
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BARTLETT BRIGGS
WILLIAM DODGE

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JEAN FALCK
C. G. MILLER
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ROSS SPENCE

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JACQUES BENAVENTE
FRANK FIALA
MAX GEBHARDT

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LOUIS HEINE
LUDWIG CORELL
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J. RODENBURG

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EUGEN DEVEAUX
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Clarinets

A. VANNINI
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GEORGE GILL

French Horns

ANTON HORNER
JULIUS EUGSTER
XAVIER LAROSE
MAX MATHIEU

Cornets

ARTHUR S. WONSON
WM. HILL

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D. H. MOORE
A. P. RIPLEY
CARL BEHR

Tuba

OTTO LORENZ

Harp

VAN VEACTON ROGERS

Tympani

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Drums

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PROGRAMS

CHORAL UNION SERIES

1900-1901

TWELFTH SEASON - SIXTH CONCERT

(No. XCVI Complete Series)

FIRST MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

Thursday Evening, May 16, 8 o'clock

ORATORIO "ELIJAH"

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

SOLOISTS

Mrs. Marie Kuakel Zimmerman, Soprano

Mrs. W. E. Spitzley, Soprano

Master Leslie Brown, Soprano (The Youth)

Miss Fielding Roselle, Contralto

Miss Clara J. Jacobs, Contralto

Mr. Glenn Hall, Tenor

Mr. Alfred D. Shaw, Tenor

Mr. William A. Howland, Baritone

Mr. W. Roy Alvord, Baritone

Mr. Otto Z. Zeiner, Bass

Mr. Llewellyn L. Renwick, Organist

Choral Union

Mr. Albert A. Stanley, Conductor

SYNOPSIS

PART I

INTRODUCTION. *As God the Lord.*

OVERTURE.

CHORUS. *Help, Lord!*

DUET. *Zion spreadeth her hand.*

WITH CHORUS. *Lord, bow Thine ear.*

RECITATIVE AND AIR. *If with all your Hearts.*

CHORUS. *Yet doth the Lord hear us not.*

RECITATIVE. *Elijah! get thee hence.*

DOUBLE QUARTET. *For He shall give His
angels charge over thee.*

RECITATIVE, AIR AND DUET. *Help me,
man of God!*

CHORUS. *Blessed are the men.*

RECITATIVE AND CHORUS. *As God the Lord.*

CHORUS. *Baal, we cry to thee!*

RECITATIVE. *Call Him louder!*

CHORUS. *Hear our cry!*

RECITATIVE AND CHORUS. *Hear and answer!*

AIR. *Lord God of Abraham!*

QUARTET. *Cast thy burden upon the Lord.*

RECITATIVE AND CHORUS. *The fire descends!*

AIR. *Is not His word like a fire?*

AIR. *Woe unto them who forsake Him!*

RECITATIVE, AIR AND CHORUS. *Look down
upon us from heaven, O Lord!*

CHORUS. *Thanks be to God!*

PART II

AIR. *Hear ye Israel!*

CHORUS. *Be not afraid.*

RECITATIVE, SOLO AND CHORUS. *Have ye
not heard!*

RECITATIVE AND AIR. *It is enough.*

RECITATIVE AND TRIO. *Lift thine eyes.*

CHORUS. *He, watching our Israel.*

RECITATIVE AND AIR. *O rest in the Lord.*

RECITATIVE AND CHORUS. *Behold! God the
Lord passed by.*

RECITATIVE, QUARTET AND CHORUS. *Holy
is God the Lord.*

RECITATIVE AND AIR. *For the mountains,
CHORUS, Then did Elijah.*

AIR. *Then shall the righteous shine.*

RECITATIVE. *Behold, God hath sent Elijah.*

QUARTET. *O come ev'ry one that thirsteth.*

CHORUS. *And then shall your light.*

The next Concert in this Series will be given Friday, May 17, at 3:00 P. M.

CHORAL UNION SERIES

1900-1901

TWELFTH SEASON - SEVENTH CONCERT
(No. XCVII Complete Series)

SECOND MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

Friday Afternoon, May 17, 3 o'clock

SYMPHONY CONCERT

SOLOISTS

Mr. Albert Lockwood, Pianist Mr. Gwilym Miles, Baritone
Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, Conductor

PROGRAM

1. Overture, "Egmont," Op. 84, - - - - *Beethoven*
 2. Concerto, B flat minor, Op. 23, - - - - *Tschaikowsky*
Andante non troppo e molto maestoso—Allegro con spirito:
Andante semplice—Allegro vivace; Allegro con fuoco.
MR. ALBERT LOCKWOOD
 3. "Wotan's Farewell" and "Fire Music," from "Walkuere," - *Wagner*
MR. MILES
 4. Symphony, No. 5, E minor, Op. 95, "In the New World," *Dvorak*
Adagio—Allegro molto;
Largo; Scherzo—Molto vivace;
Allegro con fuoco.
-

The Concert Grand is kindly furnished by STEINWAY & SONS, New York.
The next Concert in this Series will be given this evening at 8 o'clock.

CHORAL UNION SERIES

1900-1901

TWELFTH SEASON - EIGHTH CONCERT

(No. XCVIII Complete Series)

THIRD MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

Friday Evening, May 17, 8 o'clock

MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT

SOLOISTS

Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink, Contralto Signor Giuseppe Campanari, Baritone
Mr. Bernard Sturm, Violinist Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, Conductor

PROGRAM.

1. Symphonic Poem, "Les Eolides," - - - Cesar Franck
2. Serenade, for Strings, Flutes, Harp and Bells, - - - Andrea
3. Hymn, "Gloria a Te," - - - Buzzi Peccia

SIGNOR CAMPANARI

4. Adriano's Aria, from "Rienzi," - - - Wagner

MADAME SCHUMANN-HEINK

5. Concerto for Violin, D minor, Op. 22, - - - Wieniawski
Allegro moderato; Romanze; Allegro moderato (a la Zingara)

MR. STURM

6. Monologue, from "Falstaff," - - - Verdi

SIGNOR CAMPANARI

7. Vorspiel und Liebestod, from "Tristan und Isolde," - Wagner

MADAME SCHUMANN-HEINK

8. Marche, "Sclav," - - - Tschaikowsky
-

The next Concert in this Series will be given Saturday, May 18, at 2:30 P. M.

CHORAL UNION SERIES

1900-1901

TWELFTH SEASON - NINTH CONCERT

(No. XCIX Complete Series)

FOURTH MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

Saturday Afternoon, May 18, 2:30 o'clock

MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT

SOLOISTS

Mr. Glenn Hall, Tenor Mr. Alfred Hoffmann, Violoncellist
Mr. Llewellyn L. Renwick, Organist Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, Conductor

PROGRAM

1. Fantasie Triomphale, - - - *Th. Dubois*
MR. LLEWELLYN L. RENWICK
2. Recitative and Aria, "Where are ye gone, O Days of Youth, O
Joys of Love," from "Eugen Onegin," - *Tschaikowsky*
MR. GLENN HALL
3. Symphony, E flat. No. 1, Breitkopf and Haertel Ed., - *Haydn*
Adagio—Allegro con spirito; Andante; Menuetto; Allegro con spirito
4. Concerto for Violoncello, A minor, Op. 33, - - *Saint-Saens*
Allegro, non troppo; Allegretto con moto;
Allegro non troppo—Molto Allegro
MR. ALFRED HOFFMAN
5. Suite, "Children's Games," Op. 22, - - - *Georges Bizet*
March (Trumpeter and Drummer); Allegretto moderato; Cradle Song (The Doll);
Andantino quasi Andante; Impromptu (The Top); Allegro vivo; Duet (Little
Husband, Little Wife,) Andantino; Galop (The Ball); Presto
6. Songs with Piano, (a) Thy Beaming Eyes, - - *Mac Dowell*
(b) "Als dir die alte Mutter," - *Dvorak*
(c) Longings, - - - *Rubinstein*
MR. GLENN HALL
7. Fantasie, "Le Boheme," - - - *Puccini*

PLEASE NOTICE that the performance of "The Golden Legend," the final Concert in this Series, will commence promptly at 7:30 this evening—a half hour earlier than the other evening Concerts.

CHORAL UNION SERIES

1900-1901

TWELFTH SEASON - TENTH CONCERT

(No. C Complete Series)

FIFTH MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

Saturday Evening, May 18, 7:30 o'clock

"THE GOLDEN LEGEND"

Arthur Sullivan

SOLOISTS

Mrs. Marie Kunkle Zimmerman, Soprano, (Elsie)

Miss Fielding Roselle, Contralto, (Ursula)

Mr. Evan Williams, Tenor, (Prince Henry) Mr. Gwilym Miles, Baritone, (Lucifer)

Mr. William A. Howland, Baritone, (Forester)

The Choral Union Mr. Llewellyn L. Renwick, Organist

Mr. Albert A. Stanley, Conductor

SYNOPSIS

PROLOGUE—Lucifer and Chorus.

SOLO AND CHORUS. "Hasten, hasten!"

SCENE I—Prince Henry, Lucifer and Chorus.

SOLO. "I cannot sleep."

DUET. "All hail, Prince Henry."

SOLO (*and Chorus of Female Voices*).
"Through every vein."

SCENE II—Elsie, Ursula, Prince Henry and Chorus.

INTRODUCTION AND SOLO. "Slowly, slowly."

CHORUS. Evening Hymn—"O glad-
some Light."

DUET. "Who was it said Amen?"

SOLO. "My Redeemer and my Lord."

SCENE III—Elsie, Prince Henry, Lucifer and Chorus.

DUET. "Onward and onward."

CHORUS. } "Me receptet Sion illa."
SOLO. } "Here am I too."

SOLO. "It is the sea."

SOLO AND CHORUS. "The night is
calm and cloudless."

SCENE IV—Elsie, Prince Henry, Lucifer and Chorus.

ENSEMBLE. "My guests approach."

SCENE V—Ursula and a Forester.

RECITATIVE. "Who is it coming?"

SOLO. "Virgin, who lovest the poor
and lowly."

SCENE VI—Elsie and Prince Henry.

DUET. "We are alone."

EPILOGUE.

CHORUS. "God sent His messenger,
the rain."



FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY

DESCRIPTIVE PROGRAMS

FIRST CONCERT

Thursday Evening, May 16

ORATORIO, "Elijah," - FELIX MENDELSSOHN—BARTHOLDY

Born at Hamburg, February 3, 1809; Died at Leipzig, November 4, 1847.

NO composer since Handel and Bach has so thoroughly satisfied the demands made upon creative genius by the oratorio as Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. Of all the great composers of the century just passed he was best fitted by training, genius and character to work in this form. The precocious youth, who, at twelve years of age, had written in the greater forms, compositions, not simply prophetic of future achievement, but in themselves admirable in their power and inspiration—who, four years later, crowned the long list of works that attested the growth of his genius by his first symphony (C minor)—who had displayed such richness of imagination, such gifts as a performer, such a sense of the dignity of his art, and such command over the materials of composition, that on his birthday, February 3, 1824, his master, Zelter, playfully adopting masonic phraseology, raised him from the grade of "apprentice" to that of "fellow," "in the name of Mozart, Haydn, and Bach,"—who at the age of nineteen produced that wonderful music to "Midsummer Night's Dream,"—in his mature manhood created two imperishable oratorios, "St. Paul" and "Elijah." The world, after these works appeared, called him "master." Although Mendelssohn in his early life was captivated by the stage, although he wrote several works replete with charm in the operatic form, yet the peculiar gifts of dramatic expression he undoubtedly possessed were more adapted for the oratorio.

We may see in this fact an illustration of a phenomenon that cannot have escaped the notice of the careful student of the history of music. It is this—no composer, however great his genius, has succeeded in identifying himself with both forms. The Handel of the opera has been forgotten: we know only the composer of the "Messiah," "Israel in Egypt," and "Samson." From Bach, whose "Passion Music according to St. Matthew" is only approached by the great "Pope Marcellus" Masses of Palestrina, who, like the great Leipzig Cantor, was entirely uninfluenced by the dramatic idea as applied in the opera, down through scores of lesser composers to Gounod and Brahms, we find this phenomenon. "Faust" will outlive the "Mors et Vita" and the "Redemption," while the "German Requiem," monumental in its grandeur, was written by a man who neither cared nor sought for success in the opera. Mendelssohn could hardly escape the growing feeling for dramatic expression so much in evidence in the first half of his century, although it was to find fulness of statement later, and as a consequence of this influence we find both of his great oratorios instinct with dramatic fervor. The "St. Paul" was produced at the Lower Rhein Music Festival at Duesseldorf, May 22 and 24, 1836, under the composer's direction. Its success was immediate, and with

repeated performances both in England and on the Continent, the work gained in popularity. It has always been considered by musicians to be the greater of the two. It was given at the Birmingham (England) Festival in 1837. Before the composition of this work Mendelssohn had become an enthusiastic student of Bach, and was so inspired by the works of this master that on March 11, 1829, he produced the "Passion Music" at the Sing Akademie, Berlin. His early and profound acquaintance with the works of the "Father of Music" led him to the ardent pursuit of those studies which, coupled with sincerity of religious convictions, made him the exponent of the highest concepts of religious music. Although surrounded by congenial and appreciative friends, Mendelssohn found in Berlin, especially in the musical life dominated by Spontini, much that was discouraging, and for that reason readily responded to the frequent invitations to visit London, a city to which he was fondly attached. The English people admired him even before he firmly established himself in their hearts through the production of the "Elijah" at the Birmingham Festival, August 26, 1846. He had devoted several years to the composition of this work, which contains more of the elements of popularity than its predecessor. The critical literature of that date teems with glowing accounts of its originality and power, and, as is not always the case, the critics and the people were at one in their intense appreciation of its nobility and charm. That a work abounding in the most scholarly and intricate counterpoint, in which there is no hint of concession to popular taste, should have won the approval of all classes is at once a tribute to its worth and to that fine perception which is not the exclusive possession of the cultured, but which compels the common people to respond when genius makes the appeal. Possibly such a spontaneous and universal recognition of its value was possible only in a country where the Handel oratorios, through frequent and adequate performances, had become a controlling influence on its musical life. Be this as it may, the "Elijah," from the date of its initial performance, has taken a place in the literature of the oratorio next to the greatest works of Bach and Handel. In it are combined most genially the qualities that command the respect of musicians and appeal forcibly to those whose enjoyment is no less intense because they have not the technical training necessary to the perfect appreciation of the structural genius displayed, and the greater characteristics met with in those rare works in which concepts as universal as Mankind are expressed in a manner so thoroughly in consonance with the spirit of the age that their meaning is enforced and their application widened.

There is little necessity to dwell upon the excellent arrangement of the episodes in the life of the Hebrew prophet which serve as the text; a careful study of the book at once reveals its fitness. The English translator states that "he has endeavored to render it as nearly in accordance with the Scriptural Texts as the music to which it is adapted will admit: the references are therefore to be considered as authorities rather than quotations."*

The work opens with sombre chords by the trombones, which introduce a recitative in which Elijah proclaims "There shall be neither dew nor rain these years, but according to my word." Then begins the overture with a most suggestive phrase given out by the 'celli, *pianissimo*, which is developed with the admirable clearness so characteristic of the composer. His significant grasp of the *technique* of polyphonic writing and his mastery of the orchestra, coupled with the reserve always evident in the work of a master, are displayed long before the magnificent *crescendo* leading into the opening chorus, "Help Lord," in which his power as a choral writer is no less in evidence. This chorus leads through choral recitatives to a duet, for soprano and contralto, with chorus, "Lord, bow thine ear." This is founded on an old traditional Hebrew melody.

*The absurdities so often seen in the literal translations of works which—like the "Elijah"—were written in another language, have been avoided by the attitude taken by this translator, Mr. W. Bartholomew.

It will be noticed that the music has proceeded without any interruption up to this point. The unity thus secured is most admirable and establishes a mood that heightens the effect of the following recitative and aria, "If with all your hearts," and gives added force to the succeeding "Chorus of the People," which, beginning with cries of despair, "He mocketh at us," ends with a solemn choral, "For He, the Lord our God, is a jealous God." The closing measures, "His mercies on thousands fall," are so permeated with the spirit of the recitative and double quartet "For He shall give his angels charge over thee," which follow, that the effect of unity is not lost but rather strengthened. All this, as well as the inspiring scene in which Elijah brings comfort to the sorrowing widow by the restoration of her son to life, and the chorus "Blessed are the men who fear Him"—full of musical beauty and dramatic fervor as they are—is but preliminary to the wonderful episodes beginning with the recitative and chorus, "As God the Lord of Sabaoth liveth," and ending with the chorus "Thanks be to God." This whole section is so instinct with life, so full of dramatic intensity, that were it necessary to substantiate Mendelssohn's claim to greatness, no other proof were needed. A composer of less power, or lacking in discrimination, would have so exhausted his resources earlier in this episode that an anti-climax would have been inevitable. Not so Mendelssohn. By happy contrasts the interest is maintained, and the hearer is led on gradually but surely by the force of the ever expanding dramatic suggestion. After the Priests of Baal have failed; when in response to the appeals of the worshippers "Hear and answer, Baal" no answer comes; when Elijah, after that sublime prayer, "Lord God of Abraham," and the quartet "Cast thy burden on the Lord," calls aloud on the Almighty "Thou who makest thine angels spirits, Thou, whose ministers are flaming fires; Let them now descend!" what could be more intense than the chorus "The fire descends from heav'n! the flames consume his off'ring"? Note the effect of the choral which beginning *pianissimo* gradually gains in fervor until at the words "And we will have no other Gods before the Lord" nothing could be more convincing. Where in the whole literature of the oratorio is there a more beautiful effect than that produced by the dominant seventh (on A) at the word "Gods"? We have no space to comment on the solos leading up to the prayer of the people, when, kneeling, they ask the Lord to "Open the heavens and send us relief," for now comes the real climax. The Youth, who has been sent to look towards the sea, after gazing long in vain, finally cries "Behold, a little cloud ariseth from the waters; it is like a man's hand! The heav'ns are black with clouds and with wind. The storm rusheth louder and louder!" Then comes the final chorus "Thanks be to God," a pæan of thanksgiving than which no greater has ever been written, with the possible exception of the "Hallelujah Chorus." Part I. is, as we have seen, divided into two great scenes, separated by the exhibition of faith shown in the healing of the widow's son. We may define from the opening recitative to No. 6 and from No. 10 to No. 20, inclusive, as the limits of the two great divisions to which reference has been made, and may look upon the intervening scene as illustrative of the faith that brings to pass the results that lead to the sublime expression of gratitude, the final chorus. If ever a work was written in response to the demand of genius for expression; if there ever was evidence that the musical ideas were molded at a white heat; if there ever was an illustration of the exercise of cool, intelligent and discriminating revision of the results of such compelling inspiration, "Elijah" is that work.

No greater proof of this can be cited than "Part II.," which now follows. How surely the composer moves on to the second great climax, the "Whirlwind Chorus"! This part begins with a noble soprano solo, "Hear ye, Israel," the concluding sentence of which, "Be not afraid," forms the basis of the strong and dignified chorus into which the solo merges. When the people, forgetting all they owe to the prophet, turn again to the worship of Baal, and, stirred up by the Queen, seek his life, comes that pathetic aria "It is enough," from a purely musical point of view the most beautiful in the whole

oratorio. Then, as he sleeps under the juniper tree, the "Angels' Trio," "Lift thine eyes," and the chorus "He watching over Israel, slumbers not nor sleeps," speak assurance of comfort: as waking he cries, "O that I might die," the angel sings "O rest in the Lord," and the chorus "He that shall endure to the end shall be saved," enforces the faith that has sustained him in all these trials. The prevailing sentiment is not disturbed by the succeeding chorus "Behold God the Lord passed by," for, after the exhibitions of power—the wind—the earthquake—the fire—comes a "still small voice," and "in that still small voice onward came the Lord." The solo voices and chorus unite in a majestic Sanctus, followed by a calm and sustained expression of absolute confidence, "For the mountains shall depart; and the hills be removed; but Thy kindness shall not depart." Now comes the real climax of the work, "Then did Elijah the prophet break forth like a fire; his words appeared like burning torches. Mighty kings were by him overthrown (note the imposing theme first stated by the basses!), he stood on the mount of Sinai, and heard the judgments of the future, and in Horeb its vengeance"—"And when the Lord would take him away to heaven, Lo! there came a fiery chariot, with fiery horses: and he went by a whirlwind to Heaven." Here the work ends, were we to consider it from the point of view of dramatic fitness alone. All that follows is reflective. The tenor solo, "Then shall the righteous shine"; the quartet, "O come, every one that thirsteth," and the concluding chorus, "And then shall your light break forth," combine in the establishment of a mood so at variance with the feelings underlying the expressions given voice in the beginning of the First Part that thereby a contrast is secured, such as must exist in a great unified work. It will be noted that in this analysis stress is laid upon the unity so characteristic of Mendelssohn's treatment of the subject. This seems to be necessary to a full appreciation of this oratorio—one of the greatest ever written—and possibly the most admirable of the many great works in this field the Nineteenth Century brought into being.

PART I.

INTRODUCTION.

Recitative.

ELIJAH.—As God the Lord of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to my word. 1 Kings xvii. 1.

OVERTURE.

Chorus.

THE PEOPLE.—Help, Lord! wilt Thou quite destroy us?

The harvest now is over, the summer days are gone, and yet no power cometh to help us! Will then the Lord be no more God in Zion? Jeremiah viii. 20.

Recitative Chorus.

The deeps afford no water; and the rivers are exhausted! The suckling's tongue now cleaveth for thirst to his mouth: the infant children ask for bread, and there is no one breaketh it to feed them! Lament. iv. 4.

Duet and Chorus.

THE PEOPLE.—Lord! bow thine ear to our prayer!

DUET.—Zion spreadeth her hands for aid; and there is neither help nor comfort. Lament. i. 17.

Recitative.

OBADIAH.—Ye people, rend your hearts, and not your garments, for your transgressions the Prophet Elijah hath sealed the heavens through the word of God. I therefore say to ye, Forsake your idols, return to God; for He is slow to anger, and merciful, and kind and gracious, and repenteth Him of the evil. Joel ii. 12, 13.

Air.

If with all your hearts ye truly seek me, ye shall ever surely find me. Thus saith our God.

Oh! that I knew where I might find Him, that I might even come before His presence. Deut. iv. 29. Job xxiii. 3.

Chorus.

THE PEOPLE.—Yet doth the Lord see it not; He mocketh at us; His curse hath fallen down upon us; His wrath will pursue us, till He destroy us!

For He, the Lord our God, He is a jealous God; and He visiteth all the fathers' sins on the children to the third and fourth generation of them that hate Him. His mercies on thousands fall—fall on all them that love Him, and keep His commandments. Deut. xxviii. 22. Exodus xx. 5. 6.



MARIE KUNKEL ZIMMERMAN

Recitative.

AN ANGEL.—Elijah! get thee hence; depart, and turn thee eastward; thither hide thee by Cherith's brook. There shalt thou drink its waters; and the Lord thy God hath commanded the ravens to feed thee there: so do according unto His word.

1 Kings xvii. 3.

Double Quartet.

ANGELS.—For He shall give His angels charge over thee; that they shall protect thee in all the ways thou goest; that their hands shall uphold and guide thee, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Psalm xci. 11, 12.

Recitative.

AN ANGEL.—Now Cherith's brook is dried up, Elijah, arise and depart, and get thee to Zarephath; thither abide: for the Lord hath commanded a widow woman there to sustain thee. And the barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail, until the day that the Lord sendeth rain upon the earth.

1 Kings xvii. 7, 9, 14.

Recitative and Air.

THE WIDOW.—What have I to do with thee, O man of God? art thou come to me, to call my sin unto remembrance?—to slay my son art thou come hither? Help me, man of God! my son is sick! and his sickness is so sore that there is no breath left in him! I go mourning all the day long; I lie down and weep at night. See mine affliction. Be thou the orphan's helper!

ELIJAH.—Give me thy son. Turn unto her, O Lord my God; in mercy help this widow's son! For thou art gracious, and full of compassion, and plenteous in mercy and truth. Lord, my God, O let the spirit of this child return, that he again may live!

THE WIDOW.—Wilt thou show wonders to the dead? Shall the dead arise and praise thee?

ELIJAH.—Lord, my God, O let the spirit of this child return, that he again may live!

THE WIDOW.—The Lord hath heard thy prayer, the soul of my son reviveth!

ELIJAH.—Now behold, thy son liveth!

THE WIDOW.—Now by this I know that thou art a man of God, and that His word in thy mouth is the truth. What shall I render to the Lord for all His benefits to me?

BORN.—Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might.

O blessed are they who fear Him!

1 Kings xvii. 17, 18, 21—24. Job x. 15. Psalm xxxviii. 6; vi. 7; x. 14; lxxxvi. 15, 16; lxxxviii. 10; cxxviii. 1.

Chorus.

Blessed are the men who fear Him: they ever walk in the ways of peace. Through darkness riseth light to the upright. He is gracious, compassionate; He is righteous.

Psalm cxxviii. 1; cxli. 1, 4.

Recitative.—ELIJAH, AHAB, and CHORUS.

ELIJAH.—As God the Lord of Sabaoth liveth, before whom I stand, three years this day fulfilled, I will show myself unto Ahab; and the Lord will then send rain again upon the earth.

AHAB.—Art thou Elijah? art thou he that troubleth Israel?

CHORUS.—Thou art Elijah, he that troubleth Israel!

ELIJAH.—I never troubled Israel's peace: it is thou, Ahab, and all thy father's house. Ye have forsaken God's commands; and thou hast followed Baalim!

Now send and gather to me, the whole of Israel unto Mount Carmel: there summon the prophets of Baal, and also the prophets of the groves, who are feasted at Jezebel's table. Then we shall see whose God is the Lord.

CHORUS.—And then we shall see whose God is God the Lord.

ELIJAH.—Rise then, ye priests of Baal: select and slay a bullock, and put no fire under it: uplift your voices, and call the god ye worship; and I then will call on the Lord Jehovah; and the God who by fire shall answer, let him be God.

CHORUS.—Yea; and the God who by fire shall answer, let him be God.

ELIJAH.—Call first upon your god: your numbers are many: I, even I, only remain, one prophet of the Lord! Invoke your forest-gods and mountain-deities.

1 Kings xvii. 17; xviii. 1, 15, 18, 19, 28—25.

Chorus.

PRIESTS OF BAAL.—Baal, we cry to thee! hear and answer us! Heed the sacrifice we offer! hear us! O hear us, Baal!

Hear, mighty god! Baal, O answer us! Let thy flames fall and extirpate the foe! O hear us, Baal!

Recitative.

ELIJAH.—Call him louder, for he is a god! He talketh; or he is pursuing; or he is in a journey; or, peradventure, he sleepeth; so awaken him: call him louder.

Chorus.

PRIESTS OF BAAL.—Hear our cry. O Baal! now arise! wherefore slumber?

Recitative and Air.

ELIJAH.—Call him louder! he heareth

not. With knives and lancets cut yourselves after your manner: leap upon the altar ye have made: call him, and prophesy! Not a voice will answer you; none will listen, none heed you.

Chorus.

PRIESTS OF BAAL.—Hear and answer, Baal! Mark! how the scorner derideth us! Hear and answer!

1 Kings xviii. 1, 15, 17, 18, 19, 23—29.

Recitative and Air.

ELIJAH.—Draw near, all ye people: come to me!

Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and Israel! this day let it be known that Thou art God; and I am Thy servant! O show to all this people that I have done these things according to Thy word! O hear me, Lord, and answer me; and show this people that Thou art Lord God; and let their hearts again be turned!

1 Kings xviii. 30, 36, 37.

Quartet.

ANGELS.—Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee. He never will suffer the righteous to fall: He is at thy right hand.

Thy mercy, Lord, is great; and far above the heavens. Let none be made ashamed that wait upon Thee.

Psalms iv. 22; xvi. 8; cviii. 5; xxv. 3.

Recitative.

ELIJAH.—O Thou, who makest thine angels spirits;—Thou, whose ministers are flaming fires, let them now descend!

Psalms civ. 4.

Chorus.

THE PEOPLE.—The fire descends from heaven; the flames consume his offering!

Before Him upon your faces fall! The Lord is God: O Israel, hear! Our God is one Lord: and we will have no other gods before the Lord!

1 Kings xviii. 38, 39.

Recitative.

ELIJAH.—Take all the prophets of Baal; and let not one of them escape you: bring them down to Kishon's brook, and there let them be slain.

Chorus.

THE PEOPLE.—Take all the prophets of Baal; and let not one of them escape us: bring all, and slay them!

1 Kings xviii. 40.

Air.

ELIJAH.—Is not His word like a fire: and like a hammer that breaketh the rock into pieces?

For God is angry with the wicked every day: and if the wicked turn not, the Lord will whet His sword; and He hath bent His bow, and made it ready.

Jer. xxiii. 29. Psalm vii. 11, 12.

Air.

Woe unto them who forsake Him! destruction shall fall upon them, for they have transgressed against Him. Though they are by Him redeemed, yet they have spoken falsely against Him.

Hosea vii. 13.

Recitative and Chorus.

OBADIAH.—O man of God, help thy people! Among the idols of the Gentiles, are there any that can command the rain, or cause the heavens to give their showers? The Lord our God alone can do these things.

ELIJAH.—O Lord, thou hast overthrown thine enemies and destroyed them. Look down upon us from heaven, O Lord; regard the distress of Thy people: open the heavens and send us relief: help, help Thy servant now, O God!

THE PEOPLE.—Open the heavens and send us relief: help, help Thy servant now, O God!

ELIJAH.—Go up now, child, and look toward the sea. Hath thy prayer been heard by the Lord?

THE YOUTH.—There is nothing. The heavens are as brass above me.

ELIJAH.—When the heavens are closed up because they have sinned against Thee, yet if they pray and confess Thy name, and turn from their sin when Thou dost afflict them: then hear from heaven, and forgive the sin! Help! send Thy servant help, O God!

THE PEOPLE.—Then hear from heaven, and forgive the sin! Help! send Thy servant help, O Lord!

ELIJAH.—Go up again, and still look toward the sea.

THE YOUTH.—There is nothing. The earth is as iron under me!

ELIJAH.—Hearest thou no sound of rain?—seest thou nothing arise from the deep?

THE YOUTH.—No; there is nothing.

ELIJAH.—Have respect to the prayer of Thy servant, O Lord, my God! Unto Thee will I cry, Lord, my rock; be not silent to me; and Thy great mercies remember, Lord!

THE YOUTH.—Behold, a little cloud ariseth now from the waters; it is like a man's hand! The heavens are black with clouds and with wind: the storm rusheth louder and louder!

THE PEOPLE.—Thanks be to God, for all His mercies!

ELIJAH.—Thanks be to God, for He is gracious, and His mercy endureth for evermore!

Jer. xiv. 22. 2 Chron. vi. 19, 26, 27. Deut. xxviii. 23. Psalm xxviii. 1; cvi. 1. 1 Kings xviii. 43, 45.



WILLIAM A. HOWLAND

Chorus.

Thanks be to God! He laveth the thirsty land! The waters gather; they rush along; they are lifting their voices!

The stormy billows are high; their fury is mighty. But the Lord is above them, and Almighty!

Psalm xciii. 3, 4.

PART II.

Air.

Hear ye, Israel; hear what the Lord speaketh:—"Oh, hadst thou heeded my commandments!"

Who hath believed our report; to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?

Thus saith the Lord, the Redeemer of Israel, and his Holy One, to him oppressed by Tyrants: thus saith the Lord:—I am He that comforteth; be not afraid, for I am thy God, I will strengthen thee. Say, who art thou, that thou art afraid of a man that shall die; and forgettest the Lord thy Maker, who hath stretched for thee the heavens, and laid the earth's foundations? Be not afraid, for I, thy God, will strengthen thee.

Isaiah xlviii. 1, 18; lili. 1; xlix. 7; xli. 10; li. 12, 13.

Chorus.

Be not afraid, saith God the Lord. Be not afraid; thy help is near. God, the Lord thy God, saith unto thee, "Be not afraid!"

Isaiah xli. 10.

ELIJAH.—The Lord hath exalted thee from among the people; and over His people Israel hath made thee king. But thou, Ahab, hast done evil to provoke Him to anger above all that were before thee: as if it had been a light thing for thee to walk in the sins of Jeroboam. Thou hast made a grove and an altar to Baal, and served him and worshipped him. Thou hast killed the righteous and also taken possession.

And the Lord shall smite all Israel, as a reed is shaken in the water; and He shall give Israel up, and thou shalt know He is the Lord.

1 Kings xiv. 7, 9, 15; xvi. 30, 31, 32, 33.

THE QUEEN.—Have ye not heard he hath prophesied against all Israel?

CHORUS.—We heard it with our ears.

THE QUEEN.—Hath he not prophesied also against the King of Israel?

CHORUS.—We heard it with our ears.

THE QUEEN.—And why hath he spoken in the name of the Lord? Doth Ahab govern the kingdom of Israel while Elijah's power is greater than the king's?

The gods do so to me, and more; if, by to-morrow about this time, I make not his life as the life of one of them whom he hath sacrificed at the brook of Kishon!

CHORUS.—He shall perish!

THE QUEEN.—Yea, by the sword he destroyed them all!

CHORUS.—He destroyed them all!

THE QUEEN.—He also closed the heavens!

CHORUS.—He also closed the heavens!

THE QUEEN.—And called down a famine upon the land.

CHORUS.—And called down a famine upon the land.

THE QUEEN.—So go ye forth and seize Elijah, for he is worthy to die; slaughter him! do unto him as he hath done!

OBADIAH.—Man of God, now let my words be precious in thy sight. Thus saith Jezebel: "Elijah is worthy to die." So the mighty gather against thee, and they have prepared a net for thy steps; that they may seize thee, that they may slay thee. Arise, then, and hasten for thy life; to the wilderness journey. The Lord thy God doth go with thee: He will not fail thee, He will not forsake thee. Now begone, and bless me also.

ELIJAH.—Though stricken, they have not grieved! Tarry here, my servant: the Lord be with thee. I journey hence to the wilderness.

2 Kings i. 13. Jer. v. 3; xxvi. 11. Psalm lix. 8. 1 Kings xix. 4. Deut. xxxi. 6. Exodus xli. 32. 1 Samuel xvii. 37.

Air.

ELIJAH.—It is enough, O Lord; now take away my life, for I am not better than my fathers! I desire to live no longer; now let me die, for my days are but vanity!

I have been very jealous for the Lord God of Hosts! for the children of Israel have broken Thy covenant, thrown down Thine altars, and slain Thy prophets with the sword: and I, even I, only am left; and they seek my life to take it away.

Job. vii. 16. 1 Kings xix. 10.

Recitative.

See, now he sleepeth beneath a juniper tree in the wilderness: and there the angels of the Lord encamp round about all them that fear Him.

1 Kings xix. 5. Psalm xxxiv. 7.

Trio.

ANGELS.—Lift thine eyes to the mountains, whence cometh help. Thy help cometh from the Lord, the Maker of heaven and earth. He hath said, thy foot shall not be moved: thy Keeper will never slumber.

Psalm cxxi. 1, 3.

Chorus.

ANGELS.—He, watching over Israel, slumbers not, nor sleeps. Shouldst thou, walking in grief, languish, He will quicken thee.

Psalm cxxi. 4; cxxxviii. 7.

Recitative.

AN ANGEL.—Arise, Elijah, for thou hast a long journey before thee. Forty days and forty nights shalt thou go; to Horeb, the mount of God.

ELIJAH.—O Lord, I have labored in vain; yea, I have spent my strength for naught!

O that thou wouldst rend the heavens, that Thou wouldst come down; that the mountains would flow down at Thy presence, to make Thy name known to Thine adversaries, through the wonders of Thy works!

O Lord, why hast Thou made them to err from Thy ways, and hardened their hearts that they do not fear Thee? O that I now might die!

1 Kings xix. 8. Isalah xlix. 4; lxiv. 1, 2; lxiii. 7.

Air.

O rest in the Lord; wait patiently for Him, and He shall give thee thy heart's desires. Commit thy way unto Him, and trust in Him, and fret not thyself because of evil doers. Psalm xxxvii. 1, 7.

Recitative.

ELIJAH.—Night falleth round me, O Lord! Be Thou not far from me! hide not Thy face, O Lord, from me; my soul is thirsting for Thee, as a thirsty land.

AN ANGEL.—Arise, now! get thee without, stand on the mount before the Lord; for there His glory will appear and shine on thee! Thy face must be veiled, for He draweth near.

Psalm cxlvi. 6, 7. 1 Kings xix. 11.

Chorus.

Behold! God the Lord passed by! And a mighty wind rent the mountains around, brake in pieces the rocks, brake them before the Lord: but yet the Lord was not in the tempest.

Behold! God the Lord passed by! And the sea was upheaved, and the earth was shaken: but yet the Lord was not in the earthquake.

And after the earthquake there came a fire; but yet the Lord was not in the fire.

And after the fire there came a still small voice; and in that still small voice, onward came the Lord.

1 Kings xix. 11, 12.

Recitative.

Above Him stood the Seraphim, and one cried to another:

Quartet and Chorus.

ANGELS.—Holy, holy, holy is God the Lord—the Lord of Sabaoth! Now His glory hath filled all the earth.

Isalah vi. 2, 3.

Air.

ELIJAH.—For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but Thy kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of Thy peace be removed.

Isalah liv. 10.

Chorus.

Then did Elijah the prophet break forth like a fire; his words appeared like burning torches. Mighty kings by him were overthrown. He stood on the mount of Sinai, and heard the judgments of the future; and in Horeb, its vengeance.

And when the Lord would take him away to heaven, lo! there came a fiery chariot, with fiery horses; and he went by a whirlwind to heaven.

Ecclesiastes xlviii. 1, 6, 7. 2 Kings ii. 1, 11.

Air.

Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in their heavenly Father's realm. Joy on their head shall be for everlasting, and all sorrow and mourning shall flee away for ever.

Matthew xlii. 48. Isalah ii. 11.

Recitative.

Behold, God hath sent Elijah the prophet, before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord. And he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children unto their fathers; lest the Lord shall come and smite the earth with a curse.

Malachi iv. 5, 6.

Quartet.

O! come every one that thirsteth, O come to the waters: come unto Him. O hear, and your souls shall live for ever!

Isalah lv. 1, 3.

Chorus.

And then shall your light break forth as the light of morning breaketh; and your health shall speedily spring forth then; and the glory of the Lord ever shall reward you.

Lord, our Creator, how excellent Thy name is in all the nations! Thou fillest heaven with Thy glory. Amen!

Isalah lviii. 8. Psalm viii. 1.



FIELDING ROSELLE

SECOND CONCERT

Friday Afternoon, May 17

OVERTURE, "Egmont," Op. 84, - - - - BEETHOVEN

Born at Bonn, December 16, 1770; died at Vienna, March 26, 1827.

BEETHOVEN was a great admirer of Goethe, whose superb tragedy served as the inspiration for this work. The overture to "Egmont" was written in Vienna in 1810, and received its first performance (a private one, probably) on May 24 of that year. It was published by Breitkopf in 1811. It is scored for the usual strings, full wood wind, four horns and tympani—or, in other words, for the typical Beethoven orchestra. It consists of three parts illustrative of certain dramatic episodes of the tragedy, not of the whole, for the overture was but part of the music written for it.

It opens with a long sustained tone for full orchestra. Then follows a dignified theme of four measures (F minor, 3-4 time, *Sostenuto ma non troppo*), which is answered by a figure leading through statements by the oboes, clarinets, bassoons and strings to a repetition of the opening theme by full orchestra. A characteristic figure now leads into the flowing theme for 'celli (3-4 time, *Allegro*), with which the second division of the overture begins. This division is written in the sonata form, and therefore, after a short development of this theme a modulatory passage introduces the second subject in the key of A flat. This subject is based on the introductory theme, but differs from it in treatment. Truly in the best style of Beethoven is this theme, with its two measures given out by the strings answered by two measures by the reeds and flutes, ultimately merging into one of those scale melodies in thirds we so often find in Beethoven. The development of the thematic material that now ensues is marked by the fine sense of proportion and contrast possessed by Beethoven to a degree seldom found in other composers, and we are led surely and logically through the recapitulation of the themes to the final division of the work. The use of the key of D flat for the second subject is a fine illustration of Beethoven's disregard of tradition when his own judgment showed him a better way than that prescribed by the conventionalities of form. The final division (F major, common time, *Allegro con brio*), beginning *pianissimo* gradually works up to an inspiring climax with which the work ends.

CONCERTO FOR PIANOFORTE, B flat

minor, Op. 23, - - -

TSCHAIKOWSKY

Born at Wotkinsh, December 25, 1840; died at St. Petersburg, November 6, 1893.

ANDANTE NON TROPPO E MAESTOSO—ALLEGRO;

ANDANTE SEMPLICE—ALLEGRO VIVACE;

ALLEGRO CON FUOCO.

MR. LOCKWOOD.

The character of this concerto, one of the greatest of modern times, is indicated by the expression marks affixed to the movements. A great range of emotion is implied by

them, while the name of Tchaikowsky is so identified with intensity of emotional expression, that the mere reading of the title conveys a distinct impression of the power of the work. Structurally it is dominated by the new conception of the concerto inherent in the modern school of composition. As, in the orchestra, individual instruments have ceased to control its color, so in this form, whose aim is to exploit the possibilities of an instrument, this specific purpose does not appear in a manner that makes of the individual instrument everything and of the orchestra little or nothing. In this, as in all the great modern examples of the form, the solo instrument meets the orchestra as an equal, and the result is that a new style of interpretation is demanded. Enormously difficult as this work is, and there are but few that impose a greater draft on the technical resources of the performer, it cannot be fully appreciated until one forgets the performer and sinks himself in the work. That this may be the case a like self-forgetfulness is necessary on the part of the virtuoso, who is there as a part of a great and imposing whole. That *technique*—as such—has ceased to be the first consideration in performance, and that interpretation is the final test of an artist's position, indicate an advance in standards of criticism prophetic of great results for the future of art.

After three statements by the horns of a one measure figure (B flat minor, 3-4 time, *Andante non troppo e molto maestoso*), accompanied by full chords by the orchestra, the solo instrument enters in the fourth measure with a series of chords, while the violins and 'celli develop from the original figure a melody which, after several measures, is taken up by the piano and expanded into a broad and impassioned movement in which the soloist has ample opportunity to show his powers. This division ends quietly in a beautiful phrase for the piano, coming to a close in the dominant of F minor. The chord of F major is sustained *pianissimo* by the orchestra for six measures, followed by a pause, a beautiful touch, then the solo instrument gives out—*piano*—the principal subject of the first movement proper (3-4 time, *Allegro con spirito*). This subject based on an agitated figure in triplets, is developed at considerable length and with great ingenuity in the contrast of the solo instrument and orchestra, until, after a stormy passage, interrupted towards the end by two statements of the figure on which the second subject is based, this most beautiful theme appears. It is first stated by the orchestra, then by the piano, then broadening out it is given such fullness of exposition and appears in so many transformations that it would seem as though the composer had a special fondness for it. We cannot wonder at this, for it is one of the most charming melodies in the work. The involved and scholarly forms the themes take on as the movement proceeds can not be fully pointed out in this analysis, but nowhere has Tchaikowsky shown himself more the master than in this division of the work. After the second appearance of the song subject (in B flat) a difficult cadenza ending, *Quasi adagio, pianissimo*, finally merges into a statement of this theme with an accompaniment of the solo instrument that gradually asserts itself until in a *fortissimo* rushing octave passage the movement comes to an end. The next movement (D flat major, 6-8 time, *Andante semplice*) is idyllic in its grace and simplicity. To be sure it contains an agitated movement (*Allegro vivace assai*), but this only heightens the effect of the lovely melody when it again appears in its final form. The spirit of the Cossack animates the last movement (B flat minor, 3-4 time, *Allegro con fuoco*). There is a suggestion of the wind dancing furiously over the Steppes in the first subject, heightened by a weird two measure figure introduced as the first subject develops, but evidently only episodic in nature, for it is not developed at all nor hardly dwelt upon as one would desire. There are broad cantilene passages in the second subject, but these and a charming *pianissimo* figure heard in the middle of the movement can not sustain themselves against the force of their environment, and they finally rush into the stormy final measures which follow after a noble theme in B flat that is in itself a stroke of genius.



PETER ILJITCH TSCHAIKOWSKY

“WOTAN'S ABSCHIED” and “FEUER ZAUBER,” WAGNER

Born at Leipzig, May 22, 1813; died at Venice, February 13, 1883.

MR. MILES.

“Die Walkuere,” from which this scene is taken, is the second drama in the Tetralogy of the “Nibelungen Ring.” Wotan, who by intrigue and falsehood, to say nothing of worse lapses from virtue, has incurred the displeasure of Fricka, his wife, in pursuance of a promise extorted from him by her, is obliged to mete out punishment on his favorite Valkyr daughter, Brunhilde, who has disobeyed him, although, as he states in the following drama, “Siegfried,” she by so doing made possible the realization of his most cherished plan. As she kneels in contrition before him, his affection for her impels him to grant her request that she be surrounded by a circle of fire, that her long sleep—her punishment—be not broken by any but a hero of more than mortal prowess. He grants this prayer and takes leave of her in this beautiful “Farewell.” He then calls on Loki, who surrounds the rock on which she rests with flames. In the music we hear some of the most expressive of the many motives that unite to make this work one of the greatest of the series of music dramas written by Richard Wagner. Prominent among them are the “Pleading,” “Magic Fire,” “Siegfried,” and “Slumber” motives. The text is as follows:

Farewell, my brave
and beautiful child!
Thou once the life
and light of my heart,
farewell, farewell, farewell!
Loth I must leave thee;
no more in love
may I grant thee my greeting;
henceforth my maid
ne'er more with me rideth,
nor waiteth wine to reach me.
When I relinquish
thee, my beloved one,
thou laughing delight of my eyes,
thy bed shall be lit
by torches more brilliant
than ever for bridal have burned!
Fiery gleams
shall girdle the fell,
with terrible scorching
scaring the timid,
who, cowed, may cross not
Brynhildr's couch;—
for one alone free-eth the bride;
one freer than I, the god!

(Brynhildr, touched and enraptured, throws herself into his arms.)

These eyes so lustrous and clear,
which oft in love I have kissed,
when warlike longings
won my lauding,
or when with lisping
of heroes leal

thy honied lips were inspired;—
 these effulgent, glorious eyes,
 whose flash oft my gloom dispelled,
 when hopeless cravings
 my heart discouraged,
 so when my wishes
 toward worldly pleasure
 from wild warfare were turning;—
 their lustrous gaze
 lights on me now
 as my lips imprint
 this last farewell!
 On happier mortal
 here shall they beam;
 the grief suffering god
 may never henceforth behold them!
 Now, heart-torn,
 he gives thee this kiss
 and taketh thy god-hood away.

(He kisses her on both eyes, which then remain closed; she sinks gently unconscious back in his arms. He bears her tenderly and lays her on a low mossy mound overshadowed by a wide-spreading fir tree. Again he gazes on her features, then closes her helmet visor; once more his look rests sorrowfully on her form, which he at last covers with the long steel shield of the Valkyrie. Then he stalks with solemn resolution to the middle of the stage, and turns the point of his spear towards a huge rocky boulder.)

Loki, hear,
 listen and heed!
 As I found thee at first,
 a fiery glow,
 as thou fleddest me headlong,
 a hovering glimmer,
 as then I bound thee,
 bound be thou now!
 Appear, wavering spirit,
 and spread me thy fire around this fell!
 Loki! Loki! appear!

(At the last invocation he strikes his spear point thrice against the rock, which thereupon emits a stream of fire; this quickly swells to a sea of flame, which Wotan, with a sign of his spear, directs to encircle the rock.)

He who my spear
 in spirit feareth
 ne'er springs through this fiery bar!

(He disappears through the flames.)

H. AND F. COSSES



ALBERT LOCKWOOD

**SYMPHONY, No. 5, E minor, Op. 95, "From
the New World," - - -**

DVORAK

Born at Muehlhausen, September 8, 1841; still living.

ADAGIO-ALLEGRO MOLTO; LARGO; SCHERZO-MOLTO-VIVACE; ALLEGRO CON FUOCO.

Before proceeding to an analysis of this symphony, the title of which conveys the idea the distinguished Bohemian composer had in mind when he wrote it, the question raised by the frank avowal of his purpose to give to the world new, elemental thematic material, drawn from American sources must be met. It is this: Has America anything so distinctive—so suggestive—in her history—in the temper of her people—in her attitude towards art—that a national type of music is inevitable? This suggests another query: What are the necessary conditions for the rise of a national type of music?

We learn from the sympathetic study of the past that such material can come from but one source—the folk song. All national types of music are ultimately derived from this voice of the people. National schools of composition are the result of a larger evolution, in which combine advance in appreciation—the direct result of more comprehensive knowledge of the literature of the art, itself a factor in the evolution; greater skill in performance; more artistic ideals of interpretation; increased power in the use of the technical resources of the composer, and such special conditions as imperatively demand artistic expression. All the factors but the last compelling need may exist, but without that there can be no distinctive form of art other than the individuality inherent in the work of genius. There can be nothing truly national without a nation behind it. Composers—Yes! A School—No! Folk songs have always arisen, not in response to a conscious necessity, but spontaneously, unconsciously, because the people have been stirred to the depths of their souls by the experiences conditioned by their social, economic, and political environment. Modern conditions, especially in this country, do not favor such a temper of mind and such an emotional state as underly the songs of the German, Bohemian, Russian, Hungarian, and Scandinavian peasantry. The early history of our country was made by a people to whom the negation of all that looked toward artistic expression was a religious principle, else had the experiences of the first century and a half of our history produced a rich and varied repertoire of folk melody and verse. Nothing later than this period could influence the art of our time, for it takes generations to give to these products of the common people's inspiration the national quality essential to their full effect upon art in its serious aspects. All the "national" characteristics displayed by the folk songs of the European nations have much in common, as has been pointed out by Dr. Oscar Fleischer.* When this material is employed in the serious forms the results are either good or bad according to the scholarship displayed in the technical treatments, and the measure of genius displayed in the invention or adaptation of the themes. The choice of this material rarely influences the larger forms—however much it may the lesser—and in the last analysis the compositions of men who, like Grieg, Glinka, Tchaikowsky, and Dvorak, have drawn largely from these sources are judged by the same standards as Mozart, Beethoven, and Brahms, always allowing for the natural growth of the forms in response to new needs. At the time of the Revolution and the War of 1812 we possessed no national songs, and those associated in the mind of the general public with these epochs were imported—that is to say, the music. In the meantime there was developing in the South among the negroes a type of song somewhat unique and possessing much in common with the music of the African tribes from which the slaves were drawn. Before the Civil War certain other songs suggested by these had a considerable vogue, and have been assumed by many to have been products of the plantation when in reality they were written by white men.

*Vol. 1., "Sammelbaende," Internationale Musik Gesellschaft. Nov., 1900.

From one of these imitations of negro music arose the war song of the Confederates, "Dixie," and from a revival melody in general use in the South came "John Brown's Body," two stirring melodies, one at least a true battle hymn. The emotional intensity of the nation—not the race (note the difference)—during the war found voice in Geo. F. Root's "Battle Cry of Freedom," "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching," and Henry Clay Work's "Marching through Georgia," songs that fall but little short of being folk songs. A century hence they may be quoted as such, for today there is no one of our national songs that stirs up the enthusiasm of the people as these. Their effect when played before European audiences establishes their kinship to the great songs that have inspired nations. In conclusion, a word as to present conditions. Neither the social nor the intellectual atmosphere of the present favors that artistic feeling which can alone produce a national type of music. Our emotional intensity displays itself in business, social aspirations, or political strife, while the tendencies of our intellectual life are opposed to the cultivation of the retrospection and reflection so essential to the creation of the atmosphere of art. When the classics, with the wealth of suggestion inhering or imputed to them, defined the limits of education, and formed the basis of poetry and other forms of literature, the arts were dominated by the same impulses. When Science substituted the study of Nature for that of Man, its tendencies led away from artistic expression. Before Science Art is dumb, and the Poet is silent. This is in no sense to be considered as a reflection on Science, for all Art is her debtor, for she has contributed much to the means of expression, but the exact form in which her influence will be felt in the domain of Art can not now be determined. Everything that contributes to the onward progress of Humanity must in the end exert some influence on Art, for Art is but a highly idealized form of expression. Were this the only aspect of the question there would be room for naught but pessimistic views, but there is another side to be considered. The influence of the great organizations like the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Thomas's Orchestra, the Pittsburgh Orchestra, and others of like nature; the great choral concerts; the numerous festivals; the growing appreciation of chamber music; the increasing demand for better teaching; the wonderful development of virtuosity; the attitude of our great universities and the work of inspired composers, who, like MacDowell, Parker, Paine, Brockway, Foote, and Chadwick, are constantly bringing forth proofs of the fact that, if we have no national school we have composers, may be cited as showing how deep and pervading is the hold music has secured in this country. If composers are obliged, like Dvorak, to look for distinctively national themes in quasi-negro melodies, or, like MacDowell, turn to the music of the Indians, we need not despair so long as they write good music. When, some time in the future, *we are told* that America *has* a national type of music, it will have come so unconsciously that we shall not be aware of the fact ourselves. Whether that time ever comes or not matters little, if our composers write in response to a consuming need, and the people become acquainted with the best in music whether it be native or foreign. No tariff can be devised to foster its growth, neither can any conscious effort produce that which only comes as the result of hidden forces whose operations we may feel, but whose original impulse will be such a truly national character as we do not yet possess.

The symphony opens with a short introduction (E minor, 4-8 time, *Adagio*) in which the violas, 'celli and basses give out a dreamy phrase of four measures *pianissimo*, answered by a short theme in the wood wind. From this point, by a skillfully managed *crescendo*, we are led into the first movement proper (E minor, 2-4 time, *Allegro molto*). To an accompaniment of the strings *pianissimo*, two horns in unison give out the principal subject, which is immediately followed by a counter-subject in thirds by the clarinets and bassoons. Interesting as these themes are, they are in no sense unique, nor are they convincingly suggestive of African descent. The second subject, however,



GIUSEPPI CAMPANARI

does possess something in the harmony rarely used in modern music—but the flavor is that of the old church modal harmony rather than of the South. As the work progresses and the themes are worked out according to the principles of form, especially towards the end, it takes on much that is characteristic of negro music. This is shown more in the rhythms than in harmony or melody. The second movement (D flat, 4-4 time, *Largo*) is exquisite. The melody for English horn is of a quasi-religious character and full of purity and sweetness. The middle part (C sharp minor, *piu mosso*), introduced by the flutes, is charming. This *Largo* is the favorite movement—possibly because, as one critic (Mr. W. S. B. Mathews) says, "It is the American spirit, as the American spirit would like to be at times." A beautiful inspiration like this is simply the inspiration of a man of genius, but in no sense dominated by any racial aspect.

The Scherzo (*Molto vivace*) is in the original key—the second part in E major—and is replete with humor and vivacity. There is nothing, neither in the themes or treatment that calls for special consideration. Not so the last movement (common time, *Allegro con fuoco*), for here we meet with much that is novel. Whether this is all "American" is an open question—but it is *new*, and that is after all the important consideration. The rhythms are striking, and some may see in them resemblance to a type whose popularity is fortunately waning just at present, but which in this work has found artistic treatment at least—for the first and only time. As in all symphonic movements, in this we discover many beautiful episodes which are not developed at length, but have a bearing on the significance of the composition. Most important of all is the manner in which motives from the other movements are deftly woven in, thereby securing the breadth of unity that is without doubt the distinctive contribution of the latter years of the Nineteenth Century to the symphony. The inherent monotony of the rhythms used by him so freely, as well as the lack of variety characterizing the melodies and harmonies of the type met with in this—of itself considered—great work, has been avoided by the resources at the command of the composer, whose nationality is no unimportant factor in the solution of the question he offers in this symphony, "The New World." It is good music—hence it satisfies a higher condition of success than any consideration of nationality.

THIRD CONCERT

Friday Evening, May 17

SYMPHONIC POEM, "Les Eolides," - - - CESAR FRANCK

Born December 10, 1822, at Liege; died November 8, 1890, at Paris.

THIS work was inspired by a poem, bearing the same title, by Leconte de Lisle, and consists of a single movement in A major, *Allegretto vivo*. It is very daintily scored and happily illustrates the subject of the poem, which we append in the translation by Mr. W. F. Apthorp.

O floating breezes of the skies, sweet breaths of the fair spring, that caress the hills and plains with freakish kisses;

Virgins, daughters of Æolus, lovers of peace, eternal nature awakens to your songs; and the Dryad seated amid the thick foliage sheds the tears of the scarlet dawn upon the mosses.

Skimming over the crystal of the waters like a quick flock of swallows, do ye return from the green-reeded Eurotas, ye faithful Virgins?

When the sacred swans swam white and beauteous therein, and a God throbbed on the flowers of the bank, ye swelled with love the snow of his sides beneath the enchanted gaze of the pensive Spouse.

The air where your flight murmurs is filled with perfume and with harmony; do ye return from Ionia, or from green, golden-honeyed Hymettus?

Æolidæ, hail! O cool messengers, 'tis truly ye who sang o'er the cradle of the Gods; and the clear Ilyssos bathed the down of your light wings in a melodious wave.

When milky-necked Theugenis danced in the evening by the wave, ye strewed the roses of Miletus upon her fair head.

Nymphs of the winged feet, far from Homer's river, later, taking the path where blue-waved Alpheus follows Arethusa through the bosom of the bitter plain to the nursing Isle of waving ears of corn;

Under the plane-tree where there is shelter from the scarlet darts of day, ye sighed of love upon the lips of Theocritus.

Zephyros, Iapyx, cool-flighted Euros, smiles of the Immortals with which the earth beautifies herself, 'tis ye who bestowed the gift of craved leisure in the shade of forests upon the lonely shepherd.

At the time when the bee murmurs and flies to the lilies' cup, the Mantuan, beneath the branches, spoke to you of Amaryllis.

Ye listened, hidden amid the leaves, to the fair youths crowned with myrtle, linking together with art the soft rejoinders, entering blushing into the alternate combats;

While, draped in the toga, standing erect in the shade of the thicket, the old men awarded their praise, the adorned cup or the ram.

Ye shook the willow where Galatea smiles; and, kissing the tear-laden eyes of the Nymphs, ye rocked Daphnis' cradle in their sequestered grotto, on the rustic threshold, sparkling with flowers.



ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK

When the virgins of the alabaster body, beloved by Gods and mortals, brought doves in their hands, and felt their hearts beat with love;

Ye sang in an undertone in an enchanting dream the hymns of Venus, divine joy of the senses, and lent your ear to the plaint of the lover who weeps on the threshold of night, and is divined by the heart.

Oh! how many arms and beloved shoulders ye have kissed, by the sacréd springs on the hill with wooded sides!

In the vales of Hellas, in the Italic fields, in the Isles of azure bathed by a scarlet wave, do ye still spread your wing, antique Æolidæ? Do ye still smile in the land of the Sun?

O ye who have been perfumed with thyme and goat's eye, sacred bonds of Virgil's sweet flutes and the Sicilian reeds;

Ye who once floated to the lips of genius, breezes of the divine months, come, visit us again; from your golden urns pour out to us, as ye pass by, repose and love, grace and harmony!

SERENADE for Strings, Flutes, Harps, and Bells, - ANDREA

HYMN, "Gloria in Te," - - - - - BUZZI PECCIA
SIGNOR CAMPANARI.

ADRIANO'S ARIA from "Rienzi," - - - - - WAGNER

MADAME SCHUMANN-HEINK.

THE situation of the scene sung at this concert is briefly this: Adriano Colonna, a young Roman nobleman, is in love with and beloved by Rienzi's sister, Irene. Rienzi has been chosen Tribune of the People, and his assassination has been attempted by the Colonna-Orsini faction; the recreant nobles have been pardoned, but have again banded together against the Tribune; civil war is imminent. Adriano, whose father, Stefano Colonna, is one of the chiefs of the noble faction, is torn with conflicting feelings of loyalty to his father and love for Irene.

The English prose is as follows:

Just God, so 'tis already decided. The people cry for arms,—'tis no longer a dream. O Earth engulf me, lamentable one. Where is a fate that is like to mine? Who let me fall thy victim—dark power? Rienzi, thou disastrous one, what a fate didst thou conjure upon this hapless head. Whither shall I wend my wandering steps? Whither this sword, the knight's adornment? Shall I turn it toward thee, Irene's brother? Shall I draw it against my father's head? My life fades in its blossom, all my knighthood is gone, the hope of deed is lost, happiness and fame shall never crown my head. My star shrouds itself in murky crape in its first brightness of youth; through sombre clouds glows even the ray of the beautiful love that pierces me to the heart. (Tocsin signals are heard.) Where am I? Ah, where was I but now?—The tocsin.—God, 'tis soon too late. What shall I do? Ah, only one thing. I will flee outside the walls to my father, perhaps his son will succeed in his reconciliation. He must hear me, for I will die willingly, grasping his knees. The Tribune, too, will be merciful. I will turn hatred to peace. Thou God of mercy to Thee I pray, to Thee I pray who inflamest every bosom with love: arm me with strength and blessing, let reconciliation by my sacred office. (He hurries off.)

CONCERTO, D minor, Op. 22, - - - WIENIAWSKI

Born at Lublin, July 10, 1835; died at Moscow, March 31, 1880.

ALLEGRO MODERATO; ROMANZE; ALLEGRO MODERATO (A LA ZINGARA).

MR. STURM.

Henri Wieniawski was one of the greatest of the many violinists of his day. His reputation was world wide, for he travelled much. His tournee in America with Rubinstein was one of the most successful ever made by any artist, and the violinist shared with the great pianist the admiration bestowed by audiences to whom their art was one of the earliest revelations of music's possibilities. The concerto played this evening is one of two written by him, and is a great favorite with violinists.

MONOLOGUE from "Falstaff," - - - VERDI

Born at Le Roncole, October 9, 1813; died at Milan, January 17, 1901.

SIGNOR CAMPANARI.

The year 1813 was not alone of significance politically, but it marked the birth of two geniuses who dominated the field of opera in their century. These men, Richard Wagner and Giuseppe Verdi, represented, the one—revolution, the other—evolution. Wagner, a German full of the Teutonic spirit, revolutionized musico-dramatic art, or as some would say, created it; Verdi, an Italian, no less truly national in spirit, from an exponent of a conventionalized form of opera, by a gradual process of evolution, in the course of which as he advanced in years he seemed to renew his youth, developed a style in which, without losing either his individuality or nationality, the spirit of his German contemporary came to be a guiding principle. From "Oberto" (1839) to "Falstaff" (1893) is a far cry. In the operas preceding "Aida" (1871) we may see the Verdi of the old school of Italian Opera; from "Aida" we may date the advent of the greater Verdi, in whose works the beauty of melody of the Italian, and the dramatic intensity and forceful use of the orchestra of the German, schools happily combine. Nor in the last compositions published in 1898—the "Quattro Pezzi Sacri"—do we see any diminution in creative power, even though the work of a man long past the allotted time of man's existence. The Prologue from "Falstaff," sung by Signor Campanari, attests the virility and dramatic power of this last great dramatic work of the genius who has just gone from us.

SELECTIONS from "Tristan and Isolde," - - WAGNER

(a) Vorspiel.

(b) "Isolde's Liebestod."

MADAME SCHUMANN-HEINK.

In the year 1857 Richard Wagner paused in the composition of the "Siegfried," the second drama of the "Ring des Nibelungen," and threw himself with feverish intensity into the composition of a new work, the plan of which had two years before suggested itself to his mind. He says himself: "I threw myself with complete confidence into the depths of the inner action of the soul, and from this innermost centre of the world, fearlessly created its outward form. In weaving the words and versification of this "grief" motive, the whole expanse of the melody was already sketched, that it is to say, it was already poetically constructed, and when this is the case there must be a closer union of poem and music than in my earlier experience." The work, which was completed in August, 1859, received its first performance in Munich on the 10th of June, 1865. This was a great

event in the life of Wagner, and was epoch making for his art. This great music drama so aroused his ardent admirers and won him so many new followers that from this performance one may justly date the beginning of the real and general appreciation of his genius. Not that he was without ardent sympathizers before—not that criticism was less virulent—on the contrary, it broke forth with redoubled force, and a speedy retribution was prophesied to the man who could so transgress the canons of art and offend the sensibilities of a public whose ideas of stage morality and dramatic fitness had been largely derived from the chaste and elevated French drama and the consistent and forceful Italian Opera. This event seemed to crystallize the ideas of those who admired him, and gave force and direction to the efforts being made in behalf of the artist and his art. The outcome of this endeavor was—"Bayreuth." The opening measures of the Vorspiel sound the keynote of the tragedy. The descending chromatic "grief" motive, the ascending "yearning" motive, combining in these measures as Tristan and Isolde in the drama work out the problem of their destiny; the "gaze" motive, giving dramatic direction to these typical motives, lead to that most ardent and beautiful motive of all—the "love charm." That this sequence is inevitable can be seen by any one on referring to the poem of Gottfried von Strassburg. The motive, in its relation to others mentioned, is interrupted by the sombre motive of the "death potion." Note that the structure of this motive includes the most important characteristics of the "grief" and the "gaze" motives. We are rushed almost before we can realize all that these motives stand for, into the motive of "exultant love"—a logical development of the latter figures of the "gaze" motive. How elemental in its power is this mediæval concept of love; and how in the music itself all is portrayed; how it gains in intensity, until after having exhausted all the powers of utterance of the Wagnerian orchestra, it dies down as though foreseeing future disaster. The opening scene follows without any interruption, and plunges us immediately into the conflict of soul of the Irish princess, who, outraged that the man she loves—the Tantris whose life she saved—should be the one to convey her to the court of King Mark, whose unwilling bride she must become, decides that they both must die. That the inevitable result of a situation opening with such suggestion of evil, and developing into overpowering intensity of passion only to end in darkness, is dramatically inevitable admits of no doubt, and of this the Vorspiel speaks. When used in connection with the "Death Song," the prelude leads directly into the opening measures of this—of all laments the most pathetic. When Isolde finds Tristan dying, when he, softly calling her name, sinks dead in her arms, she falls unconscious on his body. Recovering, she fondles her dead lover, and sings this song of death, the "motive" of which has been heard before in the garden scene. As she sings the last note she falls on his body and expires. The text is as follows:

"Mild and softly he is smiling; how his eyelids sweetly open!

See, oh comrades! See you not how he beameth ever brighter, steeped in starlight borne above? See you not how his heart with lion zest, calmly and happy, beats in his breast? From his lips in heav'nly rest sweetest breath he softly sends; Harken, friends! Hear and feel ye not! Is it I alone am hearing strains so tender and endearing? Passion swelling, all things telling. Gently bounding, from him sounding, in me rushes, upward rushes, trumpet tone that round me gushes? Brighter growing, o'er me flowing, are these breezes airy pillows? Are they balmy beauteous billows? How they rise and gleam and glisten! Shall I breathe them? Shall I listen? Shall I sip them, dive within them, to my panting breathing with them? In the breezes around, in the harmony sound, in the world's driving whirlwind be drown'd, and sinking, be drinking, in a kiss, highest bliss!" (English version by H. and F. Corder)

MARCHE, "Sclav,"

TSCHAIKOWSKY

FOURTH CONCERT

Saturday Afternoon, May 18

FANTASIE TRIOMPHALE, - - - - TH. DUBOIS

Born at Rosnay, Marne, August 24, 1837; still living.

MR. RENWICK.

THIS work, written for the Inauguration of the Chicago Auditorium, is one of the comparatively few really effective compositions for the organ and orchestra in existence. Berlioz, in his "Treatise on Instrumentation," says: "This combination can never be made artistically satisfying, as the qualities of tone are such as to make a homogeneous effect impossible." Moreover, he says "the two are opposed to each other, for neither can give up to the other. Each is King." However much there may be of truth in this statement—and if the practice of composers means anything its truth can not be questioned—in this, and in the symphony for the same combination by Guilmant, we meet with a treatment of the solo instrument so radically different from that of Berlioz's time that the reasons for his dictum are not apparent. The work begins with a strong, brilliant theme (F major, 3-4 time, *maestoso*) given out by the organ and taken up by the orchestra after four measures and elaborated quite at length. In contrast to this is placed a second subject (B flat, *ben cantando*), which is also given a quasi-symphonic development. These themes and a short episode (D major, *tranquillo*) constitute the thematic material out of which the composer has constructed a unified work, in its structure more formal than the title would imply. Curiously enough, the French composers—that is, the representative ones, unless they are professedly free, as in certain unique conceptions characteristic of their school—appear to be great sticklers for form, wherein they differ from their colleagues beyond the Rhine. The work having been written for a modern concert organ, is not adapted for any but such a type of instrument as is so worthily represented by our own *Frieze Memorial Organ*.

RECITATIVE AND ARIA, from "Eugen Onegin," TSCHAIKOWSKY

MR. HALL.

The opera from which the excerpt on today's program is taken was given its first representation in St. Petersburg, under its Russian name of "Jevgenjie Onegin," in 1879, and under its present title in Hamburg in 1892. It is one of ten operas written by Tschaiikowsky. The qualities evident in his great orchestral works are displayed in this selection, which, as his operas are so little known, possesses the element of novelty. The following is a literal translation from the German:

RECITATIVE: "Where, O where are ye departed, O Youth—O Love's unfathomed Joy?"

ARIA: "What will the coming day disclose? My gaze the future can not pierce.
But why this futile questioning? Each must his destiny fulfill.
If on the morrow I become the prey of Death—or if unscathed



BERNARD STURM

I leave the field of strife—rests now with God, with Him alone.
 The past—the present—e'en illumed by Him who giveth glorious day
 And shrouds with sombre hue the night; may they within my soul combine,
 The rosy dawn, the radiant day.
 Or if perchance Death's darksome night—Oblivion's garment—o'er me falls,
 And e'en my name forgotten be—Alas! how soon the world forgets—
 Wilt thou, my loved one, think of me, when in the grave I rest disgraced?
 In tears, lamenting, wilt thou come, and think how once my soul did live
 But in thy love? Thy love! a ray of sunshine breaking through the cloud;
 A gleam of comfort driving care away—dispelling gloom and doubt.
 Ah, Olga! List! my heart doth cry aloud for thee, my Love, my Bride;
 Thy lover calls—give thou response, I wait for thee—O hasten—fly—
 Come quickly—quickly ere I die.”
 “Where, O where are ye departed, O Youth—O Love's unfathomed Joy?”

SYMPHONY, E flat (No. 1, Breitkopf and Haertel, Ed.), HAYDN

Born at Rohrau, March 31, 1732; died at Vienna, May 31, 1809.

ADAGIO-ALLEGRO CON SPIRITO; ANDANTE; MENUETTO; ALLEGRO CON SPIRITO.

No happier contrast to the essentially modern-spirited symphony of Dvorak on the program of the second concert of this series could be found than the naive, unpretentious yet forceful work by which Haydn, the “Father of the Symphony,” is represented. If Haydn used a small orchestra he knew its possibilities. His fine perception of the tone qualities of the individual instruments enabled him to place each in the most favorable light: his sense of color was shown in the happy blending of the various qualities in his full orchestra, which, if it lacked the sonority and depth of the modern orchestra, was as effective in its relation to the form and content of his symphonic works as the most gorgeous and involved modern instrumentation. His orchestra bears the same relation to that of the Twentieth Century that a water color does to an oil painting. On the formal side we may see the exquisite symmetry demanded by the problem the solution of which, made him one of the great figures in the evolution of the sonata and symphony. Haydn established the form, and because it was, in a sense, his mission to do this he made of the formal element an end; by so doing he established the means through which the greater geniuses who succeeded him could produce worthier, or at least greater, results. The form was at once an expression of the spirit of his age and a formulation of the principles tentatively represented by Ph. Em. Bach and others before him. Haydn had no “storm and stress” period; his life ran smoothly along, unruffled by any questions of greater moment than those of court etiquette; he was rarely stirred to his depths. All conditions conspired to make his contribution to the outward progress of his art inevitable, along the very lines where his genius worked most freely and where it was most needed.

As to the symphony on today's program there is little to be said. It is constructed along the simplest formal lines, and involves nothing of novelty to the modern audience. No better study of the sonata form can be instanced than this symphony. It sparkles with German “Gemuehlichkeit” and appeals to the musician by reason of its clearness of thematic statement, its simple instrumentation, in which the surety in the use of individual instruments already hinted at is displayed, and by its symmetry of form. Unconsciously, it makes the same impression on all those who listen in the proper spirit. It is difficult to appreciate at this time that, when music was an unknown quantity in America, this was the “music of the future” in Europe.

CONCERTO FOR VIOLONCELLO,

A minor, Op. 33, - - - -

SAINT-SAËNS

Born at Paris, October 9, 1835; still living.

ALLEGRO NON TROPPO; ALLEGRETTO CON MOTO;

ALLEGRO NON TROPPO—MOLTO ALLEGRO.

MR. HOFFMAN.

Charles Camille Saint-Saëns is unique among French composers in that he has made his mark in every field of composition. He is an accomplished pianist, a clever organist, the greatest French symphonist, and an operatic composer of great distinction. The great reputation enjoyed by many *bizarre* compositions like the "Dance of Death," "Le Rouet d'Omphale," and "Phaeton," has made him known to concert audiences, but his fame rests more securely on his symphonies, piano concertos, and operas, which also enjoy great popularity. He employs classical forms with ease, and has been influenced but little by ultra-modern tendencies; is, in fact, one of the most uncompromising opponents of the Wagnerian style. To say that he has not been influenced in his writings by the spirit which dominates music at this time would be to deny him the possession of the fundamental qualities of a great composer, but he has strenuously objected to that lawless use of modern freedom of style which characterizes the works of many of the younger men, whose enthusiasm has not been tempered by experience and observation. The present school of composition is in many ways a reaction against former practices, and will surely justify its promises if its representatives are guided by the principles which find their most perfect expression in the works of Camille Saint-Saëns.

The work on the program was written in 1872, but received its first performance on January 19, 1893, when it was performed by the great virtuoso, Tolbeque. It is in three parts, although, following the examples of many modern writers, the three are practically combined in one movement. It is admirably adapted to the nature of the instrument, the second movement especially, with its lovely melody in the muted strings to which the solo instrument plays an exquisite obligato, being in the best style of the composer and calculated to display the instrument most artistically.

LITTLE SUITE, "Children's Games," Op. 12, - GEORGES BIZET

Born at Paris, October 25, 1838; died at Bougival, June 3, 1875.

March ("Trumpeter and Drummer")—Allegretto moderato.

Cradle Song ("The Doll")—Andantino quasi Andante.

Impromptu ("The Top")—Allegro vivo.

Duet ("Little Husband, Little Wife")—Andantino.

Galop ("The Ball")—Presto.

This work, by one of the more modern composers, illustrating as it does episodes in child life, calls to mind the fact that many of the classical and modern writers have not considered it beneath their dignity to appeal to youthful imaginations. Haydn in his "Kinder Sinfonie," Schumann in his "Jugend Album," Mendelssohn in his "Kinderscenen," made this appeal, while Humperdink found inspiration for his greatest work in a children's classic. The composition on this afternoon's program has found a place in the repertoire of the great symphonic organizations largely because it happily illustrates a peculiar daintiness and naiveté characteristic of the treatment of the orchestra by French composers. The titles given the various movements so aptly define their character that a formal analysis is superfluous, especially as there is nothing involved in their structure.



GLENN HALL

SONGS WITH PIANO.

(a) Thy Beaming Eyes,	-	-	-	-	-	MACDOWELL
(b) "Als die alte Mutter,"	-	-	-	-	-	DVORAK
(c) Longings,	-	-	-	-	-	RUBINSTEIN

MR. HALL.

FANTASIE, "Le Boheme," - - - - - PUCCINI

Born at Lucca, 1858; still living.

This composer, the last to come forward as an aspirant for honors in the field in which so many of his countrymen have won distinction, is one of a new school of Italian composers who have worked in what, in default of a better term, we might designate the intensive school of writing. Whether this particular form of strenuousness will impress itself on music can not now be determined. It would almost seem, from the career of Mascagni, that it is too spasmodic to be of lasting value, and that the attempt to concentrate so much emotion in so restricted a form as the type of which the "Cavalliera Rusticana" and "Il Pagliacci" are representatives, makes too great demands on the emotions and none whatever on the intellect. In so far as it does this it runs counter to the tendencies of the age—hence, can not maintain itself unless conditions greatly change. But to prophesy is to invite defeat, and time alone will reveal whether these composers are right or wrong in their ideas regarding dramatic expression.

The musical outlook in Europe at the present time presents many interesting features. Germany, the nation which has hitherto been most prolific in great composers, seems to have entered upon a barren period. Where are the composers, in any field of creation, who can be compared with any one of that glorious succession of geniuses beginning with Handel and ending with Brahms? Italy's last great genius has gone. The work of men like Leoncavallo, Spinelli, Mascagni, and Puccini shows that little is to be expected of them that shall be epoch-making or equal to the work of preceding generations of operatic composers, even if we acknowledge their earnestness of purpose and sincerity of conviction. Perosi, whose claim to eminence has been conclusively disproved by his weak, insincere and hyper-sentimental so-called oratorios, shows that the countrymen of Palestrina have little to say in the forms in which this great genius wrote; in fact, when we consider existing conditions in these countries we are forced to the conclusion that, if we are to seek for evidences of growth we must look elsewhere. The French composers are displaying unusual activity, and—a most hopeful sign—are entering the field of the symphony and oratorio. Russia is rapidly becoming a power in music, and we may feel that, when a certain tendency to exaggeration shall have been corrected, the intense virility and splendor of imagination characteristic of the works of her leading composers, like Tschaikowsky and Glazounow, will result in a school of composition forceful and unique. England has thrown off her bondage to Handel and Mendelssohn, and the work of the present generation of English composers encourages the hope that the prophecy held out by the brilliant genius of Purcell may yet be fulfilled. As to America—who can define the possibilities of her musical future?

The Twentieth Century may witness an entire reversal of the relative positions of the countries enumerated, in so far as musical creation is concerned, or present conditions may indicate that we are in a transition or assimilative period. Of the two suppositions, the latter, is in all probability correct.

FIFTH CONCERT

Saturday Evening, May 18

"THE GOLDEN LEGEND," Dramatic Cantata, - SULLIVAN

PRINCE HENRYMR. EVAN WILLIAMS
ELSIEMRS. MARIE KUNKEL-ZIMMERMAN
URSULAMISS FIELDING ROSELLE
LUCIFERMR. GWILYM MILES
A FORESTERMR. WILLIAM A. HOWLAND

THE CHORAL UNION.

MR. ALBERT A. STANLEY, Conductor.

ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN.

Born in London, May 14, 1842; died there Sunday, November 22, 1900.

THE *London Illustrated News*, in the year 1856, contained the following notice: "Mendelssohn Scholarship—The successful candidate for this scholarship, instituted this year at the Royal Academy of Music, Hanover Square, London, in memory of the late much lamented composer, Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, is Arthur Seymour Sullivan, chorister in Her Majesty's Chapels Royal; he is fourteen years of age, and was the junior candidate. Master Sullivan is the youngest son of Mr. Thomas Sullivan, master of the band at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst." Although before this Sullivan had begun the serious study of music and had attracted the notice of musicians by his remarkable talent for composition, we may feel that this was the real beginning of a career so honorable and so full of achievement that, when on November 27, 1900, his body was laid away with royal pomp and ceremony in St. Paul's, the world of music shared England's grief. Arthur Sullivan wrote much in all styles. His ambition to be known as a composer of oratorio and grand opera was never fully realized, for, although possessed of melodic power and admirable appreciation of orchestral, harmonic, and vocal effects, he lacked the real grasp of polyphony essential to the former and the dramatic depth necessary for success in the latter form. His real abilities were displayed in those forms for which his sense of humor and his wealth of simple, natural melody eminently fitted him. He was the best, as well as the most popular, composer of secular and religious songs England has ever produced. His anthems, full of the true devotional spirit and models of construction, occupy a prominent place in the rich storehouse of sacred music belonging to the Church of England, while as a composer of light opera he stands foremost in his generation. When we consider his eminent services in these directions and realize the power he has exerted through his works in these forms, we may well agree with the statement made by an eminent critic, that "if ever the great English-speaking world was made happier, better and brighter by the musical genius of one man, that man was Sir Arthur Sullivan." England has produced greater geniuses than he—Pelham Humphrey and Henry Purcell may be cited,—there are now living men whose gifts are greater, but when we sum up the total achievements of those



SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN

who are gone, and estimate the influence of those still with us, we may feel that with him perished one of the most important figures in the history of English music in the last century.

THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

ARGUMENT.

"The Golden Legend" is the title chosen by Longfellow for his poem founded on "De arme Heinrich," one of many products of the art of the minnesingers, whose wealth of suggestion has appealed to modern writers. Its reputed author is Hermann von Aue, a distinguished minnesinger. It is included in Voragine's "Legends of the Saints," a work so full of the spirit of the age, so rich in artistic qualities, as to earn for it the title "the golden." The time of the story is 1230-40; and the place Vautsberg, whose ruins still stand just below Bingen on the Rhine. Here dwelt Prince Henry of Hohenock, the hero of the story. In the adjoining Forest of Odin, within whose depths Siegfried, Wagner's hero, was killed, dwelt one of the Prince's vassals, whose daughter, Elsie, is the heroine. The time, the place are full of romantic suggestion, as witness the wealth of legend and poetry attaching to this domain, but we find that the author of the book, Joseph Bennett, has so closely confined himself to the bare narrative that little of the atmosphere of romance appears in the scenes. This is a defect, and yet the practical necessities of the case may have precluded the extensive use of this element. The story proper is preceded by a Prologue, very dramatic and interesting, musically, in which the attempts of Lucifer to wreck the Strassburg Cathedral and his defeat are depicted. The work ends with an Epilogue in which Elsie's virtues are compared to the blessings brought by the cool mountain brook to the thirsty meadows. We may feel that the story ends at the psychological moment when the hero and heroine exclaim to each other, "I am thine," and a librettist of greater discernment and a composer of greater gifts would have found some more fitting conclusion of the story than the somewhat hackneyed device of an epilogue by the chorus, although that has always been a favorite closing formula in the Narrative Cantata, to which form this work belongs.

The fame of the physicians at Salerno was such that when Prince Henry, who was afflicted with that most dreadful and accursed malady, leprosy, worn out by distress of body and mind, sought relief, he naturally turned to them. They inform him that but one cure can avail. He must find some pure maiden who shall of her own free will consent to die for his sake. The Prince regards his case as hopeless and yields himself up to despair. While in this frame of mind he is approached by a traveling physician (Lucifer in disguise), who offers him alcohol as a remedy. The Prince yields to its temptations, and becomes through it even more of a physical wreck and an outcast as well. He finds shelter in the humble cottage of one of his vassals in the Odinwald. Moved with compassion for his fate, knowing the remedy prescribed by the doctors of Salerno, Elsie, the young daughter of this woodman, resolves to sacrifice herself for him. Her mother, Ursula, pleads with her in vain, and in due time Prince Henry, who has selfishly accepted the proffered aid, sets out with Elsie and a band of retainers for Salerno. They encounter on their way a band of pilgrims, among whom the most pious, to all outward appearance, is Lucifer, disguised as a friar. None chant the sacred songs with greater unction than he; none look forward with greater hope of pardoned sin than he; none of the whole company is so full of compassion for the sufferer and admiration for the one whose sacrifice is to heal. When they arrive at Salerno he has disappeared, only to appear again as Friar Angelo, a doctor of the medical school. He draws Elsie into an inner chamber that he may put her to death, but the Prince, who declares that he has only been testing Elsie's constancy, calls on his attendants and they break down the door and rescue her. Prince Henry, who in some way has been miraculously healed,

marries the devoted maiden and is restored to his possessions. He returns to his castle on the Rhine and lives happily the rest of his mortal span.

In the musical setting of this story Sullivan has employed all the resources of the modern orchestra. If in it he never attains great dramatic heights, neither does he rely on the somewhat saccharine type of melody so characteristic of many of the English composers. As a matter of fact, there is but little opportunity for the exercise of great dramatic power, but there are so many chances for the use of the type of melody to which reference has been made that it must be counted to his credit that he has given us so dignified and worthy a work. The Prologue is full of ingenious effects, although—like the Dragon in "Siegfried"—Lucifer is not on the whole as devilish as one might wish. In admirable contrast to the cries of Lucifer, as he with the Powers of the Air again and again assaults the spire of the Strassburg Cathedral, is the song of the male choir, "Noctes surgentes, vigilemus omnes," which brings this division to an end. Majestic and inspiring is the climax which follows the conclusion of the singing, as the organ, with a grand *crescendo*, leads into the closing chords. The happy use of the chorus, both unaccompanied and in connection with the solos, is to be noted. The scene in which the pilgrims, intoning the Prayer to the Trinity, written by St. Hildebert (1057-1134), are joined by Lucifer in disguise is extremely effective and is one of the most scholarly bits of writing in the whole work. While the score contains little distinctively modern in treatment, several themes are used in the suggestive manner so thoroughly a part of modern practice. The typical themes assigned Lucifer and heard in the scene when Prince Henry meets the travelling physician, form the material from which the accompaniment for succeeding scenes of like import are drawn. Some of the music given Prince Henry would make him appear to have been hardly worth Elsie's sacrifice, but on the other hand the most of it is thoroughly adequate. The lyric quality prevails to such an extent that Sullivan has splendid opportunity for the display of his strongest characteristic, melody. The final chorus is fine, and in its use of simple melody unique in these days. The closing unison passage is superb. If we take the work as a whole we may regard it as one of the finest products of the English school. In it we see commanding talent and glimpses of something higher, even if we cannot agree with those who regard Arthur Sullivan as a great genius.

THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

PROLOGUE.—*The Spire of Strassburg Cathedral. Night and storm. LUCIFER, with the Powers of the Air, trying to tear down the Cross.*

Lucifer.

Hasten! Hasten!
O ye spirits!
From its station drag the ponderous
Cross of iron, that to mock us
Is uplifted high in air!

Voices.

O, we cannot;
For around it
All the saints and guardian angels
Throng in legions to protect it;
They defeat us everywhere!

The Bells.

Laudo Deum verum!
Plebem voco!
Congrego clerum!

Lucifer.

Lower! Lower!
Hover downward!
Seize the loud vociferous bells, and
Clashing, clanging, to the pavement
Hurl them from their windy tower.

Voices.

All thy thunders
Here are harmless!
For these bells have been anointed
And baptized with holy water!
They defy our utmost power.

The Bells.

Defunctos ploro!
Pestem fugo!
Festa decoro.

Lucifer.

Shake the casements!
Break the painted
Panels, that flame with gold and crimson:
Scatter them like leaves of Autumn,
Swept away before the blast!

Voices.

O, we cannot;
The Archangel
Michael flames from every window,
With the sword of fire that drove us,
Headlong, out of heaven, aghast!

The Bells.

Funera plango!
Fulgura frango!
Sabbata pango!

Lucifer.

Aim your lightnings
At the oaken,
Massive, iron studded portals!
Sack the house of God, and scatter
Wide the ashes of the dead!

Voices.

O, we cannot;
The Apostles
And the martyrs, wrapped in mantles,
Stands as warders at the entrance,
Stand as sentinels o'erhead!

The Bells.

Exito lentos!
Dissipo ventos!
Paco cruentos!

Lucifer.

Baffled! baffled!
Inefficient,
Craven spirits! leave this labor
Unto Time, the great Destroyer!
Come away, ere night is gone!

Voices.

Onward! onward!
With the night-wind,
Over field, and farm, and forest,
Lonely homestead, darksome hamlet,
Blighting all we breathe upon.
[*They sweep away. Organ and Gregorian Chant.*]

Choir.

Nocte surgentes
Vigilemus omnes.

SCENE I.—*The Castle of Vautsberg on the Rhine. A chamber in a tower.*
PRINCE HENRY sitting alone, ill, and restless. *Midnight.*

Prince Henry.

I cannot sleep! my fevered brain
Calls up the vanished Past again,
And throws its misty splendours deep
Into the pallid realms of sleep!
Rest, rest! O give me rest and peace!

The thought of life that ne'er shall cease
Has something in it like despair,
A weight I am too weak to bear!
Sweeter to this afflicted breast,
The thought of never-ending rest!
Sweeter the undisturbed and deep
Tranquillity of endless sleep.

[*A flash of lightning, out of which LUCIFER appears, in the garb of a travelling Physician.*]

Lucifer.

All hail, Prince Henry!

Prince.

Who is it speaks?
What may your wish and purpose be?

Lucifer.

Your Highness, you behold in me
Only a travelling physician;
One of the few who have a mission
To cure incurable diseases,
Or those that are called so.
What is your illness?

Prince.

It has no name.
A smouldering, dull, perpetual flame.
Even the doctors of Salerno
Send me back word they can discern
No cure for a malady like this,
Save one, which in its nature is
Impossible, and cannot be.

Lucifer.

What is their remedy?

Prince.

You shall see;
Writ in this scroll is the mystery.

Lucifer.

[*Reading.*]

"The only remedy that remains
Is the blood that flows from a maiden's
veins,
Who of her own free will shall die,
And give her life as the price of yours."
That is the strangest of all cures,
And one, I think, you will never try.
Meanwhile permit me to recommend
As the matter admits of no delay,
My wonderful Catholicon,
Of very subtle and magical powers.

Prince.

Purge with your nostrums and drugs infernal,
The spouts and gargoyles of these towers,
Not me. My faith is utterly gone
In every power but the power Supernal.

Lucifer.

[*Showing a flask.*

Behold it here! This little flask
Contains the wonderful quintessence,
The perfect flower and efflorescence
Of all the knowledge man can ask!
'Tis Alcohol, in the Arab speech
Of him whose wondrous lore I teach!

Prince.

How limpid, pure, and crystalline!
The little wavelets dance and shine!

Lucifer.

[*Pouring.*

Let not the quantity alarm you;
You may drink all; it will not harm you.

Angels.

Ah! what in ambush lurks below!
Woe, woe, eternal woe!
This fearful curse
Shakes the great universe.

Lucifer.

[*Disappearing.*

Drink, drink, and thy soul shall sink
Down into the deep abyss.

Prince.

[*Drinking.*

Through every vein
I feel again
The fever of youth, the soft desire.
A rapture that is almost pain
Throbs in my heart, and fills my brain.

Angels.

Beware, O beware,
For sickness, sorrow, and care.
All are there.

Prince.

[*Sinking back.*

Golden visions wave and hover,
Golden vapors, waters streaming,
Landscapes moving, changing, gleaming!
I am like a happy lover.

[*His head falls on his book.*

Angels.

[*Receding.*

Alas, alas!
Like a vapour, the golden vision
Shall fade and pass.

SCENE II.—*Before the house of URSULA.*
Villagers have gathered after labour.
Evening.

Ursula.

Slowly, slowly up the wall,
Steals the sunshine, steals the shade,

Evening damps begin to fall,
Evening shadows are displayed.
Shafts of sunshine from the west
Paint the dusky windows red.
Darker shadows, deeper rest,
Underneath and overhead.
[*Lamps are lit in the house.*

EVENING HYMN.

Villagers.

O gladsome Light
Of the Father immortal,
And of the celestial
Sacred and blessed
Jesus our Saviour!

Now to the sunset
Again hast Thou brought us,
And, seeing the evening
Twilight, we bless Thee,
Praise Thee, adore Thee.

Father Omnipotent!
Son, the Life-Giver!
Spirit, the Comforter!
Worthy at all times
Of worship and wonder!

Prince Henry.

[*At the door.*

Amen.

[*The villagers disperse to their homes.*

Ursula.

Who was it said Amen?

Elsie.

It was the Prince. He is gone again.
Would I could do something for his
sake;
Something to cure his sorrow and pain!

Ursula.

That no one can, neither thou nor I,
Nor any one else.

Elsie.

And must he die?

Ursula.

Unless some maiden of her own accord
Offers her life for that of her lord.

Elsie.

I will.

Ursula.

Foolish child, be still.

Elsie.

I mean it truly; for his sake
I will myself the offering make,
And give my life to purchase his.

Ursula.

My child, my child, thou must not die!

Elsie.

Why should I live? do I not know
The life of woman is full of woe?
Toiling on and on and on,
With breaking heart and tearful eyes,
And silent lips, and in the soul
The secret longings that arise,
Which this world never satisfies!

Ursula.

Ah, woe is me! Ah, woe is me!
Alas that I should live to see
Thy death, beloved, and to stand
Above thy grave. Ah, woe the day!

Elsie.

Thou wilt not see it. I shall lie
Beneath the flowers of another land,
For at Salerno, far away,
Over the mountains, over the sea,
It is appointed me to die.

Ursula.

In God's own time, my heart's delight,
When He shall call thee; not before.

Elsie.

I heard Him call. When Christ ascended
Triumphantly from star to star,
He left the gates of Heaven ajar.
I had a vision in the night
And saw Him standing at the door
Of His Father's mansion, vast and splend-
did,
And beckoning to me from afar.

Ursula.

[*Entering the house.*
What if this were of God! Ah! then
Gainsay dare I not. Amen.

Elsie.

[*Left alone.*

My Redeemer and my Lord,
I beseech Thee, I entreat Thee,
Guide me in each act and word,
That hereafter I may meet Thee,
Watching, waiting, hoping, yearning.
With my lamp well trimmed and burn-
ing.
If my feeble prayer can reach Thee,
O, my Saviour, I beseech Thee,
Let me follow where Thou leadest.
Let me, bleeding as Thou bleedest,
Die, if dying I may give
Life to one who asks to live;
And more nearly,
Dying thus, resemble Thee.

[*PRINCE HENRY enters.*

Elsie.

My life is little—
Only a cup of water
But pure and limpid;
Take it, O my Prince!
Let it refresh you,
Let it restore you,
May God bless the gift!

Angels.

Amen.

Prince.

And the giver.

Angels.

Amen.

[*The PRINCE and ELSIE pass slowly into the house. It is now dark.*

SCENE III.—*On the road to Salerno.*
PRINCE HENRY, ELSIE, and their at-
tendants.

Elsie.

Onward and onward the highway runs
to the distant city, impatiently bear-
ing
Tidings of human joy and disaster, of
love and of hate, of doing and dar-
ing!

Prince Henry.

This life of ours is a wild Æolian harp
of many a joyous strain,
But under them all there runs a loud per-
petual wail, as of souls in pain.

Elsie.

All the hedges are white with dust, while
onward the horses toil and strain.

Prince Henry.

Now they stop at the wayside inn, and
the waggoner laughs with the land-
lord's daughter.

Elsie.

All through life there are wayside inns,
where man may refresh his soul with
love;
Even the lowest may quench his thirst at
rivulets fed by springs from above.
[*They turn down a green lane.*
Sweet is the air with the budding haws,
and the valley stretching for miles
below
Is white with blossoming cherry trees, as
if just covered with lightest snow.

Prince Henry.

Hark, what sweet sounds art those, whose
accents holy
Fill the warm noon with music sad and
sweet?

Elsie.

It is a band of pilgrims moving slowly
On their long journey, with uncovered
feet.

Pilgrims.

[*Chanting the hymn to St. Hildebert.*

Me receptet Sion illa,
Sion David, urbs tranquilla,
Cujus faber auctor lucis,
Cujus portæ lignum crucis,
Cujus clavis lingua Petri,
Cujus cives semper læti,
Cujus muri lapis vivus,
Cujus custos Rex festivus!

Lucifer.

[*As a friar in the procession.*

Here am I, too, in the pious band,
The soles of my feet are hard and tanned.
There is my German Prince again,
Far on his journey to Salern,
And the love-sick girl, whose heated
brain
Is sowing the cloud to reap the rain;
But it's a long road that has no turn!
Let them quietly hold their way,
I have also a part in the play.
But first I must act to my heart's con-
tent

This mummery and this merriment,
And drive this motley flock of sheep
Into the fold where drink and sleep
The jolly old friars of Benevent.
Of a truth, it often provokes me to laugh,
To see these beggars hobble along,
Lamed and maimed and fed upon chaff,
Chanting their wonderful piff and paff,
And, to make up for not understanding
the song,
Singing it fiercely, and wild, and strong!

Pilgrims.

In hæc urbe, lux solennis,
Ver æternum, pax perennis;
In hæc odor implens cœlos,
In hæc semper festum melos!

[*The Pilgrims pass on, their chant
is heard in the distance.*

Urbs cœlestis, urbs beata,
Supra petram collocata,
Urbs in portu satis tuto,
De longinquo te saluto,
Te saluto, te suspiro,
Te affecto, te requiro!

[*PRINCE HENRY, ELSIE, and Attend-
ants journey on. They reach a
height overlooking the sea and en-
camp. Evening.*

Prince Henry.

It is the sea, it is the sea,
In all its vague immensity;
Fading and darkening in the distance!
Silent, majestic, and slow
The white ships haunt it to and fro,
With all their ghostly sails unfurled,
As phantoms from another world
Haunt the dim confines of existence.

Elsie.

The night is calm and cloudless,
And still as still can be,
The stars come forth to listen
To the music of the sea;
In snow-white robes uprising
The ghostly choirs respond,
And sadly and unceasing
The mournful voice sings on,
And the snow-white choirs still answer,
Christe eleison!

Attendants.

The night is calm and cloudless,
And still as still can be,
The stars come forth to listen
To the music of the sea;
In snow-white robes uprising
The ghostly choirs respond,
And sadly and unceasing
The mournful voice sings on,
And the snow-white choirs still answer,
Christe eleison!

SCENE IV.—*The Medical School at Sa-
lerno, LUCIFER dressed as a doctor.*

Lucifer.

My guests approach! There is in the air
An odour of innocence and of prayer!
I cannot breathe such an atmosphere;
My soul is filled with a nameless fear.
That after all my restless endeavor,
The most ethereal, most divine,
Will escape from my hands for ever and
ever.

But the other is already mine.

[*Enter PRINCE HENRY and ELSIE,
with attendants.*

Prince.

Can you direct us to Friar Angelo?

Lucifer.

He stands before you.

Prince.

Then you know our purpose.
I am Prince Henry of Hohenack, and this
The maiden that I spake of.



EVAN WILLIAMS

Lucifer.

Does she
Without compulsion, of her own free
will,
Consent to this?

Prince.

Against all opposition.
She will not be persuaded.

Lucifer.

[*To ELSE.*
Have you thought well of it?

Elsie.

I come not here to argue,
But to die.

Attendants.

O pure in heart! from thy sweet dust
shall grow
Lilies, upon whose petals will be written
"Ave Maria" in characters of gold!

Elsie.

[*To the Attendants.*
Weep not, my friends! rather rejoice
with me,
I shall not feel the pain, but shall be gone,
And you will have another friend in
heaven.
There is no more to say, let us go in.

Prince.

Not one step further! I only meant
To put thy courage to the proof.
Friar Angelo! I charge you on your life,
Believe not what she says, for she is mad.

Elsie.

Alas! Prince Henry!

Lucifer.

Come with me this way.
[*ELSE goes in with LUCIFER, who
thrusts PRINCE HENRY back, and
closes the door.*

Prince.

Gone, and the light of my life gone with
her!
A sudden darkness falls upon the world.
[*To the Attendants.*
Why did you not lay hold on her and
keep her
From self-destruction? Angelo! Mur-
derer!
[*Struggles at the door, but cannot
open it.*

Elsie.

[*Within.*
Farewell, dear Prince, farewell!

Prince and Attendants.

Unbar the door!

Lucifer.

It is too late!

Prince and Attendants.

It shall not be too late!
[*They burst the door open and
rush in.*

SCENE V.—URSULA'S Cottage.

Ursula.

[*Looking through the open door.*
Who is it coming under the trees?
A man in the Prince's livery dressed!
He fills my heart with strange alarm!
[*Enter a Forester.*

Forester.

Is this the tenant Gottlieb's farm?

Ursula.

This is his farm and I his wife.

Forester.

News from the Prince!

Ursula.

Of death or life?

Forester.

Your daughter lives and the Prince is
well.
You will learn, ere long, how it all befell.
Her heart for a moment never failed.
But when they reached Salerno's gate,
The Prince's nobler self prevailed,
And saved her for a nobler fate.

Ursula.

Virgin, who lovest the poor and lowly,
If the loud cry of a mother's heart
Can ever ascend to where thou art,
Into thy blessed hands and holy,
Receive my prayer and praise of thanks-
giving,
Our child who was dead again is living.

O bring me to her; for mine eyes
Are hungry to behold her face;
My very soul within me cries;
My very hands seem to caress her,
To see her, gaze at her, and bless her;
Dear Elsie, child of God and grace!

SCENE VI.—The Castle of Vautsberg on
the Rhine. PRINCE HENRY and ELSE
stand on the Terrace. It is the even-
ing of their marriage day. The sound
of bells heard from a distance.

Prince.

We are alone; the wedding guests
Ride down the hill with plumes and
cloaks,
And the descending dark invests
The forests hoar and haunted oaks.

Elsie.

What bells are those that ring so slow,
So mellow, musical, and low?

Prince.

They are the bells of Geisenheim
That with their melancholy chime
Ring out the curfew of the sun.

Elsie.

Listen, beloved!

Prince.

They are done.
Dear Elsie, many years ago
These same soft bells at eventide
Rang in the ears of Charlemagne,
As, seated by Fastrada's side
At Ingelheim, in all his pride,
He heard their sound with secret pain.

Elsie.

Their voices only speak to me
Of peace and deep tranquillity,
And endless confidence in thee.

Prince.

Thou know'st the story of her ring,
How when the court went back to Aix,
Fastrada died; and how the king
Sat watching by her night and day.
Till into one of the blue lakes
Which water that delicious land,
They cast the ring drawn from her hand;
And the great monarch sat serene
And sad beside the fated short,
Nor left the land for evermore.

Elsie.

That was true love.

Prince.

For him the queen
Ne'er did what thou hast done for me.

Elsie.

Wilt thou as fond and faithful be?
Wilt thou so love me after death?

Prince.

Thou hast Fastrada's ring. Beneath
The calm blue waters of thine eyes,
Deep in thy steadfast soul it lies,
And, undisturb'd by this world's breath,
With magic light its jewels shine.

Both.

In life's delight, in death's dismay,
In storm and sunshine, night and day,
In health and sickness, in decay,
Here and hereafter I am thine.

[*They go in.*]

CHORAL EPILOGUE.

God sent his messenger, the rain,
And said unto the mountain brook,
"Rise up, and from thy caverns look,
And leap, with naked snow-white feet,
From the cool hills into the heat
Of the broad and arid plain."

God sent His messenger of faith,
And whispered in the maiden's heart,
"Rise up, and look from where thou art,
And scatter with unselfish hands
Thy freshness on the barren sands
And solitudes of death."

The deed divine
Is written in characters of gold
That never shall grow old,
But through all ages
Burn and shine!



CWILYM MILES

THE CHORAL UNION

SOPRANOS

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Loretta M. Baker
Emma L. Beck
Mrs. Julia L. Beebe
Mrs. John M. Berry
Mrs. George Blaich
Faye Bodmer
Katherine M. Brewster
Alice M. Brooks
Nellie M. Brown
Retta Brown
Faith Butler
Minnie B. Caldwell
Eva L. Capron
Adeline Christopher
Mrs. Wirt Cornwell
Georgia M. Covert
Bess V. Cross
Lulu A. Daley
Nina M. Davison
Nellie G. Densmore
C. Frances Dickinson
Margaret L. Dodds
Frances M. Dumenil
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Leila M. Farlin
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Ida Finley
Babette L. Fischer
Ida M. Fischer
Leona Gandy
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Rose E. Coffey
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Marguerite Crego
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Carrie L. Dicken
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Cecile Dunbar
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Edith E. Simmons
Marion Smith
Johanna Stanger
Evelyn St. James
Neva Wilkins
Hattie M. Wolkenstein
Blanche Wood
Mabel L. Wood
Mrs. Maude Woodley
Kate A. Wright
Grace E. Yerkes

TENORS.

Lucius E. Allen
Albert J. Becker
Fred M. Capron
Clarence L. Catherman
Charles E. Clark
W. H. Cooper
Garrett J. Crandall
John H. Crosby
William R. Davis
Fred M. Fischer
Squire Fouch
T. Urban Fuller
Enoch Harriman
Percy R. Howe
Roy H. Johnson
T. H. Kerns
G. F. Key
Harry M. Kimball
George B. Lake
Douglas McDuff
Virgil McNitt

Lawrence M. Marshall
Edgar M. Moore
J. Franklin Munro
Arthur B. Nice
Byron Niles
James B. Pollock
George B. Rhead
Dr. F. J. Ritter
Franklin M. Root
Dana E. Seeley
Philip L. Schenk
LaVerne Spring
Frank G. Swartz
Albert L. Smith
Nelson E. Tousley
Frank E. Vandeberg
Frank Van Vliet
Edward E. Weiland
Charles M. Welch
Virgil E. Zener

BASSES.

John R. Allen
W. Roy Alvord
Oliver R. Austin
Abel J. Baker
Norman J. Boardman
Dr. E. D. Brooks
Edward B. Caldwell
Frank C. Collier
Carey H. Conley
Robert C. Culver
Louis W. Curtis
Ernest A. Densmore
P. R. dePont
Myron G. Doll
Frank C. Emerson
Alfred C. Finney
Walter Fishley
Oscar Friedrich
Mansel B. Greene
George L. Grimes
Griffith L. Gordon
Raynor B. Haensler
John A. Harvey
Herbert Hawley
Fred J. Hendershott
Harvey J. Howard
Dr. R. B. Howell
Albertus F. Hoxey
Woolsey W. Hunt
Perley B. Jones
C. Leroy Kilgore
Fred C. Knollenberg
Edward B. Kremens
Carl F. A. Lange
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Arthur Marbet
Kenneth M. Markham
Boyd Marshall
C. F. Mayer
J. Murray McGregor
John McNaughton
Leonard O. Meigs
Ernst Mensel
David A. Mills
Dr. C. B. Nancrede
Daniel Ortmeier
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Frank C. Pennell
Lloyd A. Rowland
Walter Edward Sanders
Shiloh S. Smith
Charles F. Smurthwaite
Jonathan Stanger
George A. Stegeman
James R. Stewart
John E. Stoffer
Clarence E. Sutliff
Joseph E. Sweeney
Raymond Van Doren
D. Warren Webster
Herbert P. Whitney
Lyle A. Whitsit
Ebin Wilson
Levi D. Wines
Rex S. K. Wood
W. H. Woodley
Harry R. Wormley
William H. Worrell
Edward R. Young
Theodore Zbinden
Otto Z. Zelner

1889—CHORAL UNION SERIES—1901

THE final Concert in the present May Festival Series is Number ONE HUNDRED of the Complete Choral Union Series. The University Musical Society offers the following statement of its work during the past twelve years, feeling that such a retrospect will prove both interesting and profitable. During this period 37 Chorus Concerts, 18 Symphony Concerts, 12 Song Recitals, 9 Piano Recitals, 5 Violin Recitals, 4 Organ Recitals, 15 Miscellaneous Concerts have been given at a total expense of \$80,000.

LIST OF ORGANIZATIONS AND ARTISTS.

ORCHESTRAS.

Boston Festival (36); Boston Symphony (3); Chicago Festival (3); Detroit (10); Pittsburgh (2); Seidl; Thomas (6).

STRING QUARTETTES.

Detroit Philharmonic Club (4); New York Philharmonic Club; Spiering Quartette. Total, 6.

CONDUCTORS.

Herbert (2); Kneisel; Mollenhauer (23); Nikisch (2); Rosenbecker; Seidl; Stanley (36); Thomas (6); Zeitz (3).

ARTISTS.

SOPRANOS.

Miss Anderson (3); Miss Bailey (2); Mrs. Bishop (5); Mme. Brema; Calve; Miss Doolittle; Mrs. Ford (2); Mme. Fabris; Mad. Galski; Miss Goodwin; Miss Harrah; Mrs. Henschel; Miss Hiltz; Mad. Juch (3); Mad. Klafsky; Mad. Kaschoska; Mme. Linné; Miss Lohbillier; Mrs. Nikisch; Mme. Nordica (2); Miss Parmeter; Mme. de Vere-Sapio; Miss Stewart (5); Mad. Steinbach; Mad. Tanner-Musin; Mrs. Walker (2); Mrs. Winchell (2); Mrs. Wood; Mrs. Zimmerman (2).

CONTRALTOS.

Mrs. Bloodgood (3); Mrs. Bouton (2); Miss Buckley (2); Miss Crawford; Mrs. Clements (2); Miss Glenn; Miss Hall; Miss Heinrich; Mad. Jacoby (2); Mrs. Pease (2); Miss Roselle (2); Mad. Schumann-Heink (2); Miss Spencer (4); Miss Stein (8); Miss Stoddard; Miss Towle; Miss Weed; Mrs. Wright.

TENORS.

Berthald (3); Cowper; Davies; Dupuy; Gordon; Hall (3); Hamlin (2); Jordan (2); Lavin; McKinley (2); Knorr (2); Moore (2); Mockridge (2); Parker; Rieger (3); Stevens (4); Towne (3); Williams (6).

BARITONES AND BASSES.

Beresford (2); Bispham (4); Campanari (5); Campion; Campbell; Clarke (2); Crane; Del Puente; Plunket Greene; Heinrich (9); Henschel; Holmes; Howland (5); Lamson (6); Meyn (5); Miles (4); Mills (2); Senger; Spalding; Whitney (2).

PIANISTS.

d'Albert; Aus der Ohe (3); Carreno (2); Dohnanyi; Friedheim (2); Jonas (5); Lachaume (2); Lockwood (2); de Pachman; Paderewski; Scharff; Schmall (3); Seyler (2); Sievekling; Sternberg; von Grave (2); Zeisler.

VIOLINISTS.

Bendix; Miss Botsford; Burmester; Halir; Kreisler; Lichtenberg; Loeffler; Musin; Miss Powell; Rivarde; Sturm (2); Winternitz; Ysaye; Yunck (2); Zeitz (3).

VIOLONCELLISTS.

Abel; Diestel; Giese; Heberlein; Heindl; Hoffman.

ORGANISTS.

Archer; Eddy (2); Guilmant; Renwick.

CHORAL WORKS WITH ORCHESTRA.

Berlioz, "Damnation of Faust" (3); Bruch, "Arminius"; Buck, "Light of Asia"; Chadwick, "Lily Nymph"; Gounod, "Redemption"; Handel, "Messiah" (3); Mendelssohn, "Elijah" (2), "St. Paul," 42d Psalm; Parker, "Hora Novissima"; Rheinberger, "Cristophorus"; Rossini, "Stabat Mater"; Saint-Saens, "Samson and Delilah" (2); Sullivan, "Golden Legend"; Coleridge-Taylor, "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast"; Wagner, "Flying Dutchman," "Lohengrin," Act I. (2); Verdi, "Manzoni Requiem" (2).

SMALLER CHORAL WORKS AND SELECTIONS WITH ORCHESTRA.

Brahms, "Requiem" (two choruses); Bruch, "Fair Ellen" (2), "Flight into Egypt" (2), "Flight of the Holy Family" (2); Cornelius, "Salamaleikum," from "Barber of Bagdad"; Fanning, "Song of the Vikings"; Foote, "Wreck of the Hesperus"; Gounod, "Gallia" (4), "Lovely Appear" and "Unfold Ye Everlasting Portals," from "Redemption"; Grieg, "Discovery" (2); Marchetti, "Ave Maria" (2); Massenet, "Narcissus"; Rheinberger, "The Night" (2); Saint-Saens, "Spring Song" from "Samson and Delilah"; Stanley, "Chorus Triumphalis" (2); Wagner, "Flying Dutchman," Act II., "Hail Bright Abode" from "Tannhaeuser" (3), "Flower Girls Scene" from "Parsifal," "Bacchanale and Chorus of Sirens" from "Tannhaeuser, Act I., Scene 1; Verdi, "Stabat Mater."

ARIAS. (BY COMPOSERS.)

Beethoven (3); Bellini (2); Bemberg; Berlioz; Bizet (5); Boildieu; Braga; Chadwick (2); Cornelius; David; Donizetti (3); D'Acqua; Gluck (2); Gounod (9); Graun; Halevy; Handel (11); Haydn (4); Leoncavallo (3); Massenet (6); Mercadante (2); Meyerbeer; Mozart (4); Peccia; Pergolesi; Ponchielli; Rossi; Rossini (3); Saint Saens; Schubert; Spohr; Thomas, A. (5); Thomas, G. (3); Tschaikowsky (4); Verdi (7); Wagner (19); Weber (5).

SONGS. (BY COMPOSERS.)

d'Albert; Allitsen (2); Bach; Beethoven; Berger; Bohm (2); Brahms (8); Brockway; Carmichael; Carissimi (2); Chadwick (8); Chaminade (2); Cimarosa; Clay (6); Cowen (2); Dalaynac; Damrosch (2); Delibes; Dolby; Dulcken; Dvorak; English (Old) (14); Foote (4); Franck; Franz (2); French (Old); Godard; Gounod; Grieg; Hahn, R.; Harris; Haydn; Henschel (8); Hollaender; Hook; Horrocks (3); Irish (Old) (5); Jensen; Kirchner; Korbay (2); Lalo (3); Lehmann;

Liszt; Loewe (6); MacDowell (3); Mackenzie (3); Martin; Massenet; Mendelssohn (4); Meyer-Helmund; Molloy; Nevin (2); Parker; Purcell (2); Raff; Ries; Saint-Saens (2); Sapio; Schubert (34); Schultz; Schumann (38); Scotch (Old) (4); Sieveking; Sommerville (13); Spicker; Strauss, R. (4); Sullivan; Thomas, G. (4); Thome; Tosti; Tschaikowsky (3); Umlauf; Waldheim; Wallnoefer; Weil; Wolff.

SYMPHONIES.

Beethoven—No. 2, D major (2); No. 3, "Eroica"; No. 5, C minor; No. 6, "Pastoral"; No. 7, A major.
Dvorak—"In the New World" (2).
Goldmark—"Rustic Wedding."
Haydn—E flat, No. 1.
Mendelssohn—A minor, "Scotch."
Mozart—G major (Short Symphony); G minor.
Raff—"Im Walde."
Schubert—B minor, "Unfinished" (2).
Schumann—B flat (2).
Spohr—"Consecration of Tones."
Stanley—F major.
Tschaikowsky—"Pathetic" (2).

SYMPHONIC POEMS AND ORCHESTRAL SELECTIONS.

Bach—Adagio, Gavotte; Præludium und Fuga; Suite in D.
Beethoven—Allegretto, 7th Symphony; Allegretto scherzando, 8th Symphony.
Berlioz—"Danse des Sylphes"; Menuetto, "Will o' the Wisp"; Marche "Hogroise"
Bizet—Ballet Music "Carmen; Suite. "Children's Games"; Suite, "Les Arlesienne."
Brahms—Hungarian Dances.
Chabrier—Entr'acte, "Gwendoline;" "Rapsodie Espana."
Chadwick—Symphonic Sketches.
Delibes—Intermezzo, "Naila."
Dubois—Petit Suite.
Dvorak—Symphonic Variations, Op. 78.
Foote—Theme and Variations, Suite in D minor.
Franck—Symphonic Poem, "Les Eolides."
German—Ballet Music, "Henry VIII."
Gilson—Fanfare Inaugurale.
Goldmark—Prelude Act III., "Cricket on the Hearth"; Scherzo.
Gounod—"Hymn to St. Cecelia."
Grieg—"Herzwunden," "Im Frueling" (Strings); Suite, "Peer Gynt" (2).
Hadley—Festival March.
Haydn—Variations, "Austrian National Hymn" (Strings).
Humperdinck—Dream Music, "Haensel and Gretel;" Vorspiele II. and III., "Koenigs-kinder."
Kaun—Festival March.
Liszt—"Les Preludes" (2); Grand Polonaise in E; Rhapsodie No. IX.

MacDowell—Suite, Op. 42; Suite, "Indian."

Mackenzie—Benedictus.

Massenet—Prelude, Act III., "Heroiade"; Suite, "Les Erinnyes."

Mendelssohn—Mid-Summer Night's Dream" Music; Scherzo.

Moszkowski—"Malaguena" and "Maurische Fantasie," from "Boabdil"; "Suite d'Orchestra."

Paganini—"Mobile Perpetuum."

Puccini—"Le Boheme."

Rimsky-Korsakow—Symphonic Poem, "Scheerazade."

Saint-Saens—"A Night in Lisbon"; Symphonic Poem, "Le Rouet d'Omphale"; "Marche Heroique."

Schubert—Theme and Variations, D minor Quartette (Strings).

Smetana—"Sarka"; Symphonic Poem, "Wallenstein's Camp."

Stanley—Symphonic Poem, "Attis"; Scherzo from F major Symphony.

Strauss Ed.—"Seid umschlungen Millionen."

Svendson—"Kronung's Marsch"; Fantasie, "Romeo and Juliet" (2).

Tschaikowsky—Andante from B flat Quartette; Elegy, Theme and Variations and Polacca; Marche, "Slave"; Serenade, Op. 48; Suite, "Casse Noisette."

Wagner—Bacchanale; "Kaiser-marsch"; Introduction to Act III., "Lohengrin" (4); "Good Friday Spell," "Parsifal"; "Flower Girl's Scene" (2); "Ride of the Valkyrs" (3); "Siegfried and the Bird"; "Siegfried's Death"; "Siegfried" Idyll; "Siegfried's Rhine Journey and Passing to Brunhilde's Rock" (2); "Waldweben."

Weber—"Invitation to the Dance."

OVERTURES.

Beethoven—"Egmont"; "Fidelio" (2);

"Lenore" No. 2; No. 3 (4).

Berlioz—"Benvenuto Cellini"; "Carneval Romain" (2).

Brahms—"Akademische Fest"; "Tragische."

Chabrier—"Gwendoline."

Chadwick—"Melpomene."

Cherubini—"Anacreon."

Dvorak—"In der Natur."

Goldmark—"Sakuntala."

Humperdinck—"Haensel and Gretel."

Litolff—"Robespierre."

Mendelssohn—"Mid-Summer Night's Dream" (2); "Ruy Blas."
Mozart—"Figaro"; "Magic Flute."
Paine—"Oedipus Tyrannus."
Rossini—"William Tell."
Schumann—"Genoveva."
Thomas—"Mignon."
Tchaikowsky—"1812."
Wagner—"Faust" (2); "Flying Dutchman" (2); "Lohengrin" (4); "Meistersinger" (5); "Parsifal"; "Rienzi" (2); "Tannhaeuser" (4); "Tristan" (4).
Weber—"Euryanthe"; "Freischuetz"; "Oberon" (3); "Jubel."

CONCERTOS.

Beethoven—E flat (Pianoforte).
Bruch—G minor (Violin) (2).
Chopin—E minor (Pianoforte).
Dubois (Organ).
Ernst (Violin).
Henselt—F minor (Pianoforte).
Lindner—(Violoncello).
Liszt—E flat; A major; "Hungarian Fantasie" (Pianoforte).
Mendelssohn—E minor (Violin).
Rubinstein—D minor (Pianoforte).
Saint-Saens—A minor (Violoncello); G minor (Pianoforte); Rondo Capriccioso (Violin) (2).
Tchaikowsky—B flat minor (Pianoforte).
Wieniawski—(Violin) (2).

ENSEMBLE. MUSIC (QUARTETTES, Etc.

Beethoven—D major. Op. 18, No. 3.
Dvorak—F major, Op. 96.
Grieg—Op. 27.
Jadassohn—Quintette. Op. 76.
Kurth—Sextette.
Mendelssohn—E flat, Op. 12.
Mozart—D major.

Rubinstein—C minor, Op. 17, No. 2, Op. 19.
Saint-Saens—Piano Septet, Op. 65.
Schubert—D minor.
Schumann—Piano Quintette, Op. 44.

VIOLIN AND PIANO.

Beethoven—Op. 47 ("The Kreutzer") (2); Grieg, Op. 8, Op. 45; Ries, Suite, G minor; Rubinstein, Op. 13, Op. 19; Schubert, G minor; Tartini (2).

PIANO SOLOS.

Aus der Ohe; Bach (3); Beethoven (8); Brahms (3); Carreno; Chopin (47); D'Acquina; d'Albert; Delibes; Dohnanyi; Godard (5); Handel (2); Hensel (2); Jonas; Kullak; Leschetitzky; Liszt (30); Mendelssohn (5); MacDowell; Mayer; Moszkowski (2); Paderewski (8); Rubinstein (4); Raff; Saint-Saens (2); Schubert (3); Schumann (2); Stavenhagen; Tchaikowsky.

VIOLIN SOLOS.

Bach (5); Bazzini; Brahms; Bruch; Ernst (2); Halir; Handel; Hubay; de Kontsky; Musin; Nardini; Paganini (3); Ries; Spohr; Tartini (2); Tchaikowsky; Vieuxtemps (2); Wagner-Wilhelm (2); Wieniawski; Zazycki.

VIOLONCELLO SOLOS.

Goldbeck; Goltermann; Heberlein; Popper; Saint-Saens; Servais.

ORGAN SOLOS.

Archer; Bach (4); Beethoven; Berlioz; Boellmann; Borowski; Bossi; Buxtehude; Callaerts; Chopin; Dubois (4); Faulkes; Franck; Fumagalli; Gigout; Guilman (5); Hollins (2); Hoyte; Krebs, Lemare; Mailly; Moszkowski; Saint-Saens; Salome; Schumann; Silas; Stainer; Wagner (3); Widor.

This record of the activity of the UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY, under whose auspices the Choral Union Concerts are given, would be incomplete without reference to the concerts given in the University School of Music in the nine years of its existence. During this period over two hundred and fifty concerts and lectures have been given by members of the Faculty or by students.

The programs of the Faculty Concerts include most of the great classic and modern works in the chamber-music repertoire, and many important modern compositions have been performed for the first time in America at these concerts.

THE UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF MUSIC

ALBERT A. STANLEY, A. M., Director.

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2. High-School Course.
3. Public-School Music.
4. Course Leading to a Diploma.
5. Normal or Teacher's Course.

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Pianoforte.

VIRGINIA M. FISK (*Graduate of University School of Music*),

Pianoforte.

ELSA G. STANLEY (*Pupil of Professor Heinrich Barth*),

Pianoforte.

LIELA M. HARLOW (*Children's Classes*),

Pianoforte.

MINNIE L. DAVIS (*Graduate of University School of Music*),

Pianoforte.

CLARA J. JACOBS (*Graduate of University School of Music*),

Singing and Voice Culture.

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Pianoforte, Organ and Harmony.

RUTH DURHEIM,

Public School Music and Sight Singing.

ALFRED HOFMANN,

Violoncello.

MELL GILLESPIE,

Mandolin and Guitar.

FRED McOMBER,

Flute.

WALTER CREGO,

Band Instruments.

Among the special musical advantages of the School are the following:

The privilege of membership in the Choral Union, which competent students may enjoy upon payment of a small sum. The Choral Union Series of Concerts, ten in number.

The Chamber Concerts given by distinguished artists from abroad.

The Faculty Concerts, by members of the Faculty of the School of Music, one each month.

The Pupils' Recitals.—Practice in Orchestral Playing.—Use of University Library.

Lectures on Sound, History of Music, Musical Analysis, *Æsthetics*, Psychology, Hygiene, and other subjects, by members of the University Faculties.

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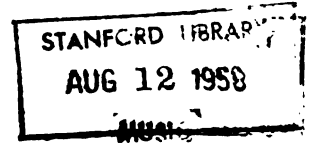
With the exception of the first three named above, these advantages are *free* to members of the School.

On application to the Director, the artists comprising the faculty may be secured, singly or together, for a limited number of concert engagements.

For further information address,

THOMAS C. COLBURN, *Secretary of the University School of Music*,

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN.



NINTH
ANNUAL MAY FESTIVAL
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
1902



OFFICIAL PROGRAM BOOK



[OFFICIAL]

NINTH
ANNUAL MAY FESTIVAL
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

TO BE HELD IN

University Hall, Ann Arbor,
Michigan

May 15, 16, 17,
1902

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN
UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF MUSIC
1902

ILLUSTRATIONS

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UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

FRANCIS W. KELSEY, President

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The Choral Union

THIRTEENTH SEASON

1901-1902

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MISS MINNIE M. DAVIS, Pianist

LLEWELLYN L. RENWICK, Organist

LIST OF CONCERTS and SOLOSITS

Thursday, May 15, 8 P. M.

"Orpheus"

An Opera, - - - Gluck

CAST.

Orpheus,	-	-	-	-	-	Madame LOUISE HOMER
Euridice,	-	-	-	-	-	Madame EVTA KILESKE
Amor,	-	-	-	-	-	Miss ANITA RIO
Chorus and Orchestra						Mr. ALBERT A. STANLEY, Conductor

Friday, May 16, 3 P. M.

Symphony Concert

SOLOISTS.

Madame KILESKE, Soprano	Mr. ERNEST HUTCHESON, Pianist
Mr. EMIL MOLLENHAUER, Conductor	

Friday, May 16, 8 P. M.

"Faust"

A Lyric Opera, - - - Gounod

CAST.

Faust,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. GLENN HALL
Margarita,	-	-	-	-	-	Miss ANITA RIO
Mephistopheles,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. FREDERIC MARTIN
Martha,	-	-	-	-	-	Miss JANET SPENCER
Valentine,	-	-	-	-	-	Signor EMILIO de GOGORZA
Brander,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. WILLIAM A. HOWLAND
Chorus, Organ and Orchestra						Mr. ALBERT A. STANLEY, Conductor

Saturday, May 17, 2.30 P. M.

Miscellaneous Concert

SOLOIST.

Miss JANET SPENCER, Contralto	Mr. EMIL MOLLENHAUER, Conductor
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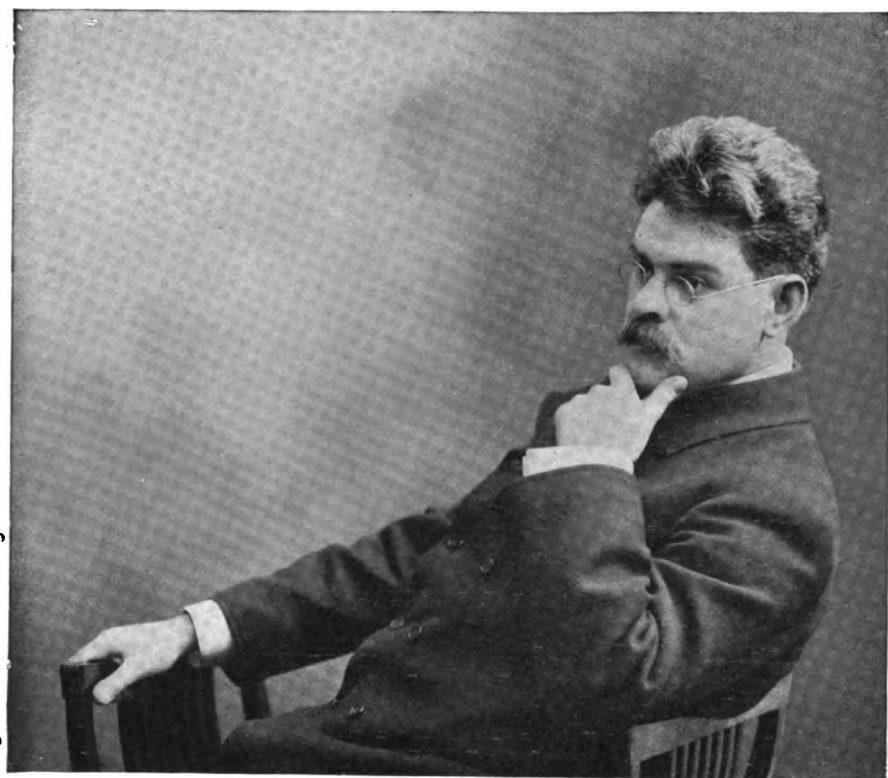
Saturday, May 17, 7.30 P. M.

"Tannhaeuser"

A Romantic Opera, - - - Wagner

CAST.

Tannhaeuser,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. BARRON BERTHALD
Elisabeth,	-	-	-	-	-	Miss SARA ANDERSON
Venus,	-	-	-	-	-	Madame LOUISE HOMER
Wolfram,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. WILLIAM A. HOWLAND
Landgrave,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. FREDERIC MARTIN
Walther,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. JAMES MOORE
Heinrich,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. MARSHALL PEASE
Biterolf,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. EARLE G. KILLEEN
Reinmar,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. F. HOWLAND WOODWARD
A Shepherd,	-	-	-	-	-	Miss FRANCES CASPARY
Four Noble Pages,	-	-	-	-	-	Misses FARLIN, FISCHER, COFFEY and HARRIS
Choral Union and Orchestra						Mr. ALBERT A. STANLEY, Conductor



Boston Festival Orchestra

PERSONNEL

EMIL MOLLENHAUER, Conductor

First Violins

WM. HOFMANN
A. SASLAWSKY
JOHN W. CROWLEY
W. S. COTTON
ALEX. DAVIS
C. F. HIGGINS
J. CHLUPSA
JULIUS AKEROYD
W. F. DODGE
THEODORE COOK

Second Violins

JULIUS SCHEEL
C. G. MILLER
J. B. FIELDING
FLORENZ WERNER
ADOLPH LORENZ
B. J. HOLMBERG

Violas

W. A. HOCHHEIM
F. FIALA
S. WERTHEIM
GEORGE SAUER

'Cellos

CARL WEBSTER
RALPH SMALLEY
H. EZERMAN
J. MASSIAS

Basses

R. N. DAVIS
PAUL RAHMIG
O. L. SOUTHLAND
H. E. COUCH

Flutes

E. A. FRANKLIN
F. H. EATON

Oboes

EUG. DEVAUX
C. STIEGELMAYER

Clarinets

JOHN E. ST. CLAIR
JACOB WOLL

Bassoons

FEDOR BERNHARDI
ACHILLE HEYMEN

French Horns

ROBERT MINSEL
JULIUS EUGSTER
HENRY KOCH
CARL SCHINNER

Trumpets

A. S. WONSON
WM. HILL

Trombones

D. H. MOORE
A. P. RIPLEY
HENRY WOELBER

Tuba

OTTO LORENZ

Harp

WILHELMINA LOWE

Tympani

JOHN M. CASEY

Bass Drum, Cymbals etc.

CARL LUDWIG

GEORGE W. STEWART, MANAGER

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PROGRAMS

CHORAL UNION SERIES

1901-1902

THIRTEENTH SEASON - SIXTH CONCERT

(No. CVI Complete Series)

FIRST MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

Thursday Evening, May 15, 8 o'clock

"ORPHEUS"

Opera in Three Acts by Gluck

CAST

Orpheus	- - - - -	Madame Louise Homer
Euridice	- - - - -	Madame Evta Killeski
Amor	- - - - -	Miss Anita Rio
The Choral Union		Mr. Albert A. Stanley, Conductor

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I.

OVERTURE.

CHORUS. "If here, where all is dark."

RECIT. "My friends, lamentation but adds to my affliction!"

PANTOMIME.

CHORUS. "If here, where all is dark."

RECIT. "I pray you, go!"

RITORNELLE.

ARIA. "I mourn my loved one dead."

RECIT. "Euridice, Euridice."

ARIA. "Weeping sorely I stray."

RECIT. "Euridice! the name I love?"

ARIA. "Still I shed bitter tears."

RECIT. "Relentless gods of Acheron."

ARIA. "Go, and with thy lyre."

RECIT. "What, shall I behold her again."

ARIA. "The gods, if they call thee."

RECIT. "What said he?"

ARIA. "Away with mourning."

ACT II.

DANCE OF THE FURIES.

CHORUS. "Who is the mortal one."

DANCE OF THE FURIES.

CHORUS. "Who is the mortal one."

SOLO AND CHORUS. "O be merciful to me!"

CHORUS. "Sorrowing mortal."

ARIA. "Thousand tortures."

CHORUS. "What feeling, strange to us."

ARIA. "My entreating."

CHORUS. "His moving elegies."

DANCE OF THE FURIES.

BALLET.

BALLET.

AIR AND CHORUS. "On these meadows."

QUASI RECIT. "How pure a light."

CHORUS. "In this realm."

BALLET.

RECIT. "O blessed and happy spirits."

CHORUS. "From the realm of souls departed."

ACT III.

RECIT. "O come, Euridice."

DUET. "Come, on my true love relying."

RECIT. "Ah, how can he persist!"

ARIA AND DUET. "A change how deceiving!"

RECT. "Now recommences my trial."

ARIA. "She is gone, and gone for ever."

RECIT. "Then let my pain be ended."

CHORUS, WITH SOLO. "The god of love."

BALLET.

GAVOTTE.

MENUET.

TRIO. "Sweet affection, heavenly treasure."

CHORUS. "The god of love."

CHACONNE.

CHORAL UNION SERIES

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THIRTEENTH SEASON - SEVENTH CONCERT

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SECOND MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

Friday Afternoon, May 16, 3 o'clock

SYMPHONY CONCERT

SOLOISTS

Madame Evta Kileski, Soprano

Mr. Ernest Hutcheson, Pianist

Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, Conductor

PROGRAM

1. Overture "Der Wassertraeger," - - - *Cherubini*
2. Aria, "Dove Sono" from "Marriage of Figaro," - *Mozart*

MADAME KILESKI

3. Concerto, A minor, Op. 54, - - - *Schumann*
Allegro affettuoso; Andante grazioso; Allegro vivace.

MR. HUTCHESON

4. Symphony No. 5, C minor, - - - *Beethoven*
Allegro con brio; Andante con moto; Allegro; Allegro.

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CHORAL UNION SERIES

1901-1902

THIRTEENTH SEASON - EIGHTH CONCERT
(No. CVIII Complete Series)

THIRD MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

Friday Evening, May 16, 8 o'clock

"FAUST"

A Lyric Opera in Five Acts by Charles Gounod

CAST

Faust,	- - - - -	Mr. Glenn Hall
Margarita,	- - - - -	Miss Anita Rio
Mephistopheles,	- - - - -	Mr. Frederic Martin
Martha,	- - - - -	Miss Janet Spencer
Valentine,	- - - - -	Signor Emilio de Gogorza
Brander,	- - - - -	Mr. William A. Howland
Students, Soldiers, Villagers, Angels, Demons, The Choral Union		
Llewellyn L. Renwick, Organist		Mr. Albert A. Stanley, Conductor

SYNOPSIS

INTRODUCTION.

ACT I.

SOLO AND CHORUS. "*In vain do I call!*"
(Faust).

SCENE AND DUET. "*If I pray!*" (Faust
and Mephistopheles).

ACT II.

CHORUS. "*The Fair.*" (La Kermesse).

SCENE AND RECITATIVE. "*Dear gift of my
sister!*" (Valentine).

CAVATINA. "*Dio possente.*" (Valentine).

SONG OF THE GOLDEN CALF. "*Clear the
way!*" (Mephistopheles).

SCENE AND CHORUS. "*What ho! Bacchus
up there!*"

WALTZ AND CHORUS. "*Light as air.*"

ACT III.

INTERMEZZO AND SONG. "*Gentle flow'rs in
the dew!*" (Siebel).

CAVATINA. "*All hail thou dwelling pure!*"
(Faust)

SCENE AND ARIA. "*The King of Thule!*"
(Margarita).

THE JEWEL SONG. "*O heav'ns! what brilli-
ant gems!*"

SCENE, QUARTET AND RECITATIVE.

DUET. "*The hour is late!*" (Margarita
and Faust).

ACT IV.

ROMANZA. "*When all was young!*" (Siebel.)

SOLDIERS CHORUS. "*Glory and Love!*"

SERENADE. "*Ah! Catarina!*"

THE DUEL—TRIO. (Valentine, Mephistoph-
eles and Faust).

THE DEATH OF VALENTINE.

SCENE IN THE CHURCH.

ACT V.

DUET. (Margarita and Faust).

TRIO AND FINALE.

CHORAL UNION SERIES

1901—1902

THIRTEENTH SEASON - NINTH CONCERT

(No. CIX Complete Series)

FOURTH MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

Saturday Afternoon, May 17, 2.30 o'clock

MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT

SOLOIST

Miss Janet Spencer, Contralto

Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, Conductor

PROGRAM

Symphony, B minor, "Unfinished," - - - Schubert
Allegro moderato; Andante con moto.

Aria, "O Mio Fernando," - - - Donizetti

MISS SPENCER

Serenade, for Strings, Op. 48, - - - Tschaiakowsky
Andante non troppo; Moderato—Tempo di Valse;
Larghetto elegiaco; Andante—Tema Russo.

Three Moorish Dances,
(Ballet Music) from "Azara," - - - Paine
Allegretto animato; Poco meno mosso; Allegretto quasi
Andante-Allegretto con moto e grazioso.

Songs with Piano,
"Printemps qui commence," - - Saint-Saens
"Kypris," - - Augusta Holmes
"Printaniere," - - Goring-Thomas

MISS SPENCER

Overture to Shakspeare's "Richard III.," Op. 68, - - Volkmann

CHORAL UNION SERIES

1901-1902

THIRTEENTH SEASON - TENTH CONCERT

(No. CX Complete Series)

FIFTH MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

Saturday Evening, May 17, 7:30 o'clock

"Tannhaeuser"

A Romantic Opera in Three Acts by Richard Wagner

(Paris Version)

CAST

Tannhaeuser, -	Mr. Barron Berthald	Heinrich, - -	Mr. Marshall Pease
Elisabeth, - - -	Miss Sara Anderson	Biterolf, - - -	Mr. Earle G. Killeen
Venus, - -	Madame Louise Homer	Reinmar, -	Mr. F. Howland Woodward
Wolfram, -	Mr. William A. Howland	A Shepherd, -	Miss Frances Caspary
Landgrave, - -	Mr. Frederic Martin	Four Noble Pages, - - -	
Walther, - - -	Mr. James Moore	Misses Farlin, Fischer, Coffey, Harris	
Knights, Nobles, Ladies, Minstrels, Pilgrims, Choral Union			
Mr. Albert A. Stanley, Conductor			

SYNOPSIS.

OVERTURE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The Hill of Venus. Chorus of Sirens.*

SCENE II. *Venus and Tannhaeuser. Tannhaeuser's Song; "While I have life."*

SCENE III. *Tannhaeuser; Young Shepherd; Pilgrims. Song of the Shepherd. Pilgrims' Chorus.*

SCENE IV. *The Landgrave and Minstrels. Wolfram's Songs; "We welcome thee." "When for the palm." Tannhaeuser's Song: "Ah, dost thou smile!"*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Elisabeth; "Oh, Hall of Song!"*

SCENE II. *Elisabeth, Tannhaeuser, and Wolfram. Duet (Elisabeth and Tannhaeuser); "Oh, blessed hour of meeting!"*

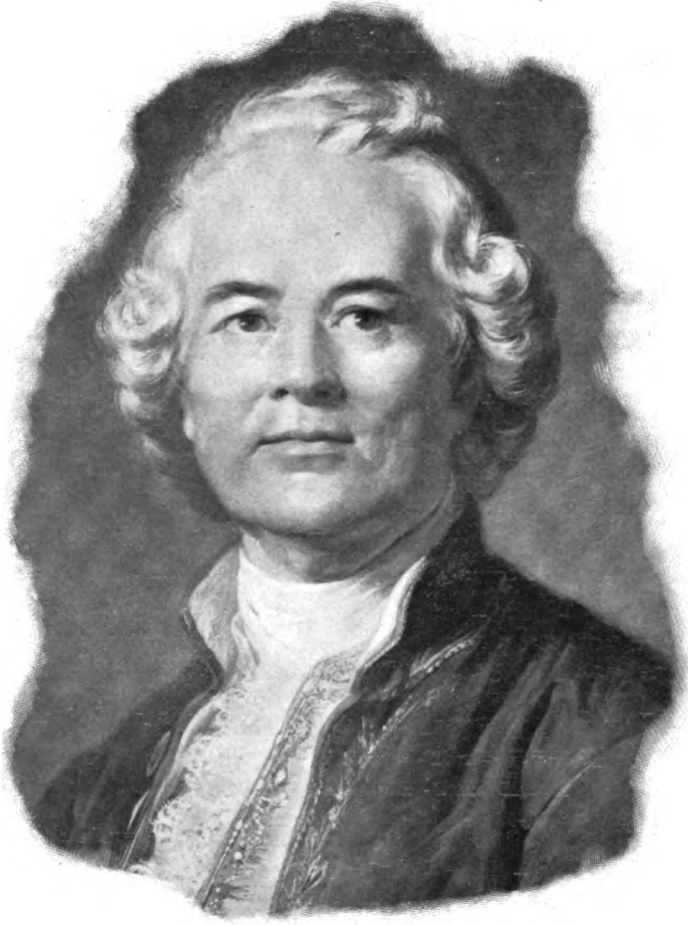
SCENE III. *The Tournament of Song. Processional March, Chorus, Landgrave's Address to the Minstrels, Wolfram's Eulogy of Love; Biterolf's Song; Wolfram's Second Song; Tannhaeuser's Song to Venus; Elisabeth's Intervention; The Landgrave's Admonition; Tannhaeuser's Departure.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Elisabeth, Wolfram, and Elder Pilgrims. Pilgrims' Chant; Elisabeth's Prayer.*

SCENE II. *Wolfram alone. Song: "O, thou sublime Evening Star!"*

SCENE III. *Tannhaeuser and Wolfram; later, Venus, Landgrave, Minstrels, Pilgrims, etc. Tannhaeuser's Pilgrimage; Scene with Venus; Funeral Chorus; Closing Chorus.*



DESCRIPTIVE PROGRAMS

FIRST CONCERT

Thursday Evening, May 15

"ORPHEUS," An Opera in 3 Acts, - - - - - GLUCK

CAST

ORPHEUS,	- - - - -	MADAME LOUISE HOMER
EURIDICE,	- - - - -	MADAME EVTA KILESKI
AMOR,	- - - - -	MISS ANITA RIO

THE CHORAL UNION

MR. ALBERT A. STANLEY, Conductor

Christoph Willibald Gluck—born July 2, 1714, at Weidenwang; died at Vienna, November 15, 1787—is one of the epoch-making figures in the history of the opera. As a genius not to be compared with Handel, Mozart or Rossini, among the operatic composers, he was far ahead of them all in his appreciation of the true nature and mission of opera. At the time when Gluck produced his first operas—as was but natural in the Italian style—opera had become so thoroughly conventionalized that even Handel's vigorous attitude had made but a passing impression. These first operas were very successful for in them he blindly followed the lead of the public. He had not yet learned the force of Schiller's saying, that "he who would lead the public must despise its decisions" and these works won immediate success at the cost of enduring fame.

The failure of "Pyramus and Thisbe," a work written in the then prevailing form of the *pasticcio*, led him to reflect seriously upon the artistic and æsthetic foundations of the form as it should exist. Because he sought for light on this problem from philosophy and æsthetics he became a reformer in the truest sense of the word. Fortunately we have an exact statement of his conclusions in the introductory remarks to his opera of "Alceste," and we quote, therefore, as follows:

"When I undertook to set 'Alceste' to music I resolved to avoid all those abuses which had crept into Italian Opera through the mistaken vanity of singers, and the undue compliance of composers, and which rendered it wearisome and ridiculous instead of being, as it once was, the grandest and most inspiring stage of modern times. I endeavored to reduce music to its proper function—that of seconding poetry—by enforcing the expression of the sentiment, and the interest of the situation without interrupting the action or weakening it by superfluous ornament. My idea was that the relation of music to poetry was much the same as that of harmonious coloring and well disposed light and shade to an accurate drawing—which animates the figures without altering the outline. I have, therefore, been very careful never to interrupt a singer in the heat of a dialogue in order to introduce a tedious *ritornelle*,

nor to stop him in the middle of a piece either for the purpose of displaying the flexibility of his voice on some favorite vowel, or that the orchestra might give him time to take breath before a long sustained note. Furthermore, I have not thought it right to hurry through the second part of a song, if the words happened to be the most important of the whole, in order to repeat the first regularly four times over, or to finish the aria where the sense does not end, in order that the singer might be allowed to exhibit his power of varying the passage at pleasure. In fact my object was to put an end to abuses against which good taste and good sense have long protested in vain. My idea was that the overture ought to prepare the spectators for the character of the piece they are about to hear; that the instruments ought to be introduced in proportion to the degree of interest or passion in the words; that it was necessary above all to avoid too great a discrepancy between the air of a dialogue and the preceding recitative, so as not to break the sense of a period or awkwardly interrupt the movement and animation of a scene. I also thought that my chief endeavor should be to attain a grand simplicity, consequently I have avoided making a parade of difficulties at the cost of clearness. I have set no value on novelty as such, unless it was naturally suggested by the situation and suited to the expression, in short, there was no rule which I did not consider myself bound to sacrifice for the sake of effect." That a theory of art so utterly at variance with the practice of the time should have subjected its promulgator to the bitterest opposition is apparent—that his operas were unmercifully criticised is a matter of history. This declaration of principles, however, was not only a careful presentation of the abuses then existing, but was also a masterly statement of the true philosophical basis of opera. The operas in which we find our greatest satisfaction at this time are more or less permeated with these principles, and among them may be counted several of the later works of this composer who may be called with truth "The Prophet of Wagner."

The opera of "Orpheus" was first produced in 1762. The libretto by Calzabigi differs from the myth in certain particulars, but on the whole the story moves along the same lines. In listening to it one can but realize the courage it must have taken for a man to deny himself the resources at his command for the sake of retaining through the whole work the "grand simplicity" of which he speaks, for while in the end such reserve contributes in no small degree to success, "novelty as such" and a "parade of difficulties" is too often demanded by those who do not look below the surface, or who possibly have no desire to do so. That an opera like "Orpheus" should still maintain its hold, is at once a tribute to Gluck's greatness and an indication that the world has not absolutely lost the taste for that which is simple and true.

OVERTURE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*On a knoll in a lonely grove of cypress and laurel the grave of Euridice is seen. A group of shepherds and nymphs enters, bringing wreaths of flowers and ivy. As they cast these on her grave—burning incense on the altar—they sing the following lament, which ORPHEUS interrupts with passionate appeals to EURIDICE.*

CHORUS.—O, if in these dark, silent forests, Euridice, still thy spirit hovers round thy dreary tomb,

Hear, we pray thee, our lamenting;
see how tearful are our eyelids for thee!

See how he weeps, thy poor unhappy Orpheus!

Moves thee not his complaint?

Come, thou wand'rer,

With affliction his heart is laden;

Come, dear one, banish the poison of pain.

ORPHEUS.—My friends, lamentations but add to my affliction! To the sacred shade of Euridice the latest honours let us pay, and scatter flowers upon her grave.

PANTOMIME.

CHORUS.—O, if in these dark, silent forests, etc.

ORPHEUS.—I pray you go! This spot is sacred to my grief, and here I would remain alone with sorrow.

RITORNELLE.

[*The shepherds and nymphs withdraw.*]

ORPHEUS.

I mourn my loved one dead,
When each morn is red,
When day is dying;
Yet she, whom death retains,
Deaf to my call remains,
Never replying.
Euridice, shade beloved,
Ah, where abidest thou?
I, thy husband, with woe overwhelm'd,
and tormented with grief, ever call thee.

Ask that the gods would restore thee.
The winds, alas, dispel my lamentations.

Weeping sorely I stray,
Mourning her passed away,
I, left here lonely;
I call on her sweet name,
Echo repeats the same,
Kind Echo only.
Euridice! Euridice!
The name I love sounds ev'rywhere,
By me it is told to the groves,
Ev'ry vale knows it well,
On the leafless stem, on the bark of growing oaks,

My hand has oft engraved it.
Euridice is no more,
Yet it were mine to live.
Would she again were living,
Or that I were dead.
Still I shed bitter tears,
Early when day appears,
Late, at its leaving;
The brooks with murmurs flow,
As feeling all my woe,
As with me grieving.
Relentless gods of Acheron,
Who rule the upper world, the abode of the departed, by the dread command of Pluto,
Ye, who eagerly fulfill his unchanging decrees,
Whom naught can move,
Neither youth nor yet beauty, from me have ye torn the wife I love so dearly.

What a cruel fate!
Her youth, her pure and winning beauty,
Did these not stay your hands from dealing such a stroke?

Ye inexorable tyrants, my wife I would recall.

I will boldly descend to the kingdom of Orcus, where my groans and my tears will be heard and will prevail.

My resolve with yours I will measure,
I have strength, I have heart enough.

AMOR.—The God of Love descends to console the afflicted. Give ear to me; thy grief has prevailed with the gods.

The realm of Orcus thou may'st enter, there to see Euridice numbered with the dead.

Go, and with thy lyre and thy singing, Tones that can touch a ruthless heart, Prevail thou on the rulers to let her depart,

So thou shalt thence return,
Her also with thee bringing.

ORPHEUS.—What, shall I behold her again?

AMOR.—Go, and with thy lyre and thy singing, etc.

ORPHEUS.—What, shall I behold her again?

AMOR.—Yes; but receive thou first what thou by the will of the gods art required to do and to suffer.

ORPHEUS.—O, no command will keep me back;
For her I shrink not from the trial.

AMOR.—Then hear thou what the gods command;

When thou to earth art returning, beware of attempting to look on thy wife, or her life thou wilt forfeit, and will lose her forever.

This do the gods require of thee,
Be thou worthy of all they grant.

The gods, if they call thee,
Obey thou with gladness,
Whatever befall thee,
In sorrow and sadness,
Endure, and be still.
Forbear lamentation,
Whatever betide thee,
Beyond expectation
Does rapture abide thee,
Thy bosom to fill.

ORPHEUS.—What said he? Is it true?
Shall I truly find her again, and call her mine?

But double sorrow will be my portion in yonder world, if I, transported with joy, forbear to look on her, or press her to my heart.

O my unhappy wife, thou wilt be seized
with unwonted pain; I see thee
with angry looks.

What torture to think of this.

Ah, the anticipation is already making
my life-blood run cold.

I will endure, I will be fearless!

My sorrow—no longer can I bear it,
and sooner would I encounter risk
of loss than live without her.

Be the gods my defence!

I am ready to obey them.

Away with mourning and crying;

Lo, on the gods relying,

For her all risks defying,

I boldly go on my quest.

I'll press through hell's gloomy portal,

I'll force its powers immortal

To bow to my behest.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Infernal Regions. Through clouds of smoke and flame may be seen the Furies and Lost Spirits wildly dancing and calling derisively on ORPHEUS, who undismayed presses forward.*

DANCE OF THE FURIES.

CHORUS.—What mortal is so bold that
this dark Erebus doth him not ter-
rify?

What mortal dares to seek these awful
shades?

DANCE OF THE FURIES.

CHORUS.—What mortal is so bold that
this dark Erebus does him not ter-
rify?

What mortal dares to seek these awful
shades?

Let deadly terror and horror possess
his soul, when with most direful
threats, frowning, fierce Cerberus
his entrance stays.

ORPHEUS.—O be merciful to me!

Furies, spectres, phantoms terrific,

O let your hearts have pity on my soul-
tormenting pain.

CHORUS OF FURIES.—No!

CHORUS OF FURIES.—Mortal deplorable,
what seekest thou of us?

Darkness and midnight gloom, weep-
and wailing

Resound through these awful shades,
With din eternal.

Here in these caverns is naught but
death's agonies;

Here naught is heard but the cries of
condemned.

ORPHEUS.—Thousand tortures, phantoms
of terror, are to me, as to you al-
lotted; the fire of hell rages in me,
inflaming my inmost heart.

[As he sings the Furies are moved to sympathy, and their song of derision and hate is changed to one of tenderness and pity.]

CHORUS OF FURIES.

What impulse strange is this,

Tender compassionate,

That can our wrath assuage,

Warmth in our hearts infuse,

O'ercome our hate.

ORPHEUS.—My entreating, my complain-
ing, would at length your pity
move, had ye ever felt the anguish
of the loss of one ye love.

CHORUS OF FURIES.

This tender song of woe,

Telling a mournful fate,

Touches our sympathies,

Causes kind thoughts to flow,

O'ercomes our hate.

Ope, then, the portals wide

To our immortal clime;

Let him of lofty fame,

With us in peace abide,

Who us o'ercame.

DANCE OF THE FURIES.

SCENE II.—*The Elysian Fields.*

BALLET.

EURIDICE AND CHORUS OF BLESSED
SPIRITS.

On these meadows are all happy-heart-
ed;

Only peace and rest are known;

Here for the spirits from earth de-
parted,

Is bliss alone;

Here are dried the tears of the sad for-
ever,

Earthly desires torment us never;

Within the breast what raptures
reign;

From our lives our former griefs we
sever,

Pleasure and transport remain.

SCENE III.—ORPHEUS (*Alone*).

How pure a light!

The sun is clear!

So bright his ray I ne'er have seen!

How rich the harmonies I hear,

Out-poured by a chorus angelic,

Through the ambient air.

The breeze full-scented blows,

The brooklet softly murmurs,

And ev'ry sight and sound of peace
eternal tells.



Yet though peaceful is all around me,
Peace of mind never more remains.
By thee alone, Euridice, can all the
sorrow from my stricken soul be
banished;
Thy voice tender and endearing, thy
look of affection, thy smile of kind-
ness,
These can alone with joy inspire me.

SCENE IV.—*As ORPHEUS sings, the spir-
its, enraptured by the beauty of his mu-
sic, draw nearer and nearer.*

CHORUS OF CELESTIAL SPIRITS.
Bide with us of bless'd dominion,
Noble hero, faithful companion,
Seek her here for whom thou'st
mourned.
Love rewards a heart so loyal;
Euridice, regal, royal, comes with
heav'nly charms adorned.

BALLET.

ORPHEUS.—O, blessed and happy spirits,
give her for whom I mourn,
O give her back to me.
Ah, if ye could but feel the fire that
burns within me,
Could ye but know what longing fills
my breast,
Once more to call her mine, my be-
loved, my sweet one—
Give her back, give her back to me.

CHORUS.—Be it so! we yield her to thee.
[EURIDICE advances through the
singers.

Come from out the realms Elysian,
To thy loving husband's vision,
Thy pure glance on him bestow.
Euridice, regal, royal,
To be loved by one so loyal,
Paradise anew thou'lt know.

[ORPHEUS, with averted face,
takes EURIDICE by the hand
and leads her forth.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A dark cavern—full of wind-
ing passages. ORPHEUS appears, still
leading EURIDICE by the hand.*

ORPHEUS.—O, come, Euridice, follow
me, my ever faithful wife whom I
love so entirely.

EURIDICE.—Who speaks? Is it thou?
Say, is it thou—or a phantom?

ORPHEUS.—Yes, thou see'st thine Orphe-
us himself, and yet alive. From the
realm of the dead would I bear
thee away. Persuaded by my tear-
ful pleading, have the gods re-
newed thy existence.

EURIDICE.—What! to live! to be thine!
Mighty gods what a joy! But—
with thy hand thou claspest mine
no longer! What—thou turnest
away, and will not meet mine eyes?
Thy heart—and is it cold, now that
we have met again? Is my beauty
decayed, are my charms already
flown?

ORPHEUS.—Alas, what shall I answer?

EURIDICE.—Is my life given back that I
may suffer pain? Gods, I will
gladly renounce what ye gave me.
Go, disloyal heart, set me free.

ORPHEUS.—Come, on my true love rely-
ing,

Mark my anguish!

Free from danger only to find thee!

On earth I may thine forever be.

Though pressed by sore temptation,

Silent I have to be,

Sweet the hope once set before me.

That heaven my loved one would re-
store me.

Yet will grief soon overpower me,

All in vain from death to flee.

EURIDICE.—No. I stay;

Would I might by dying anew,

Be divided from thee.

Leave me behind thee!

Speak thou, regard my supplication.

Sweet the hope once set before me,

That heaven my loved one would re-
store me,

Yet will grief soon overpower me,

All in vain from death to flee.

[They turn away from each other
EURIDICE in anger—ORPHEUS
in sorrow.

EURIDICE.—The light begins to fail.

I lament and I sigh, and I tremble
with terror; I am cold. I hear the
beat of my heart, through distress
and anguish; I am seized by the
pains of death, I shall succumb to
all my woe.

A change how deceiving,

Repose I am leaving,

Once more to be grieving,

At life and its pain.

There was naught to alarm me,

Only rapture to charm me,

No danger to harm me

Forever again.

ORPHEUS.

How the sight of my grief
Increases her distrust!

What is there to help me?

Ah! I am quite despairing!

Nowhere can I find

A solace for her heart!

I am doomed to misfortune,

I can bear up no longer.

ORPHEUS.—Now recommences my trial.

EURIDICE.—My dearest Orpheus, fare thee well!

Think on Euridice, forget me not.
Fare thee well!

ORPHEUS.—What sorrow!

To lose her will break my heart.

Nay, the gods cannot ask me for an offering so costly.

O, beloved Euridice!

[ORPHEUS, who up to this time has not looked upon the face of EURIDICE, overcome by her entreaties, turns to her, whereupon she sinks down, and dies.]

EURIDICE.—My Orpheus, I faint, I die.

ORPHEUS.—What is this I have done?

Unto what am I driven by my love and grief!

Euridice! My beloved!

Ah, she hears not my voice, she returns not again.

'Tis I to whom her death is due;

More than ever do I repent me;

My grief is past endurance.

In such an hour nought is left except to die and make atonement.

She is gone, and gone forever,

All my joy, alas, is flown;

Life without her would I never,

Why remain on earth alone?

Euridice, Euridice,

Make answer, I beseech thee,

If truth and love can reach thee.

She cannot hear me,

Vain expectation!

No consolation, nought to cheer me,

Nowhere relief.

SCENE II.—ORPHEUS, yielding to despair, is about to kill himself when AMOR appears, and, wresting his dagger from him, declares that the gods will reward his constancy by giving him Euridice again.

ORPHEUS.—Thee, only thee,

Faithful wife, I long for thee;

Till I come, I pray thee to wait for me.

We never shall again be parted,

But in death evermore united, thou and I.

AMOR.—Forbear and hear me.

Thy constancy and faith have been tried long enough;

Wherefore now shall thy sorrows be ended.

Euridice, awake thou!

To the loving and true give the reward of love.

ORPHEUS.—My Euridice!

EURIDICE.—My Orpheus!

ORPHEUS.—Good are the gods, how can we show that we are thankful?

AMOR.—By never questioning my power.

Return ye unto earth,

From out this dreadful place, and enjoy evermore the delights of faithful love.

SCENE III.—The dark and gloomy cave in which the trial of ORPHEUS has taken place is transformed into the Temple of Amor. It is filled with shepherds and shepherdesses, who celebrate in dance and song the return of ORPHEUS and EURIDICE.

ORPHEUS.—The god of Love has prevailed and is triumphant.

Let us all his altar adorn;

For mercy and freedom won and imparted,

Gladly we offer a life new-born.

CHORUS.—The god of Love, etc.

AMOR.—Wounded oft by reserve or anger,

Deeply will sigh a loving heart;

But when concord sweet re-enters,

Rapture revives to allay the smart.

CHORUS.—The god of Love, etc.

EURIDICE.—Oft by unfaithful are wounds made deeper,

Yet will faith reassert its power;

When distrust from the heart has been banished,

Love's true delight is but felt the more.

CHORUS.—The god of Love, etc.

BALLET, GAVOTTE, MINUET.

EURIDICE. — Sweet affection, heavenly treasure,

It is bliss to feel thy chain.

ORPHEUS.—Sweet affection, how much pleasure

Thou dost bring to temper pain.

AMOR.—The grief ye had will quickly wane,

If yet my favor ye retain.

EURIDICE and ORPHEUS.

O what rapture all-entrancing

Affection brings, our gladness enhancing;

Then with joy offer we

Thanks and praise unto thee.

AMOR.—Then with joy offer ye,

Thanks and praise unto me.

BALLET.

CHORUS.—The god of Love, etc.

CHACONNE.



SECOND CONCERT

Friday Afternoon, May 16

OVERTURE, "Der Wassertraeger," - - - - - CHERUBINI

Born at Florence, September 14, 1760; died at Paris, March 16, 1842.

A striking illustration of the universality of art is afforded by the career of the master, who a few days after his birth was christened Maria Luigi Carlo Zenobia Salvatore Cherubini. Thoroughly trained in the severest contrapuntal school, he soon won the admiration of his countrymen by the signal success of his first operas written in the florid style of Italy: later recognizing the artistic value of the romantic idea, he, through the work from which we take the overture for this program, exerted such an influence on Beethoven, that in a sense, we may look upon this opera as furnishing the inspiration for "Fidelio;" still later as Director of the Paris Conservatoire his influence dominated French operatic writing to a wonderful degree. Cherubini as an opera composer was lacking in dramatic power, for his music, though full of nobility and in many instance superlatively dramatic, *per se*, retarded action instead of enforcing it. In spite of this fundamental defect his operas exerted a salutary influence on contemporaneous art, and "Der Wassertraeger," notwithstanding the tremendous advance in the appreciation of the dramatic element, both on the part of composers and the public, still retains its charm. One listening to it can well understand why it appealed with such force to Beethoven, for the classic purity of its utterance had much in common with the noblest characteristics of the style of the greater genius.

Cherubini was especially gifted as a teacher, and, by the very restraints he imposed upon himself in his creative art, was singularly fitted to train composers, whose natural tastes led them to unbridled license of expression, restrained only by certain conventionalities which did not bear very heavily upon them; who were apt to mistake conceits of fancy, for imagination; nervousness, for vigor; ambition, for idealism, and posing, for dramatic feeling. Thus the Italian master was an inspiration to German art and a much needed restraining influence on the art of France.

The overture begins with a very dignified introduction (E major, 4-4 time, *Andante molto sostenuto*), which, after the interesting opening figure has been thoroughly exploited, leads into a brilliant Allegro, written in an abridged sonata form with such clearness of statement and development as to need no formal analysis.

ARIA, "DOVE SONO," from "Marriage of Figaro," - - - - - MOZART

Born at Salzburg, January 27, 1756; died at Vienna, December 5, 1791.

MADAME KILESKI.

Flown forever love's sunny splendor,
Now forsaken and lone I mourn;
Oft he vowed me love true and tender,
Ah, those lips are now forsworn!

Why, oh, why, must I thus sorrow,
 Why doth all to me seem changed?
 From remembrance I must borrow
 Ev'ry joy, since he's estranged.
 Ah! perhaps my constant yearning,
 And these bitter tears that start,
 Yet will win his love returning,
 And restore th' ungrateful heart.

CONCERTO, A minor, Op, 54, - - - - - SCHUMANN

Born at Zwickau, June 8, 1810; died at Endenich, near Bonn, July 29, 1856.

ALLEGRO AFFETTUOSO;

ANDANTE GRAZIOSO;

ALLEGRO VIVACE.

MR. HUTCHESON.

In Robert Alexander Schumann we see one of the foremost composers of the last century, and one of the founders of the neo-romantic school. A composer of commanding genius he was at the same time a critic of a type practically unknown since his day. He was sympathetic in his judgments of his contemporaries, many of whom, like Mendelssohn, Hiller and Hauptmann, failed to recognize his genius, not realizing that such pronounced literary power and critical acumen could be combined with even greater creative musical genius. Franz Liszt and Moscheles appreciated him from the first. Schumann, like Liszt, possessed great discernment, and was one of the first to welcome Chopin, of whom he said: "What is a whole year of a musical paper to a concerto by Chopin?" He also heralded the advent of Brahms in such terms that many, even at the present day when Brahms is beginning to be appreciated, question whether he has justified Schumann's prophecy. To truly understand Schumann's compositions one should study his critical methods, for his articles over the names of Florestan, Eusebius, Raro, etc., looking at subjects from every point of view, display an insight into the hidden processes of creative art that illuminates his own methods. Early in his artistic career there were premonitions of the malady that brought his life to an end in a madhouse, but in the period just after his happy marriage with Clara Wieck, who afterwards became the greatest interpreter of his pianoforte works, his compositions sparkle with life and vigor. To this period belongs the concerto on our program.

The first movement (A minor, common time, *Allegro affettuoso*), was written in 1841 and was given the title "Fantasie" as it was intended to form an independent composition. The other two movements were written in 1845. It is free in form, for Schumann allowed formal rules to rest very lightly upon him, realizing, as Wagner states, "that a worthy idea will create an adequate form." In this as in all his works, however, his ideas are developed with a breadth well nigh symphonic, although Schumann did not look upon the concerto as a symphony for orchestra in which the piano is but a part. The first four measures of the principal theme remind one forcibly of Mendelssohn, but here all resemblance to his contemporary ceases, for, as the movement proceeds, it has little in common with the polished but somewhat superficial style of that composer. The second subject is a lovely melody treated with an admirable appreciation not only of the solo instrument, but also of its relation to the orchestra. The cadenza is happily illustrative of the composers style, and, above all, of his disdain of difficulties as such. The Intermezzo (F major, 2-4 time, *Andante grazioso*), with its alternations of solo instrument and



orchestra and the beautiful second subject, for 'celli, is worthy of that much abused designation "Tone-poem." It is hardly developed when it merges into the final movement (A major 3-4 time, *Allegro vivace*), a virile ending to the work. It bristles with difficulties, which, as in some of the more modern concertos, are realized more by the performer than the listener. This statement emphasizes the dignity of Schumann's art, for the tendency to magnify the technical side of performance, while it gave rise to the form originally, is a constant source of danger to the composer, and may account for the fact that only such works as disregard this element, as the end, are retained in the repertoire of the true artist.

SYMPHONY, No. 5, C minor, op. 67, - - - - BEETHOVEN

Born at Bonn, December 16, 1770; died at Vienna, March 26, 1827.

ALLEGRO CON BRIO;

ANDANTE CON MOTO;

ALLEGRO; ALLEGRO.

In the presence of a work like the C minor Symphony one realizes the inadequacy of words to explain or describe all that it conveys to the soul. Art is the shadowing forth of the infinite and of all arts, music does this most completely. No composer has ever equaled Beethoven in his power of suggesting that which can never be expressed absolutely, and nowhere in his compositions do we find a work in which all the noblest attributes of an art so exalted as his more happily combine. No formal analysis, dealing with the mere details of musical construction can touch the real source of its power, nor can any interpretation of philosopher or poet state with any degree of certainty just what it was that moved the soul of the composer, though they may give us the impression the music makes on them. They may clothe in fitting words that which we all feel more or less forcibly. The philosopher, by observation of the effect of environment and conditions on man in general, may point out the probable relation of the outward circumstances of a composer's life at a certain period to his works; the poet, because he is peculiarly susceptible to the same influences as the composer, may give us a more sympathetic interpretation, but neither can ever fathom the processes by which a great genius like Beethoven gives us such a composition as the symphony we are now considering. Possibly, were music so definite that interpretations of absolute music were obvious, we should lose one of its greatest charms, for music, indefinite to the mass, becomes definite to the individual when it is allowed to possess the soul and given freedom of suggestion. Of the many interpretations put upon this work we cite the following by Nohl. "It is the musical Faust of the moral will and its conflicts: a work whose progress shows that there is something greater than Fate, namely, Man, who, descending into the abysses of his own self, fetches counsel and power wherewith to battle with life; and then, reinforced through his conviction of indestructible oneness with the god-like, celebrates, with dythyrambic victory, the triumph of the eternal Good, and of his own inner Freedom."

It may not be generally known that Beethoven was so attracted to Goethe's "Faust," that he at one time seriously considered using it as the subject of an opera. When we realize that Beethoven was infinitely greater in the domain of the symphony than the opera we may rejoice that he gave us this sublime symphony instead.

To fully understand the position this work occupies in the literature of the symphony, one must look upon it in its relation to the works of his predecessors in this field.

Haydn had developed a form full of symmetry and perfectly adapted to the expression of such musical ideas as would naturally occur to a man in whose life there was no excitement, whose soul was rarely stirred to its depths, and to whom the problems of hair-dressing and satisfying the petty exactions of court etiquette represented the only "storm and stress" he knew. His music was simple, naive and full of good humor. Could one expect that he would develop to the utmost a form containing such infinite possibilities of expression as the symphony? Neither could it be expected of Mozart, who, although a greater composer, by the very sunny qualities of this genius, turned his back, in-so-far as his music was concerned, on the graver aspects of life, even though he, like Beethoven, was compelled to face its most earnest problems? As a matter of fact Mozart did extend its scope, but almost entirely on the formal side, and for the sake of objective beauty, not as the results of a compelling need of expression. Mozart relieved the symphony of many conventionalities, and working with freedom within its limitations, created as beautiful examples of the form as can be found. They were, however, objectively beautiful for he did not aim at subjective expression. Neither Haydn nor Mozart were profound, in the sense that Beethoven was profound, and neither attempted to express those depths of experience for which Beethoven discovered fitting speech.

The first movement (C minor, 2-4 time, *Allegro con brio*), opens with a forceful figure of four tones by the strings and clarinets, which developed at some length, forms the thematic material of the first subject. The horns sound a transition theme of four measures ending in a long sustained tone over which a lovely second theme (E flat major) is sung by the strings. In the "development" section this transition theme of the horns is much in evidence and a wonderfully effective episode in which chords by the strings are answered by the wood-wind should be noted as it is peculiarly Beethovenesque. In the *reprise* the two principal subjects are most genially contrasted and elaborated. All through this movement the reiteration of the opening figure produces a most dramatic effect heightening the impression produced by its initial statement and giving color and meaning to the whole movement.

Such is the simplicity of the slow movement that it demands neither explanation nor suggestion.

The third movement (C minor 3-4 time *Allegro*), with its hesitating, questioning opening figure and cadence at first is full of alterations of unrest and unaffected gayety, but, as the movement develops, the questioning figure acquires a persistence that is expressed by the *brusque*, almost brutal *fugato* which, consumed as it were by its own intensity, finally ends in the almost despairing form in which the initial figure now appears. The long note by the strings in which the succeeding theme ends is sustained by the second violins and violas, while the first violins give out the "questioning motive" (if we may use modern phraseology), which finds its answer, when, introduced by a mighty *crescendo* comes the Finale (C major, common time, *Allegro*)—the most sublime song of victory ever composed.



THIRD CONCERT

Friday Evening, May 16

“FAUST,” a Lyric Opera in 5 Acts, GOUNOD

FAUST, - - - - -	MR. GLENN HALL
MEPHISTOPHELES, - -	MR. FREDERIC MARTIN
MARGARITA, - - - -	MISS ANITA RIO
VALENTINE, a Soldier - -	SIG. EMILIO GOGORZA
BRANDER, a Soldier, - -	MR. WILLIAM A. HOWLAND
SIEBEL,	MISS JANET SPENCER
MARTHA SCHWERLEIN, }	

STUDENTS, SOLDIERS, VILLAGERS, ANGELS, DEMONS

THE CHORAL UNION

MR. ALBERT A. STANLEY, Conductor

Charles Francois Gounod was born at Paris, June 17th, 1818; died there October 17, 1893. We must consider him one of the most eminent of French composers. There was a time when one who questioned his absolute preeminence would have been considered lacking in sanity. This was at the time when in “Faust” he displayed, as in no work before or since, his fertility of resource as a dramatic composer. With the years, new ideals of dramatic expression have come, and, unlike Verdi, a much greater genius, he did not respond to these new suggestions, but remained uninfluenced by forces that made an impression on many of his countrymen, even though, like Saint-Saens, they disavow the source of many of their most pronounced tendencies.

ACT I.

INTRODUCTION.

SCENE I.—FAUST'S study. *He is seated at a table covered with books and parchments. It is nearly morning, and his lamp is on the point of going out.*

FAUST.

Vain! In vain do I call,
Through my vigil weary,
On creation and its Lord!
Never a reply will break the silence dreary—
No sign—no single word.
Years, how many! are now behind me—

I look in vain! I learn in vain! vain!
vain!

The stars grow pale; the dawn covers
the heav'ns.

Mysterious night passes away,

[*Despairingly*

Another day, and yet another day.

O death! come in thy pity and bid the
strife be over.

What then? If thus death will avoid
me,

Why should I not go forth and seek
him?

All hail; brightest of days and last!
Without a dread am I.

The land of promise nearing,

By spell of magic cheering

Shall the narrow strait be passed!

CHORUS OF GIRLS. (*Without*)

Ah! careless, idle maiden,
Wherefore dreaming still?
Day with roses laden
Cometh o'er the hill.
The blithe birds are singing,
And hear what they do say:
"Through the meadows ringing
The harvest is so gay."
Brooks and bees and flowers
Warble to the grove,
Who has time for sadness?
Awaken to love!

FAUST.

Foolish echoes of human gladness,
Go by, pass on your way!
Goblet so often drained by my father's
hand so steady,
Why now dost thou tremble in mine?

CHORUS OF REAPERS. (*Without*)

Come forth, ye reapers, young and
hoary!
'Twas long ago the early swallow
Went up where eye can never follow—
Yonder in the blue, far away.
The earth is proud with harvest glory!
Rejoice and pray.

FAUST.

If I pray there is none to hear—
To give me back my love,
Its believing and its glow.
Accurst be all ye thoughts of earthly
pleasure,
And every by-passed treasure,
Which by memory binds me below!
Accurst ye toys, which did allure me,
Yet, when possessed, no rapture could
secure me.
Fond dreams of hope! ambitions high,
And their fulfillment so rare!
Accurst, my vaunted learning,
And forgiveness and prayer!
Accurst the patience that calms the
yearning!
Infernal king, appear!

[*Mephistopheles appears.*]

MEPHISTOPHELES.—Here am I!

You stare as you greet me.
Does it fright you to meet me?
With sword at my side,
And cap on my head,
And a purse rather heavy,
And a gay velvet cloak on my shoulder,
I travel as noblemen travel.
Speak out, wise men, what is your will?
At once tell me. Are you afraid?

FAUST.—No.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Do you doubt my might to aid you?

FAUST.—It may be.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It were easy to prove me.

FAUST.—Begone!

MEPHISTOPHELES.—Begone!

Is this the way you cheat me?
Now learn, old man, with all your skill,
Well-born hosts politely treat me!
Call for aid from far away!
Then to say "begone!" as if to beat me!

FAUST.—Canst thou do aught for me?

MEPHISTOPHELES.—Aught! All!

But first let me hear what I must do.
Say, is it gold?

FAUST.

What is gold to me, who hath learning?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Good! Methinks I can fancy your
yearning.

'Tis then for glory?

FAUST.—No, for more.

MEPHISTOPHELES.—For a kingdom?

FAUST.—No. I'd have thee restore

What outbuys them all.

My youth! Canst thou restore me!

Be mine the delight
Of beauty's caresses,
Her soft wavy tresses,
Her eyes beaming bright.
Be mine the warm current
Of blood in every vein,
The passion in torrent,
Which nothing can rein!
The rapture whose pleasure
To time giveth flight!
O Youth, without measure
Be mine the delight.

MEPHISTOPHELES.—'Tis well—'tis well!

Be young and enjoy without measure.
I will content your wildest craving.

FAUST.

And what fee do you ask in exchange?

MEPHISTOPHELES.—What my fee?

Hardly worth having—

Up here, I will wait on your pleasure;
But down there you must wait on me.

FAUST.—Below!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Below! Come on! sign it!
What now! What appalls you?
Needs there more to chase the cold?
Is it now woman calls you?
Doubt not, turn you; and behold!

[*The vision—MARGUERITE is seen
sitting at her spinning wheel.*]

FAUST.—Heavenly vision!

MEPHISTOPHELES.—Shall she love thee?

FAUST.—Give me!

MEPHISTOPHELES.—It is done!

[*Faust signs the parchment.*]

For the rest of the chapter

[*Raising the goblet.*]



'Tis I who wait upon you,
To drain from your goblet
The nectar of the sun.
No more of death—poison no more,
But life and rapture.

FAUST.—I'm thine! Angel from heaven,
come down!

[*He empties the goblet and is
transformed into a young man.
The vision disappears.*]

MEPHISTOPHELES.—Come!

FAUST.—I'll meet her again?

MEPHISTOPHELES.—It seems so.

FAUST.—How soon?

MEPHISTOPHELES.—Why, today.

FAUST.—Away!

MEPHISTOPHELES.—Away then—away!

FAUST.—Be mine the delight
Of beauty's caresses,
Her soft wavy tresses,
Her eyes beaming bright.
Be mine the warm current
Filling every vein—
Passion in torrent,
Which nothing can rein!
The rapture whose pleasure
To time giveth flight!
O Youth! without measure
Be mine thy delight.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Be thine the delight
Of beauty's caresses,
Her soft, wavy tresses,
Her eyes beaming bright.
Be thine the warm current
Filling every vein,
Share passion in torrent
Which nothing can rein,
And the rapture whose pleasure
To time giveth flight.
O Youth! without measure
Be thine the delight.

ACT II.

KERMESSE.

SCENE I.—*The Fair (Kermesse). Brander, Students, Soldiers and Citizens discovered at a tavern, drinking and singing.*

CHORUS OF STUDENTS.

Still or sparkling, rough or fine,
What can it matter, so we have wine?
What if the vintage great be or small,
Your jolly toper drinketh of all.

BRANDER.

Student, versed in every barrel,
Save the one of water white,

To thy glory, to thy love
Drink away tonight.

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS.

Young girls, ancient castles, they are
all the same;
Old towns, dainty maidens, are alike
our game!
For the hero, brave and tender, makes
of both his prey,
Both to valor must surrender and a
ransom pay.

OLD MEN.

Each new Sunday brings the old story.
Danger gone by, how we enjoy!
While to-day each hot-headed boy
Fights for to-day's little glory!
Let me but sit cosy and dry
Under the trees with my daughter,
And while raft and boat travel by
Drink to the folk on the water.

GIRLS.

Only look how they do eye us,
Yonder fellows gay!
Howsoever they defy us,
Never run away.

STUDENTS.

How those merry girls do eye us!
We know what it means—
To despise us, to decoy us,
Like so many queens.

MATRONS.

Only see the brazen creatures
With the men at play;
Had the latter choice in features,
They would turn this way.

CHORUS.

One would allure them,
They look so gay,
Only see, they look so gay.
If it give you pleasure
You may rail away.
To a gentle lover
We know what to say,
Tenderly moreover,
Take it as ye may.
If you secure them
What worth are they?
What a display!
Boldness without measure
Is the mode today,
All of us disgracing
By your vain display,
At a word embracing
People such as they.

OLD MEN.

Come here! come here!
Sit down and drink a drop, I say,
And drink a drop by the way;
My wife is scolding away,
It is her daily labor.

STUDENTS.

No jolly rover need fear a "nay",
 Never jolly rover need fear a "nay".
 Take me for thy lover,
 Pretty one, I pray;
 Never jolly rover
 Need fear a "nay".

DRINKERS.

Long live the wine!
 Red or white liquor, coarse or fine, etc.
 Long live the soldier,
 The soldier gay!
 Be it ancient city,
 Be it maiden pretty,
 Both must fall our prey.
 Comrades, to your armors!
 If the silly charmers
 Will provoke a fray,
 If they meet disasters
 Ere they own their masters,
 Who's to blame but they?

[Enter VALENTINE, arranging a
 medal around his neck, fol-
 lowed by SIEBEL.

VALENTINE.

Dear gift of my sister,
 Made more holy by her prayer,
 However great the danger,
 There's naught shall do me harm,
 Protected by this charm.
 Even bravest heart may swell
 In the moment of farewell,
 Loving smile of sister kind,
 Quiet home I leave behind.
 Oft shall I think of you
 When e'er the wine cup passes 'round,
 When alone my watch I keep,
 And my comrades lie asleep
 Among their arms upon the tented bat-
 tle ground.
 But when danger to glory shall call me,
 I shall be first, will be first in the fray,
 As blithe as a knight in his bridal array,
 Careless what fate may befall me.

BRANDER.—Ah! Valentine here!
 It is time to be marching.

VALENTINE.

A parting cup, my friend,
 If we ne'er drink another!

BRANDER.—Why so dull?
 Thou a soldier reluctant to go?

VALENTINE.

I am grave; for behind me
 I leave, alone and young,
 My sister Margarita.
 She has but me to look to,
 Our mother being gone!

SIEBEL.

I shall always be near her,
 To guard her like a brother in thy
 stead!

VALENTINE.—Thine hand!

SIEBEL.—Be sure I will not fail.

CHORUS.—We will watch o'er her too!

BRANDER.—Have done, my hearts!

Enough of melancholy.
 Come what come may,
 Let the soldier be jolly!
 Some wine, and let some hero brave
 Tune forthwith a merry stave!

CHORUS.

Some wine! and let some hero brave
 Tune up forthwith some merry stave!

BRANDER.

A rat, who was born a coward,
 And was ugly too,
 Once sat in the abbot's cellar,
 'Neath a barrel new.
 A cat—

[MEPHISTOPHELES enters.

MEPHISTOPHELES.—A what?

BRANDER.—Eh?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

May not I, though a stranger,
 Make one of such a jovial party?
 [To BRANDER.
 Pray sir, conclude the merry stave, so
 well begun.
 And I will sing when you have done a
 much better one.

BRANDER.—Sing it to us at once,
 Or we shall call you boaster.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If you must, sirs, you shall;
 I look to you for chorus.
 Clear the way for the Calf of Gold!
 In his pride and pomp adore him;
 East or West, through hot and cold,
 Weak and strong must bow before him!
 Wisest men do homage mute,
 To the image of the brute,
 Dancing 'round his pedestal,
 While old Mammon leads the ball.

SIEBEL, BRANDER, MEPHISTOPHELES and
 CHORUS.

While old Mammon leads the ball,
 For a King is the Calf of Gold!
 On their thrones the gods defying,
 Let the Fates or Furies scold;
 Lo his Empire is undying!
 Pope and Poet join the ring,
 Laurell'd chiefs his triumph sing,
 Dancing 'round his pedestal,
 While old Mammon leads the ball.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*Striking the head of
 Bacchus at the side of the inn.*)

What ho, Bacchus! up there! some
 liquors!
 Come while you can,
 And each one drink the wine most to
 his taste,



While I propose the health of the dearest of all dears,
Our Margarita.

VALENTINE.—Enough!
Bridle thy tongue, or thou diest by my hand!

MEPHISTOPHELES.—Come on!
[Both draw.

CHORUS.—Come on!
MEPHISTOPHELES (*Mocking.*)
So soon afraid
Who so lately defied me?

VALENTINE.
My sword! O dishonour! is broken in sunder.

SIEBEL, VALENTINE, BRANDER and CHORUS.
'Gainst the pow'rs of evil our arms assailing,
Strongest earthly might must be unavailing.

VALENTINE.
But know thou art powerless to harm us.
Look hither! look hither!
Whilst this blest sign we wear
Thou canst not harm us.

MEPHISTOPHELES.
We're sure to meet again, my fine friends;
[Enter FAUST.

Good-bye now!
FAUST.—What's amiss?

MEPHISTOPHELES.—Naught!
I am here at your thought.
What is your will with me?
How first shall I please you?

FAUST.
First let me see her, that darling child,
Whom I saw as in a dream;
Or was all an empty vision?

MEPHISTOPHELES.
Not so! but you may find it
Not easy to win her,
Task for no sanctimonious beginner.

FAUST.
What matter, so I win?
Come, and if I cannot see her,
Thy promise I'll stamp as a lie!

MEPHISTOPHELES.
As you will! I'm your slave on earth,
Ordained to do your will!
Soon this dainty treasure,
Too pure for such a sinner,
Shall be here!
While the danc'ers go so gaily by
You may your fortune try,
Try and succeed!

CHORUS.
Light as air at dawn of morning,
Our feet they fly over the ground,

To the music's merry sound.
For the flute and gayer viol,
Are today in cheerful trial,
To make the dance go round.

MEPHISTOPHELES.
How their dear eyes are beaming!
Only see how ev'ry flower
Is waiting for thee to smile.

FAUST.
Cease to whisper for a little while,
And leave me alone with my dreaming.

SIEBEL.—Weary I wait till she goes by,
Margarita.

CHORUS.—Why will you be shy,
Must we ask you to dance with us?

SIEBEL.
No, no, some more handsome one try.

CHORUS.—Light as air, etc.

FAUST.—It is she! my own one!

MEPHISTOPHELES.
Thine own! Hast thou no tongue?

SIEBEL.—Margarita!

MEPHISTOPHELES.—I'm here!

SIEBEL.—Wicked monster! Not yet gone?

MEPHISTOPHELES.
It seems not, you see,
Since again we meet!
Not gone yet! not gone yet!

[MARGARITA crosses the stage.

FAUST.
High-born and lovely maid,
Forgive my humble duty.
Let me be your willing slave,
Attend you home, today.

MARGARITA.
No, my lord, not a lady am I,
Nor yet a beauty;
And do not need an arm,
To help me on my way!

FAUST (*Gazing after her.*)
By my youth!
What a charm!
She knows not of her beauty.
Angel of light! I love thee.

SIEBEL—She has gone homeward.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST.*)
What news?

FAUST.—But ill. She would not hear me.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*Laughing.*)
Not hear?
What will you do?
It would seem, master mine,
I must teach you to woo.

CHORUS OF GIRLS.
What is this? Margarita,
Who would not let a young
And handsome lord esquire her!
Again! again! go on again!

Light as air, at early morning,
 Our feet fly over the ground
 To the music's merry sound.
 Pleasure enchanting!
 Till breath be gone!
 All glowing and panting,
 Let us dance on!
 The earth it is reeling,
 The bliss of a trance,
 What bliss are we feeling.
 Long live the dance!

ACT III.

SIEBEL.

Gentle flow'rs in the dew,
 Bear love from me,
 Tell her no flow'r is rarer,
 Tell her that she is fairer,
 Dearer to me than all,
 Though fair you be!
 Gentle flow'rs in the dew,
 Bear sighs from me,
 Tell her in accents tender,
 Tell her that I'll defend her,
 Gladly my life surrender,
 Her knight to be!
[She stoops and picks up a flower.]
 'Tis withered! Alas! that dark stran-
 ger foretold me
 What my fate must be—
 Never to touch a single flower
 But it must decay—
 Suppose I dip my hand in holy water,
 Behind the abbey door,
 Whither prays Margarita?
 Yes, that will I try on the morrow.
 This is not withered. No! Avaunt!
 Father of lies!
 Gentle flow'rs lie there,
 And tell her from me
 Long is my weary waiting,
 Strong is my heart's wild beating,
 While to her in the air
 I bend my knee,
 Gentle flow'rs lie there
 And tell her from me
 Would she deign but to hear me,
 With one smile to cheer me,
 For a delight so sweet
 I would die at her feet.

[Exit SIEBEL. Enter FAUST.]

FAUST.

What is it that charms me,
 And with passion true and tender
 warms me?
 O Margarita! Thy unworthy slave
 am I!
 All hail, thou dwelling pure and lowly!
 Home of an angel fair and holy,
 All mortal fair excelling!
 What wealth is here, what wealth out-
 bidding gold,

Of peace and love, and innocence un-
 told!
 Bounteous Nature!
 'Twas here by day thy lore was taught
 her,
 Here thou didst with care overshadow
 thy daughter
 Through the hours of the night!
 Here, waving tree and flower
 Made her an Eden-bower
 Of beauty and delight,
 For one whose very birth
 Brought down Heaven to our Earth,
 'Twas here!
 All hail, thou dwelling pure and lowly,
 etc.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Attention! here she comes!
 If yonder flowers this casket do out-
 shine,
 Never will I trust a little more.

FAUST.

Away! I will not bring shame to her
 door.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What now can keep you back?
 On the door's quiet threshold, see, the
 casket is laid.
[Laying down the casket. Exeunt.]
 Stand back! be not afraid!

[Enter MARGARITA.]

MARGARITA.

I wish I could but know who was he
 that addressed me;
 If one of noble birth, or what his name
 and station!
 Once there was a king in Thule—
 Who was until death alway faithful,
 And in memory of his loved one,
 Caused a cup of gold to be made;
[Stopping and speaking to herself.]
 His manner was so gentle,
 'Twas true politeness!

[Resuming the song.]

Never treasure prized he so dearly,
 Nought else would use on festive days
 And always when he drank from it,
 His eyes with tears would be o'er-flow-
 ing!

When he knew that death was near,
 As he lay on his cold couch smiling,
 Once more he raised, with greatest
 effort,

To his lips the golden vase,

[Stopping and speaking to herself.]

I knew not what to say—
 My face with blushes red;

[Resuming the song.]

And then, in her praise and honor;
 And when he to honor his lady,
 Drank from the cup the last, last time,
 Soon it fell from his grasp,
 And gently passed his soul away.



'Tis but to noble birth belongs so
brave a mien;
And so tender withal!
No more! an idle dream,
Dear Valentine! may Heaven bless thee
And bring thee home again!
I am left here so lonely!

[*Seeing the flowers.*]

Ah! flowers left here, no doubt, by
Siebel, poor faithful boy!

But what is this,
And by whom can the casket have been
left?

I dare not touch it! though the key is
laid beside it.

What is within? Will it open?

Why not! I may open, at least, since
to look will harm no one.

[*Opens casket.*]

Oh heaven! What brilliant gems,
With their magical glare deceive my
eyes!

Can they be real? Oh, never in my
sleep

Did I dream of aught so lovely!

[*Puts down the casket and kneels
down to adorn herself with the
jewels.*]

If I dared for a moment

But to try these earrings, so splendid!
And here, by a chance, at the bottom of
the casket, is a glass!

Why resist it any longer?

Ah! the joy past compare,

These jewels bright to wear!

Was I ever maiden lowly?

Is it I? Come reply!

Mirror, mirror, tell me truly.

No, no, this is not I!

No, surely enchantment is o'er me!

High-born maiden I must be.

This is not I, but a noble and King
shall pay homage before me.

Ah! if it might only be,

Ah! could he my beauty see,

Now as a royal lady

He would adore me. Ah! Ah!

Ah! Ah! as now a royal lady perchance
he would adore me!

Here are more, ready to adorn me!

Let us see this necklace, and bracelet
and oh!

A string of pearls! Ah!

It feels like a weight laid on my arm
to oppress me.

Ah! Ah! Ah! the joy past compare,
etc.

[*Enter FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.*]

FAUST.—Take my arm a little while.

MARGARITA.

I pray you, I pray you, excuse me!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*Offering his arm to
MARTHA.*)—My arm!

MARTHA (*Aside.*)—How sweet a smile!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*Aside.*)

This good neighbor hopes to steal me.

Yes! she hopes to steal me.

MARGARITA.—Pray you, sir, excuse me!

MARTHA.—Pray you, don't leave me.

FAUST.—Pray you, forgive me!

But why are you lonely?

[*To MARGARITA.*]

MARGARITA.

My mother is gone;

At the war is my brother;

One dear little sister I had,

But, little darling, she, too, is dead!

The angel! the angel!

Loved me, and loved me only;

I waited on her, night and day.

How I worked for her! oh, so dearly!

But those to whom we cling most
dearly

Are the first to be called away.

Sure as ever morning came,

Came her call, and I must be there!

Since she could speak, she called me
mother.

Oh my bird! ne'er for another

Half so truly my heart will care!

FAUST.

If a second angel, made by heaven,

Could so pure, could so perfect be,

She was an angel!

An angel sister to thee.

No, no; do not leave me!

Wherefore should you fear?

Heaven! strike me down, if I deceive

you!

For why should you fear?

MARGARITA

You laugh at me!

Ah, my lord, I fear

Words like yours to hear!

While they murmur near,

I must, alas! suspect you.

I pray you to leave me.

Yes! I must not hear them,

Should they yet deceive me!

MARTHA.

Sir! you do not hear,

And your quiet sneer

Is put on to grieve me.

Sir, you do not hear!

Oh! that sneer, that sneer,

Is put on to grieve me!

You go like another!

After having spoken,

Leaving one alone.

Why should you begone,

To leave me?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Do not be severe!

- The time is near when I must leave
you.
Do not be severe!
If I go and travel,
Does that mean that I deceive you?
If I travel on, does that deceive you?
- MARGARITA.
The hour is late! Farewell!
- FAUST.
Oh! never leave me, now, I pray thee!
Why not enjoy this lovely night a little
longer?
Let me gaze on the form before me!
While from yonder ether blue
Look how the stars of eve,
Bright and tender, linger o'er me!
To love thy beauty, too.
- MARGARITA.
Oh, how strange, like a spell,
Does the evening bind me!
And a deep languid charm
I feel without alarm,
With this melody enwind me,
And all my heart subdue!
Let me now try my fortune!
- FAUST.—What is this?
- MARGARITA (*Taking the leaves from a
flower.*)
Let me, let me but try.
- FAUST.—Was it her fancy?
- MARGARITA.
He loves me—he loves me not!
He loves me!
- FAUST (*To her.*)
Ah! 'tis no tale betraying;
The flower has told thee true!
Repeat the words anew
That Nature's herald brings thee!
He loves thee!
In that spell, defy what fate can do—
In love, no mortal power
Faithful hearts can sever!
Whatever the weal or woe,
We will be faithful for ever!
Ever true! ever faithful!
O tender moon, O starry Heav'n,
Silent above thee, where the angels are
enthroned,
Hear me swear how dearly do I love
thee!
Yet once again, beloved one let me
hear thee,
It is but love to be near thee,
Thine own and thine alone,
Ah! loved one! I am thine own!
I am thine own, and thine alone.
Margarita!
- MARGARITA.—Ah! begone.
- FAUST.—Unkind one!
- MARGARITA.—I falter!
- FAUST.—To bid me thus begone!
- MARGARITA.—Ah! begone!
Ah! I dare not hear!
Ah! how I falter! I faint with fear!
Pity, and spare the heart of Margarita.
I entreat you only in mercy to begone!
- FAUST.
Oh, fair and tender child!
Angel, so holy, thou shalt control me,
Be passion ever so wild!
I obey—but at morn?
- MARGARITA.
Yes, at morn, very early!
At morn, all day!
- FAUST.
One word at parting!
The one, one word of heaven say—
Thou lov'st me!
[*Hastens towards the pavilion, then
stops short on the threshold, and
wafts a kiss to FAUST.*]
- MARGARITA.—I love thee!
- FAUST.
Were it already morn!
Ah, now away!
- MEPHISTOPHELES.—Why, thou dreamer!
- FAUST.—Thou hast overheard?
- MEPHISTOPHELES.
Well, I have,
Your parting with its modest word.
Go back, on the spot, to your school
again!
- FAUST.—Let me pass!
- MEPHISTOPHELES.
Not a step; you shall stay, and over-
hear again
That which she telleth to the stars.
You dreamer!
[MARGARITA opens the window.
I know!
Look! there she opens the window.]
- MARGARITA.
He loves me! he loves me!
Repeat it again, bird, that callest!
Soft wind that faltest!
When the light of evening dieth,
Bear a part in the strain.
He loves me! Ah! our world is glo-
rious,
And more than heaven above!
The air is balmy
With the very breath of love!
How the boughs embrace and murmur!
At morn! at morn!
Ah, speed, thou night, away!
He will return! Come!
- FAUST.—Margarita!
- MARGARITA.—Ah!
- MEPHISTOPHELES.
There! Ha, ha, ha. Ha!



ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Grand Square.—Procession of Soldiers and Citizens.—VALENTINE and SIEBEL meet.*

SIEBEL.

When all was young and pleasant,
May was blooming,
I, thy poor friend, took part with thee
in play;
Now that the cloud of Autumn dark is
glooming,
Now is forever me, too, mournful the
day!
Hope and delight have passed from life
away!
We were not born with true love to
trifle!
Nor born to part because the wind
blows cold;
What tho' the storm the summer 'garden
rifle,
O Margarita! O Margarita!
Still on the bough is left a leaf of gold.

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS.

Glory and love to the men of old,
Their sons may copy their virtues bold;
Courage in heart and sword in hand,
Ready to fight or ready to die for
Fatherland!
Who needs bidding to dare by a trumpet
blown?
Who lacks pity to spare when the field
is won?
Who could fly from a foe, if alone or
last,
And boast he was true, as coward might
do when peril is past?
Now to home again!
We come, the long and fiery strife of
battle is over;
Rest is pleasant after toil
As hard as ours beneath a stranger sun,
Many a maiden fair is waiting
Here to greet her truant soldier-lover!
And many a heart will fail and brow
grow pale to hear—
To hear the tale of cruel peril he has
run.
We are at home! We are at home!

[*All exeunt rejoicing.*]

[*Enter MEPHISTOPHELES and FAUST.*]

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why linger here, my master?
You'll find her in the house!

FAUST.

Be still, thou fiend!
Too much have I already brought here
of sorrow and sin!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Then why come again,
After having once left her?

I know of beauties so fresh, and far
more kindly,
And waiting but for you!

FAUST.—Margarita!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I see that I talk in vain,
Since, like a fool, you love her.
But to uncloset yonder door
We must move her,
Just listen while I sing her a fanciful
strain!
Catarina, while you sham asleep,
You contrive to hear,
Thro' the lattice shyly peep and see
your love is near!
To his mistress dear, while creeping
Thus sang her cavalier!
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
'Ere the tell-tale moon had risen,
A bird of night thus did sing—
Lock thy heart like any prison,
Till thou secure a wedding-ring.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Caterina! cruel, cruel!
Cruel to deny to him who loves thee—
For thee doth mourn and sigh—
A single kiss from thy rosy lips.
Thus to slight a faithful lover,
Who so long hath been a rover,
Too bad, I declare!

[*Enter VALENTINE from the house.*]

VALENTINE.—What is your will with me?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

With you, my captain splendid?
My humble serenade was not for you
intended.

VALENTINE.

At my sister!
You then would jeer.

FAUST.—Oh heaven!

[*VALENTINE breaks MEPHISTOPHELES' guitar.*]

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Is there something that bites you?
Or, may be, no serenade delights you?

VALENTINE.

Enough of insult! Reply!
By which of you two shall I be re-
quired
For name defiled, for laurel blighted!
Which of you two shall be thrust by
my sword?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Will you be mad?
Come on, my pupil,

[*FAUST draws his sword.*]

And take him at his word!

FAUST.

His eye, so stern and dark with blood,
With fatal might enthralls me!
Is not a brother's vengeance just,
If death befalls me?

VALENTINE.

Thou who rulest right,
Thou knowest the voice that calls me,
My sword shall find his heart outright
If death befalls me!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Such an eye, dark with blood,
Enkindles, not appalls me;
For I smile, since in his ire
I see good luck befalls me!
Lean against me, my friend,
Be not eager to fight! lean on me!
He shall have it.

[FAUST and VALENTINE fight—they
make four thrusts. VALENTINE
falls.]

So, captain, lie you there,
On your last bed of glory!
And now come away! come away!

[Exeunt FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.]

CHORUS.

This way was the noise!
In the streets they were fighting,
And one is on the ground,
Over there in the shade.

[MARTHA and citizens enter.]

But he is not yet dead!
He is trying to rise!
Come to his aid!
Support him, raise his head!

VALENTINE.

Too late! too late!
There's no need, good friends, to be-
wail me!
Too often have I looked on death to be
afraid,
Now that he is near.

[Enter MARGARITA at back.]

MARGARITA.—Valentine! Valentine!

VALENTINE.

Margarita, my sister,
What brings thee here? Begone!

MARGARITA.—Mercy!

VALENTINE.

Thy shame hath slain me!
Her fine betrayer's sword
Hath sent her brother home!

CHORUS.—Traitor's sword!

SIEBEL.—Pardon!

MARGARITA.

Oh torture cruel! my doom is come!

SIEBEL.—Pray have mercy!

CHORUS.

Her shame hath slain him!
Her shame hath sent her brother home!

VALENTINE.

Hear my last words!
Margarita, when fate strikes thee down,
Must thou, as I, be ready:

No use is it to struggle or pray

When the call from on high bids us to
come away;

Live, live, meanwhile,
Enjoy thy guilty splendor,
Wear a rich robe thy white limbs to
enfold.

Cover with rings thy hand so soft and
tender!

Laugh at the feast with other women
bold!

Go, and talk of thy mother,
Who did love thee so well,
And thy wild soldier brother.

Live, and grow old!
And remember for thy shame how he
fell!

Let heaven reject thee and earth be thy
hell!

CHORUS.

Do not curse where thou liest,
Beware how thou defiest!

In Heaven's name

Make thy peace ere thou diest!

Forgive her, if thou wouldst thyself be
forgiv'n!

VALENTINE.

Margarita, let me curse thee!
On thy death-bed thou too must lie!
Ah! thy hand hath slain me!
Like a soldier I die.

[VALENTINE dies.]

SIEBEL, MARTHA, and CHORUS.

Heaven give him rest!
And accord her forgiveness for her sin.

SCENE II.—*The Church.*—MARGARITA dis-
covered kneeling at a font.

MARGARITA.

O Thou, who on thy throne
Giv'st an ear for repentance!
Here, before thy feet, let me pray.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No! Thou shalt pray no more!
Let her know, ere she prayeth,
Demons of ill, what is in store.

CHORUS OF DEMONS.—Margarita!

MARGARITA.—Who calls me?

CHORUS.—Margarita!

MARGARITA.

I falter—afraid!
Oh! save me from myself!
Has even now the hour of torture be-
gun?

[The tomb opens and discovers
MEPHISTOPHELES who bends over
to MARGARITA's ear.]

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Recollect the old time, when the an-
gels, caressing,
Did teach thee to pray,

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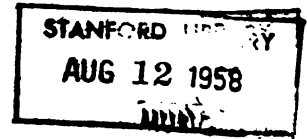
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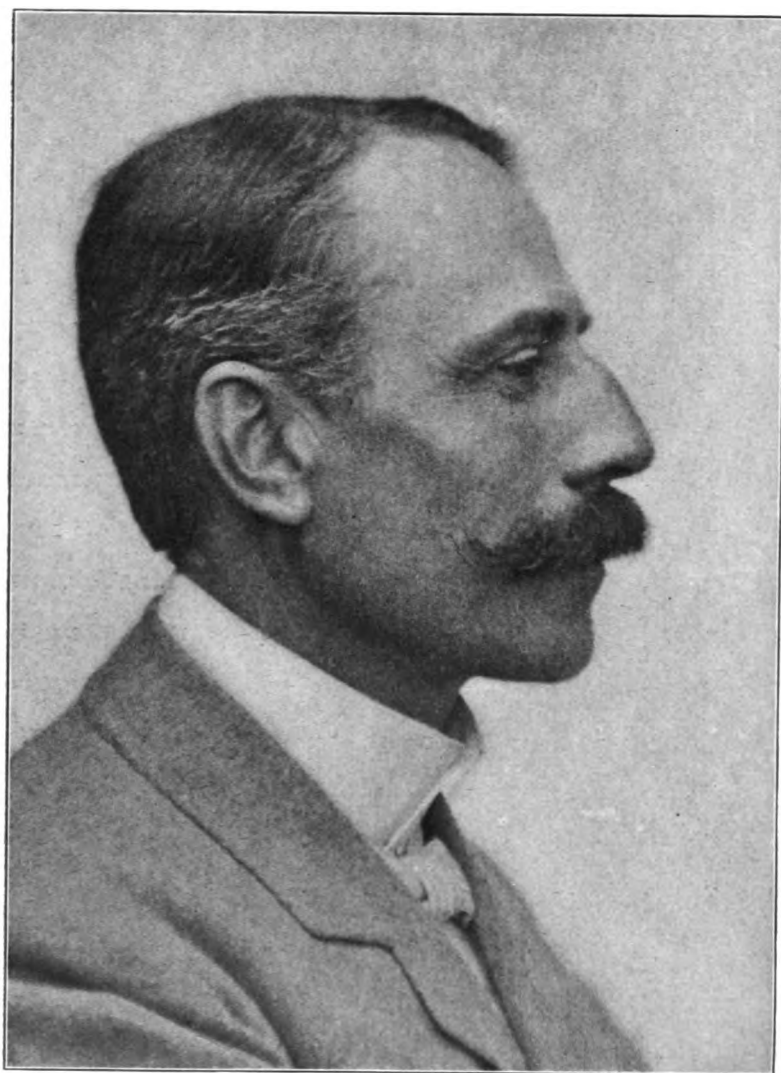
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TO BE HELD IN

University Hall, Ann Arbor,
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LLEWELLYN L. RENWICK	-	-	-	-	-	-	" " 30
GUISEPPI VERDI	-	-	-	-	-	-	" " 32
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WILLIAM HOWLAND	-	-	-	-	-	-	" " 44

Gift
Byron A. Finney
7-10-31

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FOURTEENTH SEASON

1902-1903

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CONCERTS and SOLOISTS

Thursday, May 14, 8 P. M.

"Caractacus"

A Dramatic Cantata, - - - Elgar
(First Performance in America)

CAST

Eigen, - - - - -	Madame SHANNAH CUMMING
Orbin, - - - - -	Mr. WILLIAM WEGENER
Caractacus, - - - - -	Signor EMILIO de GOGORZA
Claudius, } - - - - -	Mr. FREDERIC MARTIN
A Bard, } - - - - -	
Arch Druid, } - - - - -	

Mr. ALBERT A. STANLEY, Conductor

Friday, May 15, 3 P. M.

Symphony Concert

SOLOISTS

Madame BLOOMFIELD-ZEISLER, Pianist Miss ANITA RIO, Soprano
Mr. EMIL MOLLENHAUER, Conductor

Friday, May 15, 8 P. M.

Wagner Concert

SOLOISTS

Madame ISABELLE BOUTON, Contralto Mr. ANDREAS DIPPEL, Tenor
Mr. FREDERIC MARTIN, Bass
and

THE CHORAL UNION

Mr. EMIL MOLLENHAUER and MR. ALBERT A. STANLEY, Conductors

Saturday, May 16, 2:30 P. M.

Miscellaneous Concert

SOLOISTS

Madame ISABELLE BOUTON, Contralto Mr. CARL WEBSTER, Violoncellist
Mr. LLEWELLYN L. RENWICK, Organist
Mr. EMIL MOLLENHAUER, Conductor

Saturday, May 16, 7:30 P. M.

"Aida"

An Opera in Four Acts, - - - Verdi

CAST

Aida, - - - - -	Miss ANITA RIO
Amneris, - - - - -	Madame LOUISE HOMER
The High Priestess, - - - - -	Miss FRANCES CASPARY
Radames, - - - - -	Mr. ANDREAS DIPPEL
Amonasro, - - - - -	Signor EMILIO de GOGORZA
Ramphis, - - - - -	Mr. FREDERIC MARTIN
The King, - - - - -	Mr. WILLIAM HOWLAND
The Messenger, - - - - -	Mr. JOSEPH T. BERRY

THE CHORAL UNION

Mr. ALBERT A. STANLEY, Conductor



Boston Festival Orchestra

PERSONNEL

EMIL MOLLENHAUER, Conductor

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HUGO OLK
MAX SCHULZ
JOHN C. COLE
JOHN WITZEMANN
FLORENZ WERNER
THEO. COOK
FRANK KING
B. J. HOLMBERG

Second Violins

JULIUS SCHUL
ALFRED SPEIL
JOHN B. FIELDING
MAX KORB
HENRY J. HORNBERGER
C. J. MILLER

Violas

W. A. HOCHHEIM
FRANK FIALA
HUGO CARO
J. BENAVENTE

Cellos

CARL WEBSTER
JULIUS STURM
WM. A. WELLS
RALPH SMALLEY

Basses

R. N. DAVIS
OTTO LORENZ
PAUL RAHMIG
O. L. SOUTHLAND

Flutes

E. A. FRANKLIN
LEOPOLD BROECKAERT

Oboes

JACQUES WOUTERS
CARL STIEGELMAYER

Clarinets

JOHN E. ST. CLAIR
JACOB WOLL

Bassoons

R. KRUEGER
PAUL FUCHS

Horns

ANTON HORNER
JOSEPH HORNER
ROBERT MINSEL
CARL SCHINNER

Trumpets

ARTHUR S. WONSON
WM. HILL
H. KRESSE

Trombones

GEORGE DECHERT
A. P. RIPLEY
HENRY WOELBER

Tuba

OTTO LORENZ

Harp

WILHELMINA LOWE

Tympani

FRANK E. DODGE

Bass Drum, Cymbals, etc.

CARL LUDWIG

CHORAL UNION SERIES

1902-1903

FOURTEENTH SEASON, SIXTH CONCERT

(No. CXVI Complete Series)

FIRST MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

Thursday Evening, May 14, 8 o'clock

"CARACTACUS"

A Dramatic Cantata by Edward Elgar

(First Performance in America)

CAST

Eigen	Madame Shanna Cumming
Orbin	Mr. William Wegener
Caractacus	Sig. Emilio de Gogorza
Claudius	
Arch-Druid	Mr. Frederic Martin
A Bard	
The Choral Union,	
Mr. Albert A. Stanley, Conductor	

SYNOPSIS.

SCENE I.

(Eigen, Orbin, Caractacus, and Chorus.)

CHORUS—"Watchmen, alert!"

SOLO (Caractacus)—"Watchmen, Alert! the King is here."

RECIT. (Eigen, Orbin, and Caractacus)—
"Father, Sir, and King."

SOLO (Eigen)—"At eve to the greenwood."

TRIO (Eigen, Orbin, and Caractacus)—"On the ocean and the river."

CHORUS—"Rest, weary monarch."

SCENE II.

(Orbin, Arch-Druid, Caractacus, and Chorus.)

SOLO (Arch-Druid) AND CHORUS—"Tread the mystic circle round."

CHORUS (INVOCATION)—"Lord of dread."

RECIT. (Arch-Druid, Orbin, and Caractacus)
"Bard, what read ye?"

SOLO (Caractacus) AND CHORUS (Soldiers)—
"Leap to the light."

CHORUS—"Hence—ere the Druid's wrath is woke."

SCENE III.

(Eigen, Orbin, and Chorus.)

INTRODUCTION (Orchestra.)

CHORUS—"Come! beneath our woodland bowers."

SOLO (Eigen)—"O'er-arch'd by leaves."

SOLO (Orbin)—"Last night beneath the sacred Oak."

DUET (Eigen and Orbin) AND CHORUS—
"They gather the wreaths."

SCENE IV.

(Eigen, Caractacus, and Chorus.)

CHORUS (Maidens)—"Wild rumours shake our calm retreat."

SOLO (Eigen)—"When the glow of the evening."

CHORUS (Soldiers)—"We were gather'd by the river."

SOLO (Caractacus) AND CHORUS (LAMENT)
—"O my warriors."

SCENE V.

(A Bard and Druid Maidens.)

SOLO (A Bard) AND CHORUS—"Captive Britons, see them."

SCENE VI.

(Eigen, Orbin, Caractacus, Claudius, and Chorus.)

PROCESSIONAL MUSIC (Orchestra and Chorus)
—"The march triumphal thunders."

RECIT. (Claudius)—"Unbind his hands."

SOLO (Caractacus)—"Heap torment upon torment."

RECIT. (Claudius) AND CHORUS—"Slay, slay the Briton."

SOLO (Caractacus)—"I plead not for myself."

QUARTET (Eigen, Orbin, Caractacus, and Claudius)—"Grace from the Roman."

CHORUS—"The clang of arms is over."

CHORAL UNION SERIES

1902 - 1903

FOURTEENTH SEASON, SEVENTH CONCERT

(No. CXVII Complete Series)

SECOND MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

Friday Afternoon, May 15, 3 o'clock

SYMPHONY CONCERT

SOLOISTS

Miss Anita Rio, Soprano

Madame Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler, Pianist

Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, Conductor

PROGRAM

1. Symphonic Poem, "Es waren Zwei Koenigs-Kinder," Op. 21 *Volbach*

2. Concerto, A minor, Op. 54 *Schumann*

Allegro affettuoso; Andante grazioso; Allegro vivace.

MADAME BLOOMFIELD-ZEISLER

3. "Die Lorelei" *Liszt*

MISS RIO

4. Symphony No. 6, C minor, Op. 58 *Glazounow*

Adagio-Allegro passionato; Tema con variazioni; Intermezzo; Finale

CHORAL UNION SERIES

1902-1903

FOURTEENTH SEASON, NINTH CONCERT

(No. CXIX Complete Series)

FOURTH MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

Saturday Afternoon, May 16, 2.30 o'clock

MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT

SOLOISTS

Madame Isabelle Bouton, Contralto

Mr. Llewellyn L. Renwick, Organist

Mr. Carl Webster, Violoncellist

Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, }

Mr. Albert A. Stanley, }

Conductors

PROGRAM

Symphony in D minor, Op. 42, for Organ and Orchestra . . . *Guilmant*
Largo maestoso-Allegro; Pastorale; Allegro assai

MR. RENWICK

Aria, "Abscheulicher," from "Fidelio" *Beethoven*

MADAME BOUTON

Suite, "Ein Maerchen," Op. 16 *Suk*

I. Love and Grief of the Royal Children

II. Folks Dance. III. Intermezzo—Death Music

IV. Queen Runa's Curse—Triumph of Love

Variations Symphonique for Violoncello *Boëllmann*

MR. WEBSTER

Songs with Piano

a Faded *Proch*

b Marie *Franz*

c Serenade *Van der Stucken*

MADAME BOUTON

Overture, "1812" *Tschaikowsky*

CHORAL UNION SERIES

1902 - 1903

FOURTEENTH SEASON, TENTH CONCERT

(No. CXX Complete Series)

FIFTH MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

Saturday Evening, May 16, 7.30 o'clock

"AIDA"

An Opera in Four Acts by Verdi

CAST

Aida	Miss Anita Rio	Amonasro	Sig. Emilio de Gogorza
Amneris	Madame Louise Homer	Ramphis	Mr. Frederic Martin
High Priestess	Miss Frances Caspary	The King	Mr. William Howland
Radames	Herr Andreas Dippel	The Messenger	Mr. Joseph T. Berry

Priests, Priestesses, Soldiers, Ministers and Captains,
The People, Slave Prisoners

Choral Union

Mr. Albert A. Stanley Conductor

SYNOPSIS

PRELUDE

ACT I.

INTRODUCTION (*Ramphis*).

ROMANZA (*Radamès*).

DUET (*Amneris and Radamès*).

TERZET (*Amneris, Radamès, Aïda*).

SCENE AND ENSEMBLE (*The above with the King, Ramphis, Messenger and Chorus*).

BATTLE-HYMN (*The King, etc.*)

SCENE (*Aïda*).

(*Aïda*).

CHORUS OF PRIESTESSES.

DANCE OF PRIESTESSES.

PRAYER (*Ramphis and Chorus*).

ACT II.

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

DANCE OF THE SLAVES.

SCENE AND DUET (*Aïda, Amneris*).

FINALE AND CHORUS.

EGYPTIAN MARCH.

CHORUS OF VICTORY.

SCENE, ENSEMBLE, AND CHORUS.

ACT III.

PRAYER (*Chorus of Priests and Priestesses*).

ROMANZA (*Aïda, Amneris*).

SCENE AND DUET (*Aïda, Amonasro*).

DUET (*Radamès, Aïda*).

TERZET (*Radamès, Aïda, Amonasro*).

ACT IV.

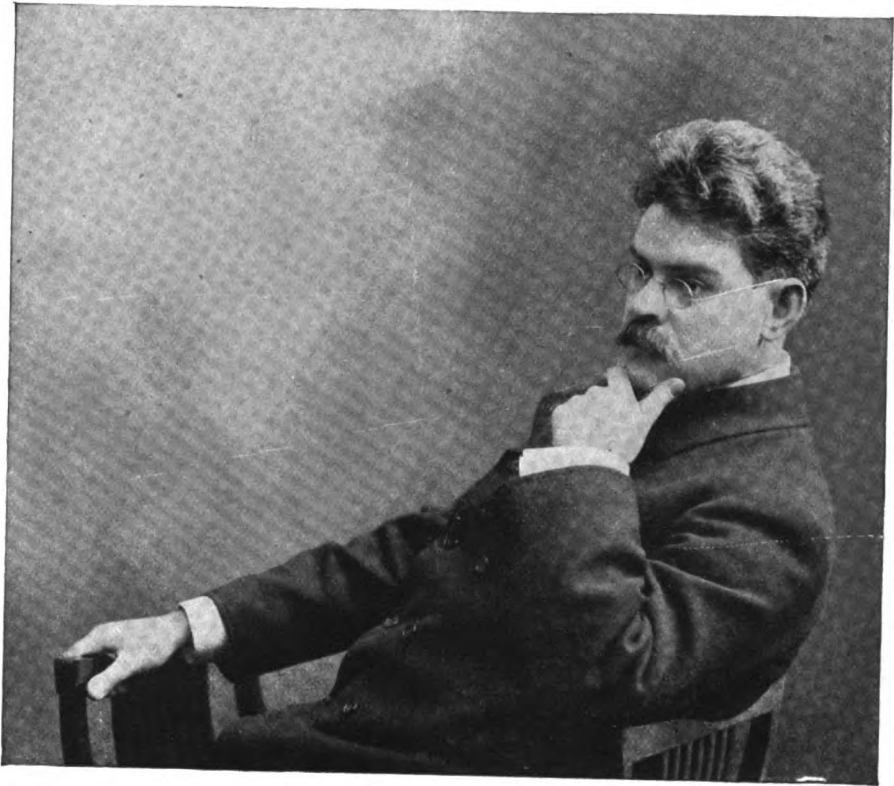
SCENE (*Amneris*).

DUET (*Amneris, Radamès*).

JUDGMENT-SCENE (*Ramphis and Chorus; Amneris*).

SCENE AND DUET (*Radamès*).

(*Radamès, Aïda*).



DESCRIPTIVE PROGRAMS

(Analyses by Albert A. Stanley.)

FIRST CONCERT

Thursday Evening, May 14, 1903

"CARACTACUS," A Dramatic Cantata, - - - - ELGAR

CAST

EIGEN,	- - - - -	MADAME SHANNAH CUMMING
ORBIN,	- - - - -	MR. WILLIAM WEGENER
CARACTACUS,	- - - - -	SIGNOR EMILIO DE GOGORZA
CLAUDIUS,	} - - - -	MR. FREDERIC MARTIN
ARCH DRUID,		
A BARD,		

THE CHORAL UNION

MR. ALBERT A. STANLEY, Conductor

EDWARD WILLIAM ELGAR

Born at Broadheath (near Worcester), England, June 2, 1857; still living.

The unusual prominence given to the works of Edward William Elgar in the programs of our great concert institutes would seem to indicate that in him we have a composer of more than ordinary significance, one of real originality.

Whether the superlative admiration expressed by some will be justified by the verdict of time we may not determine, but there can be no doubt—in view of the fact that he seems to be an artistic storm center—that he really has something to say.

His artistic equipment is superb, and, when we consider that he is almost entirely self-taught, the mastery he displays in every direction—especially in his control of the resources of the orchestra, in which he is only excelled by Richard Strauss—is nothing short of marvelous. His career seems to emphasize ultra-modern art not as the work of individual genius alone, but as an expression of the tremendous energy and complex forces conditioning modern life—and in the highest sense cosmopolitan. This view seems to be enforced by the fact that the art of the two composers to whom we have referred—while it seems to be a real necessity of expression and permeated by this zeitgeist—has technically but comparatively little in common. The query so often put as to the permanence of this movement cannot be definitely answered, but if the foregoing suggestions are correct, there can be no doubt of its sincerity—and sincerity is a condition of enduring art. His life has been singularly lacking in incident, quite unlike the career of his younger contemporary,

Richard Strauss—to whom one must, we believe, accord greater creative power, even real genius—but his works display a versatility, a fine sense of values, and an intellectual appreciation, indicative of a wide acquaintance with literature, art, and life. None but a man to whom the highest concepts of life appeal could have written such a work as his latest choral composition, "The Dream of Gerontius," which in the judgment of Theodore Thomas is "the greatest choral work of the nineteenth century—not excepting Brahms's 'Requiem'." In the work chosen for the opening night of the present Festival we meet with many of the qualities that have given him such an exalted position among contemporaneous composers.

"Caractacus" is a dramatic setting of an episode in the Roman invasion of Britain. It is full of the musico-dramatic devices first introduced by Richard Wagner and must be considered as a unit, as from beginning to end certain themes—reminiscent, prophetic and character-defining—are interwoven in the most ingenious manner, yet ever with a keen sense of dramatic fitness. It is divided into six scenes, each distinct and complete in itself, yet brought into perfect unity of expression. Looking at the work critically one is tempted to an analysis which, were justice done the work, would be too technical, and disarms any desire to write of it in a superficial way. The story is told most graphically by the librettist—the incidents are all of them well defined—the characters well motivated—so that any attempt at statement of the plot seems unnecessary. As to the music in general the following points may profitably be kept in mind: In it nothing has been written with a view to immediate approval; it contains little that exploits either singing or the singer; the choruses are full of life and vigor yet are ever subordinated to that dramatic consistency which often makes the orchestra the most important factor in the combined effect instead of making it a mere accompaniment. From beginning to end it is full of life and movement—and one can but feel that in making *Dramatic Truth* his ideal Edward Elgar may be looked upon as representative of the highest concepts of modern music.

SCENE I.—BRITISH CAMP ON THE MALVERN HILLS.—*Night.*

(CARACTACUS and the British host entering the camp.)

CHORUS.—Watchmen, alert! the Roman hosts

Have girdled in our British coasts;
On every river's swelling tide
The sharp-beak'd Roman galleys ride;
Our homesteads burn, and, all between,

Wide wasted lie our woodlands green,
Beneath the stern unfalt'ring tramp,
As legions roll from camp to camp.
Comrades firm and fearless, breast the hill and sing,

To the foe defiance, glory to the King;
On like men undaunted, not a look behind,

Roll the voice of freedom rushing on the wind;

Night has clos'd above us, sleep, and wake again,

Ready for the legions gath'ring on the plain;

Loose not helm or buckler, rest like men of war,

Soldier in his harness, captain by his car;

So the King shall find you, when he gives command,

In the final muster ready for the land.
Watchmen, behold the warnings dire
Writ eastward far in signs of fire;

On these green mountain tops the last
Of Britain's hosts is fortress'd fast,
Before us Habren's thousand rills,
Behind the dark Silurian hills.

CARACTACUS.—Watchmen, alert! the King is here.

Your weary brethren slumber near;
Well rest ye on your batter'd shields,

O heroes of a hundred fields;

Your comrades wake your lines to guard;



Rest, warriors, rest beneath their ward.

(He proceeds to the foot of the mound by the Spring of Taranis.)

The air is sweet, the sky is calm,
All nature round is breathing balm,
The echo of our warfare falls
Faint,—distant,—on these grassy walls,
O spirits of the hill, surround
With waving wings this holy ground,
And from your airy censers show'r
Strength to me in this lonely hour.

(He ascends the mound by the Spring of Taranis.)

I have fought, and I have striven,
Fought with foes and striv'n with
friends,
Fought for white-rob'd priests and
gleemen,
Fought that Britons might be free-
men;

I have driven, I have driven
O'er the ridges steep of war
Like a king my thund'ring car,
But it ends:

Thro' the cloven ranks of battle
Rome has heard my wheelblades rattle,
And has known

Golden torc and helm together
Shimm'ring thro' the stormy weather,
And my arm the spear uplifting
Through the sleet of javelins drifting
Like a king—alone.

But it ends, the heroic story,
Freedom ends, and pow'r, and glory:—

SENTRIES *(afar)*.—Watchmen, alert!

CARACTACUS.—Nay, not yet; the stead-
fast Roman

On his ranks shall feel the foeman
Once again; one last endeavour.
Britain, my land, is sav'd forever.

(Enter EIGEN.)

EIGEN.—Father!

CARACTACUS.—'Tis Eigen.

EIGEN.—Sire and King,

Why wand'ring by the pale starlight?

CARACTACUS.—Nay, daughter, what can
Eigen bring

Untended through the camp by night?

EIGEN.—Nay, not untended, Orbin waits,
Close at my side, a guard from bale,
With me to read thee Britain's fates.

CARACTACUS.—Hail! Orbin.

(Enter ORBIN.)

ORBIN.—Lord and Captain, hail!

CARACTACUS.—Fates! they have left me;
gods are far,

But women view the light of heav'n;
Say, can'st thou read in yonder star
One ray of light to Britain given?

SENTRIES *(in the distance)*.—Watchmen,
alert!

ORBIN.—Far off the distant sentry's hail
Keeps vigil o'er the army sleeping;
Here all is peace; attend the tale
Which Eigen's gentle breast is keep-
ing.

EIGEN.—At eve to the greenwood we
wander'd away,
To hear the birds singing, as happy as
they.

When we came to the oak where the
mistletoe grows,

Before us a fair Druid maiden arose,
[With ivy and oakleaf her brow was
entwin'd,

Her dark hair unhooded was stirr'd
with the wind;

On her bosom a glittering jewel she
wore,]

In her hand a weird emblem, a sickle,
she bore,

She rais'd it, and thrice reap'd a twig
from the oak,

And the songs of the forest were
hush'd as she spoke:

"When the voices of earth

At the midnight are still,

Go forth through the camp

On the crest of the hill;

On the mound tow'rd the sunrise,

By Taranis' spring,

Speak thus to thy father.

O child of the King;

'From ocean to river,

From river to rill,

The wings of the eagle

Shall follow thee still;

But deep in the forest

Their vigour may fail,

And high on the mountain

The dragon prevail.'"

ORBIN.—On the ocean and the river,

By the stream that cuts the plain,

Sails and pennons fill and quiver,

And the war horse champs the
grain;

Through the close entangled forest

Is the legion's toil the sorest,

On the mountain steep and dreary

Mailed war horse will grow weary.

CARACTACUS.—I have met them in the
forest,

And they bore my fiercest shock.

We were broken like the torrent

That is hurl'd against the rock:

Shall I meet them—meet the legions

In the wild Silurian regions,

[Where the blinding sea mist surges

Round the mountain's hidden verges,

And the cataract in thunder

Splits the groaning rocks asunder?]

EIGEN.—In the oak grove to-morrow
The Druids shall meet.

To read thee the omens
Of joy, not defeat.

EIGEN AND ORBIN.—By the song of the
maiden

The omens shall be,
My father, the glory
Of Britain and thee.

CARACTACUS.—By the song of the maiden

The omens shall be,
O Britain, my Britain,
The triumph of thee.

(They descend the hill.)

SPIRITS OF THE HILL.—Rest, weary mon-
arch; tow'rd the day

The night is waning fast away;
Bent on thee with benignant eye,
Morn's silver star ascends the sky,
Sleep, and, awake, again inspire
Thy warriors with thy soul of fire,
Casting afar with morning light
The brooding cares that burden night.
The air is hush'd, the armed hill,
Save for the sentry's voice, is still.

SENTRIES (*afar*).—Watchmen, alert!

SCENE II.—THE SACRED OAK GROVE BY
THE TOMB OF THE KINGS.

(ARCH-DRUID, ORBIN, Druids, Druidesses, and Bards round the sacred Oak.)

ARCH-DRUID AND DRUIDS.—Tread the
mystic circle round,

Measure off the holy ground,
Through the fire and through the
smoke,

Girdle slow the sacred oak,
Tree of eld, whose branches show.
Brightest in the winter snow,
The pearl-fruited mistletoe;
Bear your torches through the gloom,
Quench them on the hero's tomb,
Where the stones are wet and red
With the blood of victims dead.

DRUID MAIDENS.—Thread the measure
left and right,

Druid maidens, clad in white,
Loose your locks, your bosoms bare,
Breathe the godhead brooding there,
Hov'ring round your floating hair,
Breathe the power—hearken well
For the coming of the spell.

(Dance ceases.)

INVOCATION.

ARCH-DRUID AND CHORUS.—Lord of
dread, and lord of pow'r,
This is thine, the fateful hour,
When beneath the sacred oak
Thrice the mighty charm is spoke.
Reddens with a victim's life,
Thrice the mystic dance is led

Round the altar where they bled,

Taranis, descend to aid,
Let the future fate be said.

ARCH-DRUID.—Bard, what read ye in the
field

Of the war-god's silver shield?

ORBIN.—Round the field the shadows
gather,

Dull and dim, and dark, my father.

ARCH-DRUID.—Vanish, shadows! let him
see

Clearly what the omens be.

ORBIN.—I see an eagle flying

With beak and talons red,

I see a warrior lying

On the green earth dead.

ARCH-DRUID.—Grim the vision, grim and
stern,

Minstrel, which thine eyes discern;

Gaze again, and mark it well,

What thou seest, speak and tell.

ORBIN.—Dim and dark the shadows
gather

Round the shield again, my father.

ARCH-DRUID.—No more, the fated hour
is past.

*(The Druid maidens resume the
choric measure round the Oak.)*

ARCH-DRUID AND DRUIDS (*aside*).

The omens speak in gloom at last.

And must our hero toil in vain

Unbless'd upon the battle plain?

Or with the Druids' blessing go,

Like fire from heav'n, upon the foe?

Desert your priests, ye gods; to-night

Still shall his soul be arm'd for fight:

ARCH-DRUID.—Children, break off the
mystic ring:

Attend, obey, behold the King.

(Enter CARACTACUS and Soldiers.)

CARACTACUS.—Hail to thee, father;
Druids, hail,

Interpreters of bliss and bale:

Tell me, before I meet the foe,

What fate the holy omens show.

(The ARCH-DRUID ascends his throne.)

ARCH-DRUID.—For the banded tribes of
Britain

I stretch my arms abroad,

Mine is the ancient wisdom,

And mine the voice of god;

Go forth, O King, to conquer,

And all the land shall know,

When falls thy charmed sword-edge,

In thunder on the foe.

But Rome and all her legions

Shall shudder at the stroke,

The weapon of the war god,

The shadow of the oak;

The blade that blasts and withers,

The dark and dreadful spell,



Which reaping in the whirlwind,
Shall harvest them in hell.

CARACTACUS AND SOLDIERS.—Leap to the
light, my brand of fight,
Flash to the heav'ns thine edges
bright;
Where those sharp lips of steel shall
go,
Red from the kiss a fount shall flow,
And many a gallant head lie low:
Leap to the light!

Be thou my bard, with note of fire
To sound thro' heav'n my royal lyre:
Sing till the fiery echoes roll
To every free-born warrior's soul,
Piercing as lev'n that cleaves the bole:
Sing to the light!

Cry naked to a country free,
Guerdon and gold be none for thee;
Land of my sires, land of mine,
Hark to the song and make it thine:
Wake, wake and see my signal shine:
Wake to the light!

ORBIN.—Shall we greet them?
Shall we meet them?
And with mighty spell defeat them?
Meet them with our war cry ringing,
Meet them songs of triumph singing!
In thy hand thou bear'st the omen,
Trust to that against the foemen;
Spell and charm will fail thee ever,
But thy sworn deceive thee never.

ARCH-DRUID.—No more!

ORBIN.—May I unfold no more?
Then grant me to surrender
The song of bard and priestly lore,
And be my land's defender.

ARCH-DRUID.—Cease, Orbin, cease;
around our shrine
To aid thy country's cause is thine;
There, where in slumber dark and
deep

The hearts of ancient heroes sleep,
Where broods the spirit of the god
Above the earth which once they trod,
Inspiring in the fateful hour
The Druid's sacred soul with pow'r.

ORBIN.—O hear me, father! ere the fray
Sweep all our country's hopes away,
Hear me before our brethren go,
Inspir'd by thee, to meet the foe,
By justice, mercy, right, and ruth,
O be thy words the words of truth.

ARCH-DRUID, DRUIDS AND DRUIDESSES.
Hence—ere the Druid's wrath is woke
Hence—ere the awful curse is spoke,
Here in the shadow of the Oak.
Doom him to your deadliest throe,
Doom him, ye gods!—apostate, go!

SOLDIERS AND CARACTACUS.—Leap to the
light, etc.

(*Exeunt.*)

ORBIN.—I hear; and ere the morning
gray

I cast my snow-white robe away,

And I go,

Like a bard my pæan flinging

On the front of battle ringing,

Like a warrior for my land

Charging sword in hand

On the foe.

(*He casts down his harp and rushes
off. The Druids gather round the
Oak.*.)

DRUIDS AND DRUIDESSES.—Taranis, de-
scend to aid, etc.

SCENE III.—THE FOREST NEAR THE SEV-
ERN.—*Morning.*

(*In the distance youths and maidens
sing while they weave sacred
garlands.*)

CHORUS.—Come! beneath our woodland
bow'rs,

Wreathe our hallowed wreaths of
flowers,

Priestly crowns of crimson hue,

Opening roses bright with dew,

Come!

Scatter bud and blossom round you on
the way,

Till the tender greensward blushes like
the day;

Come! beneath our woodland bow'rs,

Wreathe our hallow'd wreaths of
flow'rs.

EIGEN.—O'er-arch'd by leaves the
streamlet weaves

Its meshes in the sun,

The violets blue with diamond dew

Are jewell'd every one;

My heart is bright as morning light,

And tender as the flow'r,

For here I rove to meet my love,

In this, the chosen hour.

The gentle wind with kisses kind

Is playing on my brow,

The fawn is leaping round the hind

Beneath the rustling bough;

The dove is cooing to her mate,

All things in earth appear,

To joy around me while I wait

For Orbin to be here.

[O wind that blows, O stream that
flows,

O little fawn on lea,

All that can move to meet my love,

O call my love to me:

He comes—behold, my fate is told,

With joyous feet I fly

To find my rest upon his breast,
And in his heart to die.]

(Enter ORBIN.)

ORBIN.—Mine Eigen, behold me, a fugitive now,
I fly to the camp with a brand on my brow.

EIGEN.—O tell me, my bard, for thy garment of white
Why bear'st thou the mail and the weapons of fight?

ORBIN.—Last night beneath the sacred oak,

The dreaded rite was ta'en,
Last night the mystic word I spoke
That told of Britain's bane;
Then came the King, and, false as hell,
A blessed bode the Druids tell,
Alone my voice was raised to sing
A warning to our glorious King;
Silenc'd, and curs'd, and driv'n to flight,

I tore my bardic robes of white—
A warrior now, for Britain's weal
I change my golden harp for steel.

Eigen, my lady lov'd, I go,
And but for thee no tear should flow;
Pray to the gods to grant my arm
To guard thy father's head from harm,
And pray this parting may not be
Our last beneath the greenwood tree.

CHORUS.—Come! beneath our woodland bow'rs, etc.

ORBIN.—They gather the wreaths that shall hang on the shrine

When the curse must be sung o'er this treason of mine;

O weep not!

EIGEN.—Nay—linger not—haste ye and go,

Fly from the Druid, the shrine and the woe.

ORBIN.—Cling closely to me; hold me still,

Heart of my heart, and life and pow'r;

Thou, only thou, the hope, the thrill,
And impulse of the coming hour.

EIGEN.—Thine in death, to thy latest breath;

If it be thy fate to die;

ORBIN.—Then hand in hand, in the far-off land

We will wander, thou and I.

BOTH.—In the land where the fear of hostile sword,

Or the Druid's spell or the rite abhorr'd,

Shall vex our love no more;

Where all is peace under summer suns,
And clear of battle the river runs,

And in placid waters the lilies float,
And the sweet birds sing an untroubled note;

Where never are heard the sounds of strife,

But all is radiant, joyous life,
When this sad life is o'er.

SCENE IV.—THE MALVERN HILLS.

MAIDENS.—Wild rumors shake our calm retreat,

There comes a noise of hurrying feet,
Of bodemen straining fast and far,
And the air breathes low of distant war—

Faint sounds of battles lost and won
Quiver and die when day is done;
Sweet lady, hope of Britain's line,
What fears of ours can match with thine?

Whatever woe the gods may bring,
Pray, sisters, for our gallant King.

EIGEN.—When the glow of the evening had died from the hill,

And the murmuring voice of the forest was still,

[I wander'd again to the oak in the gloom,

Which shadows the shrine by the warriors tomb:]

Once again through the thicket all tangled and green

[Where the glance of the moonlight was fitfully seen,]

Came the maid of the Druids I met there of yore,

[But all dark was the garb and the visage she bore,]

No breath was abroad that might ruffle her form,

But her tresses were toss'd as if lash'd by a storm,

[And her hands were tight clench'd and her eyes were aglare,]

And she spoke and she curs'd thee—O, father, beware!

“Who falls from the mountain

Shall fall by the sword,

Who flits from the forest

Be bound with a cord;

The King and, his kinsfolk

Are captive at home,

And all deck'd for triumph

The forum of Rome.”

MAIDENS.—Wild rumors, etc.

[To-day we watch'd when morn was nigh

The stars pale slowly in the sky,

And in the dead gray dusk of dawn—

Across the heav'n we saw it drawn—

A mighty sword—a sword of flame,

The smoke wreaths round it went and came,
And from the point, we mark'd them well,
The blood drops slowly roll'd and fell,
One after one, with crimson gleam,
They dy'd the waves of Habren's stream:

The unknown heav'n, the earth we know,

Shake to the signs of coming woe;
But true to troth we here must stay
To guard our princess as we may.]

EIGEN.—O hush ye, my maidens, be hush'd; can it be?

What soldier comes hither so dreadful to see?

By the armour I know him, the torc, and the ring,

And the dragon of gold, 'tis my father, the King!

(Enter CARACTACUS and remnant of British soldiery in disorder.)

SOLDIERS.—All the day the mighty battle
O'er the bloody meadows spread,
While we fell like butcher'd cattle,
Till the living trod the dead;
And our arms were faint and failing,
We were dying with the day,
When, at last the foe prevailing
Swept, ah! swept our ranks away.

LAMENT.

CARACTACUS AND CHORUS.—Oh, my warriors, tell me truly,

O'er the red graves where ye lie
That your monarch led you duly,

First to charge and last to fly;

Speak, ah! speak, beloved voices,

From the chambers where ye feast,

Where the war god stern rejoices

That his host has been increas'd;

Say that first I clove the legions

Where the golden eagle flew

O'er the head to whom allegiance

From the Roman foe was due;

[Say ye saw me stand thereunder,

In the thickest of the ring,

While the battle crash'd like thunder,

Fighting bravely—like a king;]

Say, too, when the fight was ending,

That with glazing eyes ye saw

Me my quiv'ring ranks defending

From the greedy Roman maw;

And the god shall give you heeding,

And across the heav'nly plain,

He shall smile, and see me leading

My dead warriors once again!

SCENE V.—THE SEVERN.

(British captives embarking on the Roman galleys.)

DRUIDESSES AND A BARD.—Captive Britons, see them! Hark

To their tears as they embark!
Fetter'd, weary, worn and white,
Sun of Britain, shun the sight!
Heav'n's of Britain, weep in rain;—
They shall ne'er return again!
Lap their bark with sob and sigh,
Sombre Habren, swirling by;
For they never more shall see
British heav'n, or land, or thee.

SCENE VI.—ROME. THE TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION.

CHORUS.—*Over the marble palace,
Over the golden shrine,
O'er street, and square, and forum
The glaring noonbeams shine;
Widely the robes are waving,
Brightly the jewels glance,
Eager the eyes that lighten
Each joyous countenance.

The march triumphal thunders
Amid the shouting crowd,
With flash of helm and corslet,
While trumpets scream aloud;
And cymbals sharply ringing
The car of triumph greet,
With the milk-white steeds that draw
it

Along the sacred street.

(EIGEN, ORBIN, and CARACTACUS pass.)

Before the car how different they
Who barefoot drag their weary way:

* * * * *
But hark! a shout that shakes the air,
The Emperor fills the curule chair;
The captives halt before.

CLAUDIUS.—Unbind his hands, silence
the trumpets; plead,

Briton, if plea can purge thy crimes
away,

Or turn the doom of many a bloody
deed,

The lingering doom that waits on
thee to-day.

CARACTACUS.—Heap torment upon torment,
woe on woe,

Let months and years of anguish'd
life be mine;

Tears from these eyes Rome cannot
cause to flow,

Nor bend this knee by any pow'r of
thine.

We lived in peace, was that a crime to
thee,

That thy fierce eagle stoop'd upon
our nest?

*These lines have been transposed for
some gain in musical effect.

A freeborn chieftain, and a people free,
We dwelt among our woodlands and
were blest.

For liberty, wives, children, hearth and
shrine,
From sea to plain we fought, from
plain to hill;
Now all is lost, all that was ours is
thine;
My soul alone remains unshackled
still.

Do then thy worst on me; my people
spare
Who fought for freedom in our land
at home;
Slaves they are not; be wise and teach
them there
Order, and law, and liberty with
Rome.
EIGEN.—O for the swords of Britain, and
the hills!
The whisp'ring forest by our Hab-
ren's side!
O for our Habren, and her silver rills,
Before we lost them would that we
had died!

ORBIN.—O for mine Eigen in her wood-
land glade,
Light as the morning, tripping on
the lea!
Spare, spare her, Roman, spare this
trembling maid,
And measure tenfold torment upon
me.

ROMAN CITIZENS.—Slay, slay the Briton.
CLAUDIUS.—Captive, dost thou hear?
The gods themselves breathe
through a people's breath;
The gods condemn thee; dost thou
learn to fear?
How say ye still, Quirites?

ROMAN CITIZENS.—Death! Death!
Death!

CARACTACUS.—I plead not for myself;
not earth or heav'n
Can shake a soul like mine prepar'd
for all!
Yet—yet I plead that mercy may be
giv'n
To these, my comrades of the
Roman thrall.
My guileless daughter and the war-
rior bard,
Her lover, fled from priestly bonds
at home,
Is there no grace for them, and is
it hard

To win so little from Imperial
Rome?

ORBIN.—Plead not for me, I will not
quit thy side;

But plead for Eigen while thy
breath endures:

EIGEN.—Plead not for me, King's child,
and Orbin's bride,
Yours be my fate, as all my life
was yours.

ROMAN CITIZENS.—Slay! Slay them!

CLAUDIUS.—By the gods they shall not
die;

Their blood would curse the ground
to which it grew,

[The noble chief who fought and
scorn'd to fly,

The maiden innocent, the lover
true.]

We grant you grace; your warrior,
clasp thy bride;

Brave chieftain, all thy sufferings
are o'er;

Dwell here in Rome, and by the Em-
peror's side

Find safety, peace, and rest for ever-
more.

EIGEN, ORBIN, AND CARACTACUS.—Grace
from the Roman! peace and rest
are ours,

Freedom is lost, but rest and peace
remain;

Britain, farewell! through all the lin-
gering hours

Hope, memory, love shall hide our
golden chain.

CHORUS.—The clang of arms is over,
Abide in peace and brood

On glorious ages coming,

And Kings of British blood.

The light descends from heaven,

The centuries roll away,

The empire of the Roman

Is crumbled into clay.

The eagle's flight is ended,

His weary wings are furl'd;

The Oak has grown and shadow'd

The shores of all the world.

Britons, alert! and fear not,

Give equal law to all men—

And hold it to the death;

For all the world shall learn it—

Though long the task shall be—

The text of Britain's teaching,

The message of the free;

And when at last they find it,

The nations all shall stand

And hymn the praise of Britain,

Like brothers, hand in hand.

H. A. ACKWORTH



SECOND CONCERT

Friday Afternoon, May 15

SYMPHONIC POEM, Op. 21, "Es waren zwei Koenigs Kinder,"

FRITZ VOLBACH

Born at Wipperfurth (near Cologne), December 17, 1861; still living.

The composer of this characteristic work is one of the most industrious of the younger Germans, although his works have not been heard frequently in this country. His career has been most interesting but space forbids any extended mention of the events of his life; suffice it to say that he received a thorough university training—at Heidelberg and Bonn—in addition to his technical equipment. He resides at Mayence. The work on our program was published in 1900 and has for its motive an old story, which is given in Ludwig Erk's "Deutscher Liederschatz" (Edition Peters) and also in "Der Knaben Wunderhorn" in substantially the same form. This story suggests that the resemblances between the legends of peoples who dwell by great rivers, by the seashore, or on the mountains, are most interesting, based as they all are on emotions and concepts of universal application. Like other folk-legends of this class, the original motive of the 15th century version is as old as the race. The Greeks embodied the same idea in "Hero and Leander." Even the translation we append—by an unknown poet (?)—cannot entirely destroy the possibilities of the story.

There were two royal children, the two, they loved so much,
But they could not join each other, the water was far too deep.

"Ah, darling, if you can swim, then swim across to me,
I will kindle three tapers for you, they shall light you on your way."

A wicked nun there sat, who acted as if she slept,
And she blew out the tapers—the youth drowned in the deep.

It was on a Sunday morning, the people were all so gay;
Not so the royal daughter, her eyes drew her on.

She took him in her arms and kissed his red mouth;
"Ah, little mouth, if you could speak, then my young heart would be well."

She swung her mantle about her and leapt into the sea,
"Good night, my father and mother, you see me nevermore!"

Then are heard small bells tolling; then are heard lamentation and distress.
Here lie two royal children; they both of them are dead!

CONCERTO, A minor, Op. 54, - - - - - SCHUMANN

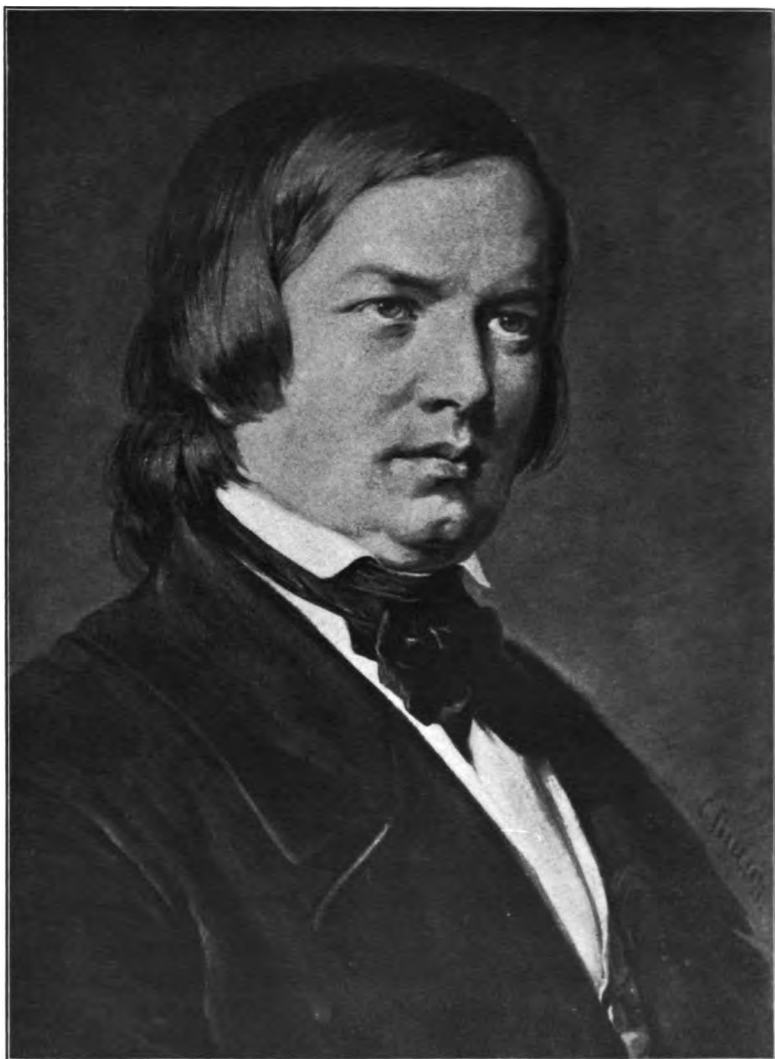
Born at Zwickau, June 8, 1810; died at Eendenich, near Bonn, July 29, 1856.

ALLEGRO AFFETTUOSO; ANDANTE GRAZIOSO; ALLEGRO VIVACE.

MADAME BLOOMFIELD-ZEISLER

In Robert Alexander Schumann we see one of the foremost composers of the last century, and one of the founders of the neo-romantic school. A composer of commanding genius, he was at the same time a critic of a type practically unknown since his day. He was sympathetic in his judgment of his contemporaries, many of whom, like Mendelssohn, Hiller and Hauptmann, failed to recognize his genius, not realizing that such pronounced literary power and critical acumen could be combined with even greater creative musical genius. Franz Liszt and Moscheles appreciated him from the first. Schumann, like Liszt, possessed great discernment and was one of the first to welcome Chopin, of whom he said: "What is a whole year of a musical paper to a concerto by Chopin?" He also heralded the advent of Brahms in such terms that many, even at the present day, when Brahms is beginning to be appreciated, question whether he has justified Schumann's prophecy. To understand Schumann's compositions fully one should study his critical methods, for his articles over the name of Florestan, Eusebius, Raro, etc., looking at subjects from many points of view, display an insight into the hidden processes of creative art that illuminates his own methods. Early in his artistic career there were premonitions of the malady that brought his life to an end in a madhouse, but in the period just after his happy marriage with Clara Wieck, who afterwards became the greatest interpreter of his pianoforte works, his compositions sparkle with life and vigor. To this period belongs the concerto on our program.

The first movement (A minor, common time, *Allegro affettuoso*), was written in 1841 and was given the title "Fantasie," as it was intended to form an independent composition. The other two movements were written in 1845. It is free in form, for Schumann allowed formal rules to rest very lightly upon him, realizing, as Wagner states, "that a worthy idea will create an adequate form." In this as in all his works, however, his ideas are developed with a breadth well nigh symphonic, although Schumann did not look upon the concerto as a symphony for orchestra in which the piano is but a part. The first four measures of the principal theme remind one forcibly of Mendelssohn, but here all resemblance to his contemporary ceases, for, as the movement proceeds, it has little in common with the polished but somewhat superficial style of that composer. The second subject is a lovely melody treated with an admirable appreciation not only of the solo instrument, but also of its relation to the orchestra. The cadenza is happily illustrative of the composer's style, and, above all, of his disdain of difficulties as such. The Intermezzo (F major, 2-4 time, *Andante grazioso*), with its alternations of solo instrument and orchestra, and the beautiful second subject, for 'celli, is worthy of that much abused designation "Tone-poem." It is hardly developed when it merges into the final movement (A major, 3-4 time, *Allegro vivace*), a virile ending to the work. It bristles with difficulties, which, as in some of the more modern concertos, are realized more by the performer than the listener. This statement emphasizes the dignity of Schumann's art, for the tendency to magnify the technical side of performance, while it gave rise to the form originally, is a constant source of danger to the composer, and may account for the fact that only such works as disregard this element, as the end, are retained in the repertoire of the true artist.



"DIE LORELEI," - - - - - LISZT

Born at Raiding, October 22, 1811; died at Bayreuth, July 31, 1886.

MISS RIO

The influence of the Rhine and its many legends has been far-reaching. Art has been indebted in many instances—too numerous to mention—for genuine inspiration to these legends, but the real storehouse of these treasures is found in the heart of the Folk. How often composers have unconsciously shown us their possibilities more clearly when inspired by such subjects of universal interest and affection than in more ambitious works is shown nowhere more conclusively than in the "Lorelei," as set by Franz Liszt. Liszt is not a composer in whose works one would look for simple naive statement, but in this he is delightfully clear and natural. He seems to have been so absorbed in the romantic beauty and suggestion of the story that he ceases to be the *poseur*.

SYMPHONY, C minor, No. 6, Op. 58, - - - GLAZOUNOW

Born at St. Petersburg, August 10, 1865; still living.

MAESTOSO-ALLEGRO PASSIONATO;

TEMA CON VARIAZIONI; INTERMEZZO; FINALE.

The fame of Russia's greatest symphonist, Tschaikowsky, must not blind us to the fact that others of his countrymen have achieved great success in this field, and that the attention now being given to composition in the serious forms proves most conclusively that the Slavie muse is a power to be reckoned with.

Prominent in this interesting group stands Alexandre Glazounow, whose symphonic works entitle him to a proud position among the composers of his race. Unlike the majority of composers, his path through life has been an easy one on the material side, while his artistic career has been unmarked by the serious reverses so common in the life experience of men of genius. Fortunate indeed is the man who can, like Glazounow, devote himself to serious work without the obstacles attendant on poverty; that is, fortunate if good fortune but spurs him on to increased effort. Whether Glazounow will ever write an "Eroica" or a "Pathetic" symphony, time will alone tell; but if the lessons of history mean anything, the highest flights of genius—expressive of exalted heights of heroism or yawning gulfs of despair—are only attained by those to whom much of the brightness of life is denied. The list of his compositions is already quite imposing, and includes works in every *genre*, most of them extremely successful, and full of the distinctive Russian flavor we have come to associate with the works of his countrymen.

The symphony on our program is comparatively new, and is No. 6, quite a respectable number for a man just in the prime of life, with his best years before him. Some are inclined to think that the Russians do not take the symphonic forms as seriously as their German contemporaries; but if there be anything in these forms that prevents them from serving as the medium for the expression of dignified and worthy ideas—and ideals—that had not come to consciousness at the time the symphony was developed, then there can be but

one issue—the symphonic forms will disappear. But let us not borrow trouble, for these forms have again and again demonstrated their plasticity and elasticity. Danger does not lurk in the new and true ideas that come from healthy sources, but rather in pedantry, and the desire to bring expression under the domination of arbitrary rules, rather than in the application of those fundamental principles of art that give to it freedom and life.

The first subject is shadowed forth in the interesting figure started by the 'celli and basses (C minor, 3-4 time, *Adagio*), which, through an acceleration of tempo, is soon developed into a stirring theme (2-2 time, *Allegro passionato*), in the original key. The second subject (E-flat major, *piu tranquillo*), is quite in contrast with the first in its general atmosphere (if we may borrow this term, as it is really expressive of the impression produced) but combines with it most admirably in the grand climax with which this division ends. Without any repetition of the first part a somewhat abridged but wonderfully intense "free fantasia" follows, leading into the recapitulation, in which the second theme is subjected to an elaboration that atones (formally) for the prominence given the first subject in the preceding part. Glazounow shows his modern spirit and outlook in this, for, after all, the great ends of form, variety, unity, intensity, may often be reached outside of purely classic models. In art, too often, "the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life."

Seven interesting and ingenious variations constitute the second movement. The theme is very naive and quaint (G major, 2-4 time, *con simplicita*), full of spontaneity and charming in its simplicity. The variety and gracefulness of these variations show his mastery over a form that can be so dignified and scholarly, and yet is particularly susceptible to vulgarizing influences. Most interesting is the tonality of Variation No. 4, in which the Phrygian Mode is used. This scale (*e, f, g, a, b, c, d, e*) is the exact opposite of the major form, and may therefore logically be considered the true minor scale. This mode is rich in possibilities and possesses a unique flavor quite worth exploitation. The third movement, an Intermezzo (E-flat, 3-8 time, *Allegretto*), is in form a true scherzo, and in the character of its harmonic and melodic structure and in its rhythmical features is all that the name implies.

In the Finale of a symphony by a Russian composer, especially in one so characterized by restraint as this has been up to this point, one looks for something typically Slavonic, even although one may not always satisfactorily define just what is meant by the designation. The term sounds well, however, and so does the music, which in this particular instance is quite in keeping with the popular idea. A prominent composer in speaking of Tschaikowsky's music said "it really sounds better than it is." Passing over the fact that music cannot be better than it sounds, although some would have us believe that such a statement applies to Wagner's music, or at least most of it, the fact cannot be ignored that the boisterousness of much of the Slavonic music would be vulgar were it not for the fact that it is so eminently descriptive of the racial qualities. This Finale commences brilliantly (C major, 4-2 time, *maestoso*), and shortly develops the principal theme (6-4 time, *moderato maestoso*), which, as it proceeds, becomes somewhat boisterous. The second theme (G major, *scherzando*), introduces the varying tempos, rhythms and tonalities reflecting the passionate development of subjects already heard, which after much tribulation finally settle down into the original rhythm (6-4), and like an impetuous torrent, the movement, continually increasing in rhythmic fervor, rushes to the close. This unique and interesting composition will, it is felt, increase the interest already manifested in the work of composers who are contributing much that is of value to the art of music.



Friday Evening, May 15

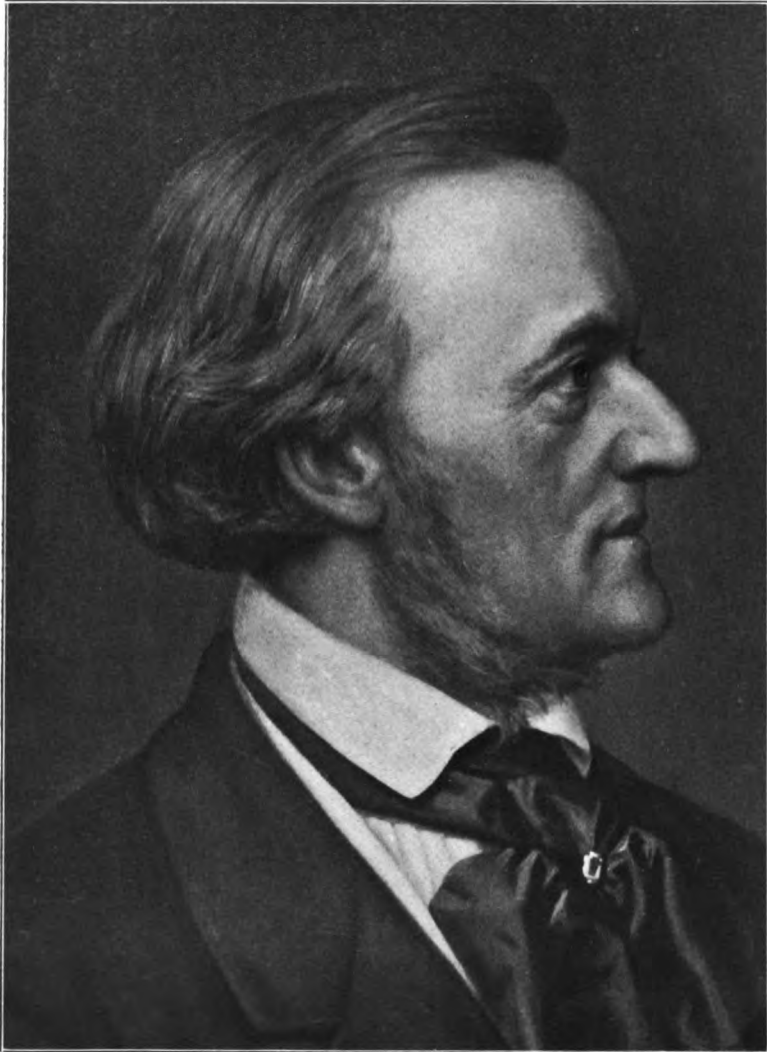
Born at Leipzig, May 22, 1813; died at Venice, February 13, 1883.

MADAME BOUTON

As to the Aria, the following explanation will suffice:

The English prose is as follows:

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In distant land, by ways remote and hidden,
 There stands a burg that men call Montsalvat;
 It holds a shrine to the profane forbidden,
 More precious there is naught on earth than that:
 And throned in light, it holds a cup immortal,
 That whoso sees from earthly sin is cleansed;
 'Twas borne by angels through the heavenly portal,
 Its coming hath a holy reign commenced.
 Once every year a dove from heaven descendeth,
 To strengthen it anew for work of grace,
 'Tis call'd the Grail, the power of heav'n attendeth
 The faithful knights who guard that sacred place.
 He whom the Grail to be its servant chooses,
 Is arm'd henceforth with high invincible might,
 All evil craft its power before him loses,
 The spirits of darkness, where he dwells, take flight
 Nor will he lose the awful charm it lendeth,
 Although he should be call'd to distant lands,
 When the high cause of virtue he defendeth,
 While he's unknown, its spell he still commands;
 By perils dread the holy Grail is guarded,
 No eye rash or profane its light may see;
 Its champion Knight from doubtings shall be warded,
 If known to man, he must depart and flee.
 Now mark, craft or disguise my soul disdaineth,
 The Grail sent me to right yon lady's name;
 My father, Percival, gloriously reigneth,
 His knight am I, and Lohengrin my name.

"SIEGFRIED,"

- - - - -

"WALDWEBEN"

(First Performance, Bayreuth, August, 1876).

In one of his letters to Franz Liszt Wagner speaks of his ambitions respecting "Siegfried," the composition of which had become a "veritable necessity of being." In 1856 he began the composition of this work, of which the first act and part of the second were finished, when he threw himself into the composition of that seething drama of passion, "Tristan," which, completed, was followed by "Die Meistersinger," a drama of the common people. Then taking up "Siegfried," he completed it (in 1869). Were we obliged at this time to advance proofs of Wagner's genius, it would only be necessary to state that, although interrupted by the composition of these works, utterly unlike in respect to each other and from every point of view quite out of touch with the earlier work, no one can tell from the internal evidence of the work where he stopped. As a matter of fact, the number on our program is the dividing line. In all the literature of music there is no more genial or poetic description of the life of the woods—the murmurs of the leaves, the sounds of nature, and above all the atmosphere of suggestion that envelops the hero Siegfried and incites him to musings and day dreams. The various motives, with their wealth of suggestion, are so beautiful from the purely musical point of view that all may enjoy this exquisite idyl for its own sake, while those acquainted with the story and the preced-

ing music-dramas will find little difficulty in tracing the meaning of the typical phrases. It is an open question whether after all it is not best in listening to a fragment outside of its connection to enjoy it as one would absolute music—for its own sake alone.

“GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG,” “SONG OF THE RHEIN DAUGHTERS”

(First Performance, Bayreuth, August, 1876).

In this scene from the first act of the final drama of the “Ring,” we have one of the most beautiful bits of pure melodic writing in the whole cycle. This and other numbers might be cited to prove the greatness of the man who could deliberately turn his back on easily won success, for the sake of a principle, denied by the majority of his friends, ridiculed by his enemies, but which triumphed in the end—for Wagner possessed such rich melodic gifts that he could easily have found favor with that great majority, who only asking to be amused, through him have finally become admirers of artistic truth and followers of the genius whom they at first despised—a sweeping statement, but true.

“DIE MEISTERSINGER,” - - - - - { PRELUDE
FINALE TO ACT III

(First Performance, Munich, June 21, 1868).

CAST

WALTHER VON STOLZING	- -	MR. DIPPEL
POGNER,	}	MR. FREDERIC MARTIN
HANS SACHS,		

THE CHORAL UNION

Mr. ALBERT A. STANLEY, Conductor

Among the great instrumental works whose fundamental principle is that polyphony, which in the time of Palestrina was the expression of the religious idea, as applied to mankind in the mass, but which now serves as the expression of the many-sidedness of individual character as well as the complexities of modern life—the Prelude to “Die Meistersinger” stands at the head. What a triumph for the man who was derided for his lack of scholarship, because he showed no ambition to bury himself alive in dust—but who constructed with surety of control of all the resources of the most abstruse counterpoint with no sacrifice of naturalness, simplicity, truthfulness nor power of expression—a monument of polyphonic writing, such as has not seen the light since the days of Bach. In the prelude we have a synopsis of the whole plot of the opera that follows; the sturdy pride of the burghers of Nuremberg; the angularity of the Meistersinger art; the spirit of romanticism, personified by Walter von Stolzing; and the dance of the apprentices, the spontaneous expression of the joy of living on the part of these young men who were learning the mysteries of the art divine while wrestling with the problems of the cobbler, the butcher, the baker, etc. What a flood of light this whole story throws upon the situation in this city of true art. The Finale gives us a glimpse of one of the contests for a prize—this time, the hand of Eva, the daughter of the Burgomaster—and incidentally pays a great and



deserved tribute to that rugged poet of the common people, Hans Sachs, who, with prophetic insight, realized the far-reaching nature of Walther's art, and though the acknowledged master of them all, was the first one to recognize that in this Franconian knight there was the making of a master greater than he. The beautiful Prize Song, sung by Walther, may well stand as representative of Wagner's art as opposed to the traditions of the schools, for it contains much that came into the world with him and that the world will not willingly let perish. The details of the scene are as follows:

The procession of Mastersingers arrives at the platform where the banner is placed. Pogner advances with Eva, who is attended by richly dressed and adorned maidens. When Eva and her attendants have taken the flower-strewn place of honor and all the rest are in their places, masters on the benches, the journeymen standing behind them, the 'prentices advance in orderly array and turn solemnly to the people, calling for silence. As Sachs advances they all rise to greet him, and baring their heads sing the superb chorale—the text being by the old Nuremberg poet. The fiasco of Beckmesser is omitted, and from the end of the chorale and the part immediately following, a cut is made to the beginning of Walther von Stolzing's song.

PRENTICES.—Silentium! Silentium!
Make no sound, e'en the merest hum!
(SACHS rises and steps forward. At sight of him all burst out into fresh acclamations and wavings of hats and kerchiefs.)

ALL THE PEOPLE.—Ha! Sachs! 'Tis Sachs!

See! Master Sachs!
Sing all! Sing all! Sing all!
(With solemn delivery.)

"Awake! Draws nigh the break of day:

I hear upon the hawthorn spray
A bonny little nightingale;
His voice resounds o'er hill and dale.
The night descends the western sky,
And from the east the morn draws nigh;

With ardor red the flush of day
Breaks through the cloud bank dull and gray."

Hail Sachs! Hans Sachs!
Hail, Nuremberg's darling Sachs!

WALTER (who has mounted the mound with proud and firm steps)

"Morning was gleaming with roseate light,

The air was filled
With scent distilled,
Where, beauty-beaming,
Past all dreaming,

A garden did invite——"

(The MASTERS, here absorbed, let fall the leaf; WALTER notices it without seeming to do so, and now proceeds in a freer style)

"Wherein, beneath a wondrous tree,
With fruit superbly laden,

In blissful love dream I could see
The rare and tender maiden,
Whose charms, beyond all price,
Entranced my heart—
Eva, in Paradise."

THE PEOPLE (softly to one another).
That is quite different! Who would surmise

That so much in performance lies?

THE MASTERSINGERS (softly aside). Ah yes! I see! 'tis another thing

A song the proper way to sing.

SACHS.—Witness in place!

Sing apace!

WALTER.—"Evening was darkling and night closed around;

By rugged way
My feet did stray
Towards a mountain

Where a fountain

Enslaved me with its sound;
And there beneath a laurel-tree,

With starlight glinting under,
In waking vision greeted me—

A sweet and solemn wonder;

She dropped on me the fountain's dews,

That woman fair—

Parnassus' glorious Muse."

THE PEOPLE (still more softly aside).

How sweet it is! How true to Art!

And yet it touches every heart.

MASTERS.—'Tis bold and daring, that is true;

But well composed, and vocal too.

WALTER (with great exultation). "Thrice happy day,

To which my poet's trance gave place!

That Paradise of which I dreamed,
In radiance new before my face
Glorified lay.

To point the path the brooklet
streamed:

She stood beside me,
Who shall my bride be,

The fairest sight earth e'er gave,
My Muse, to whom I bow,
So angel-sweet and grave,
I woo her boldly now,
Before the world remaining,
By might of music gaining
Parnassus and Paradise!"

PEOPLE (*accompanying the close very softly*).—I feel as in a lovely dream,
Hearing, but grasping not the theme!
Give him the prize!
Maiden, rise!

No one could woo in nobler wise!

MASTERS.—Yes, glorious singer! Victor
rise!

Your song has won the Master-prize!

POGNER.—O Sachs! All this I owe to
you:

My happiness revives anew.

(*Eva, who from the commencement of the scene has preserved a calm composure, and has seemed rapt from all that passed around has listened to Walter immovably; but now, when at the conclusion both Masters and People express their involuntary admiration, she rises, advances to the edge of the platform, and places on the brow of Walter, who kneels on the steps, a wreath of myrtle and laurel; whereupon he rises, and she leads him to her father, before whom they both kneel. Pogner extends his hand in benediction over them.*)

SACHS (*pointing to the group*). My
witness answered not amiss!

Do you find fault with me for this?

PEOPLE (*jubilantly*).—Hans Sachs! No!
It was well devised!

Your tact you've once more exercised!

SEVERAL MASTERSINGERS.—Now, Master
Pogner! As you should,

Give him the honor of Masterhood!

POGNER (*bringing forward a gold chain with three medallions*). Receive King

David's likeness true:

The Master's Guild is free to you.

WALTER (*shrinking back involuntarily*).

A Master! Nay!

I'll find reward some other way!

(*The Masters look disconcertedly towards Sachs.*)

SACHS (*grasping WALTER by the hand*).

—Disparage not the Masters' ways,
But show respect to Art!

All they can give of highest praise
To you they would impart.

Not through your ancestors and
birth,

Not by your weapon's strength and
worth,

But by a poet's brain

Which Mastership did gain,

You have attained your present bliss;

Then think you thankfully on this—

How can you e'er the Art despise

Which can bestow so rare a prize?

That by our Masters she was kept

And cherished as their own,

With anxious care that never slept

This Art herself has shown,

If not so honored as of yore,

When courts and princes prized her
more,

In troublous years all through

She's German been and true;

And if she has not won renown

Beyond this bustling busy town,

You see she has our full respect

What more from us can you expect?

Beware! Bad times are nigh at hand:

And when fall German folk and land

In spurious foreign pomp ere long,

No prince will know his people's
tongue;

And foreign thoughts and foreign
ways

Upon our German soil they'll raise.

Our native Art will fade from hence

If 'tis not held in reverence.

So heed my words!

Honor your German Masters

If you would stay disasters!

For while they dwell in every heart,

Though should depart

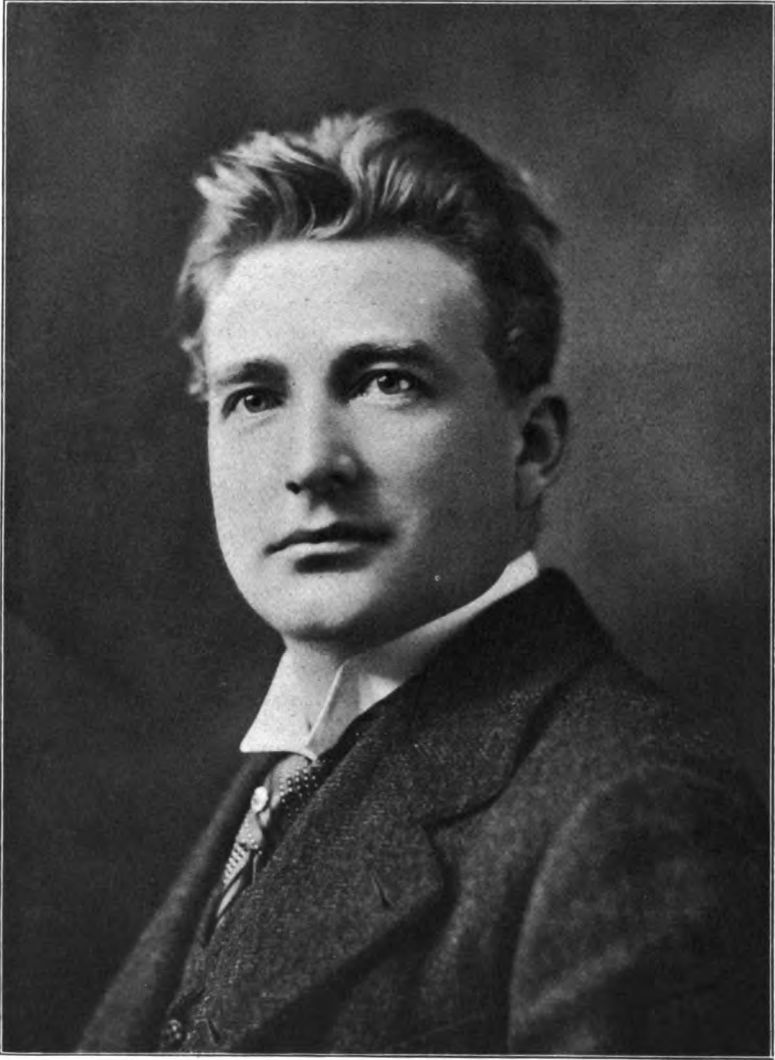
The pride of holy Rome,

Still thrives at home

Our sacred German Art!

(*All join enthusiastically in the last verse. EVA takes the crown from WALTER'S head and places it on SACHS'; he takes the chain from POGNER'S hand and puts it round WALTER'S neck. WALTER and EVA lean against SACHS, one on each side. POGNER sinks on his knee before him as if in homage. The MASTERSINGERS point to SACHS with outstretched hands, as to their chief. While the PRENTICES clasp hands and shout and dance, the people wave their hats and kerchiefs in enthusiasm.*)

ALL.—Hail, Sachs! Hans Sachs!
Hail Nuremberg's darling Sachs!



FOURTH CONCERT

Saturday Afternoon, May 16

SYMPHONY FOR ORGAN AND ORCHESTRA, - GUILMANT

Born at Boulogne, March 12, 1857; still living.

MR. RENWICK

This work is one of the comparatively few really effective compositions for the organ and orchestra in existence. Berlioz, in his "Treatise on Instrumentation," says: "This combination can never be made artistically satisfying, as the qualities of tone are such as to make a homogeneous effect impossible." Moreover, he says, "the two are opposed to each other, for neither can give up to the other. Each is king." However much there may be of truth in this statement, in this symphony by Guilmant, we meet with a treatment of the solo instrument so radically different from that of Berlioz's time that the reasons for his dictum are not apparent. The work begins with a dignified Largo, which, after a short development, leads into a brilliant Allegro, carried out very strictly in accordance with the sonata form, and calling for no special notice unless it be to direct attention to the beautiful contrasts of color between the two factors—the organ and orchestra. This is also enforced in the lovely Pastorale, one of the most beautiful in organ literature. In the Finale—a virile brilliant movement—we meet with much that is characteristic of the French school of composition, and yet through it all there is a certain restraint that gives proportion and prevents degeneracy into mere display.

ARIA "Abscheulicher," from "Fidelio," - - - BRETHOVEN

Born at Bonn, December 16, 1770; died at Vienna, March 26, 1827.

MADAME BOUTON

"VARIATIONS SYMPHONIQUE." - - - -BOËLLMANN

Born at Ensinheim, Alsatia, September 25, 1862; died in Paris, October 11, 1897

MR. WEBSTER

SUITE, "Ein Maerchen," Op. 16, - - - - JOSEF SUK

Born at Krecovic, Bohemia, January 4, 1874; still living.

LOVE AND SORROW OF THE ROYAL CHILDREN; INTERMEZZO—FOLKSDANCE;
INTERMEZZO—FUNERAL MUSIC; QUEEN RUNA'S CURSE;
TRIUMPH OF LOVE

Not many years ago concert programs were dominated by German composers, but times have changed somewhat and now other nationalities are represented quite as frequently.

This has not been without its advantages, for these composers from the "outer circle" have brought many new and vital elements to the art. They have made us acquainted with rich and unique stores of legendary lore; have opened up to us new lines of thought and original points of view; have made us more than ever conscious of music's plasticity, and, finally, have enforced the essential unity of artistic expression while laying equal stress upon its infinite variety. Again, as in the case of the composition on this program, we are brought close to the Folk element, and have gained thereby sources inspiring alike to fantasy and reflection. The Suite, "Ein Märchen," had its origin in a drama by the recently deceased Bohemian poet Zeyer, and is one of the most genial works yet produced by the younger Bohemian composers, among whom Josef Suk (who is the second violinist of that wonderful organization, the Bohemian String Quartet) easily stands foremost.

The titles of the various movements give an idea of the course of events as portrayed in the story. The love of the Princess and the Prince; their great happiness; their sorrow at the death of the Prince's father; the dance of the peasants, with its folksong element; the funeral of the Prince's father; the curse of Queen Runa, the Princesses' mother; its ineffectiveness—for love triumphs and "they lived happily all the rest of their days." Perennial the story, and the music is full of the life-giving elements of simple melody, expressive harmony, vivid color, rhythmic intensity and fantasy.

SONGS WITH PIANO

- | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------|
| (a) Faded, - - - - - | PROCH |
| (b) "Marie," - - - - - | FRANZ |
| (c) Serenade, - - - - - | VON DER STUCKEN |

MADAME BOUTON

OVERTURE "1812," - - - - - TSCHAIKOWSKY

Born at Wotkinsk, December 25, 1840; died in St. Petersburg, November 6, 1896.

This picturesque and interesting work is one of the finest in its particular class. More scholarly than the "Robespierre" of Litolff, less *bizarre* and fantastic than those of Berlioz, its relationship to them cannot be denied—while it is at the same time absolutely original. Muscovite patriotism could find no more fitting subject for musical inspiration than the retreat of the French from Moscow; neither could the art of the composer seize upon three more profoundly suggestive themes than the chantlike phrases we hear at the outset—so much like the Greek ritual music, the real foundation of the Russian type—the Marseillaise and the Russian National Hymn. Keeping these themes in mind all the rest is easily coördinated; the episodes as they crowd on each other are brought into their proper relation to these fundamental motives, and we find the justification for the use of effects in the orchestra that would under less skillful manipulation have become vulgar.



FIFTH CONCERT

Saturday Evening, May 16

"AIDA," An Opera in Four Acts, - - - - - VERDI

CAST

AIDA, - - - - -	MISS ANITA RIO
AMNERIS, - - - - -	MADAME LOUISE HOMER
HIGH PRIESTESS, - - - - -	MISS FRANCES CASPARY
AMONASRO, - - - - -	SIGNOR EMILIO DE GOGORZA
RAMPHIS, - - - - -	MR. FREDERIC MARTIN
THE KING, - - - - -	MR. WILLIAM HOWLAND
A MESSENGER, - - - - -	MR. JOSEPH T. BERRY

MINISTERS AND CAPTAINS; PRIESTS; SLAVE PRISONERS;
PRIESTESSES; THE PEOPLE

THE CHORAL UNION
MR. ALBERT A. STANLEY, Conductor

GUISEPPI VERDI

Born in Roncole, October 9, 1813; died at Milan, January 17, 1901.

The year 1813 was not alone of significance politically, but it marked the birth of two geniuses who dominated the field of opera in their century. These men, Richard Wagner and Giuseppe Verdi, represented, the one—revolution, the other—evolution. Wagner, a German full of the Teutonic spirit, revolutionized musico-dramatic art, or as some would say, created it; Verdi, an Italian, no less truly national in spirit, from an exponent of a conventionalized form of opera, by a gradual process of evolution, in the course of which as he advanced in years he seemed to renew his youth, developed a style in which, without losing either his individuality or nationality, the spirit of his German contemporary came to be a guiding principle.

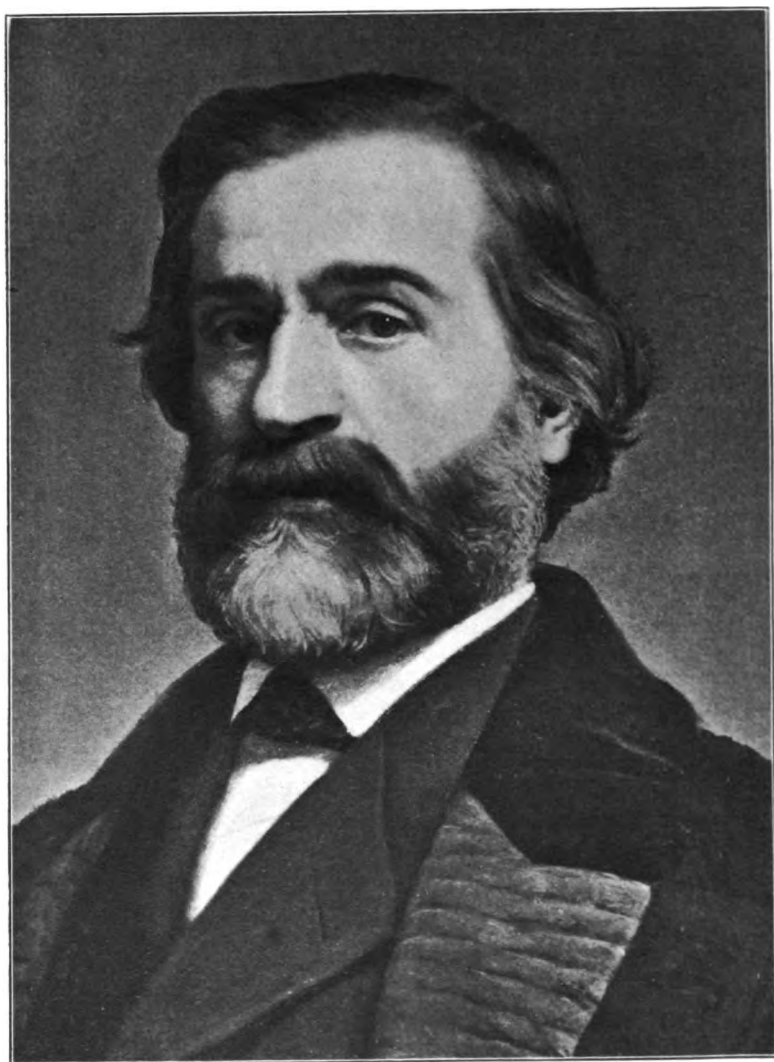
It must not be assumed that the terms "revolution" and "evolution" are as widely separated in fact as they appear to be as ordinarily applied. The difference is largely dynamic. As the spirit underlying Romanticism intensified becomes the Dramatic Idea, so evolution prepares the way for, and is absorbed into, revolution. Evolution supplies the innumerable details, each of which may mean little in itself, but in combination they may tip the scales in a certain direction and then we have—revolution. Take the case of Richard Wagner ("Der Fall Wagner"), while he really does appear—and not illogically—as a revolutionary genius, we must not ignore the fact that the particular ideal for which he stands was not his alone. Lessing, Wieland and Herder had more or less forcibly stated much that was prophetic in connection with the whole

question, while the fundamental thesis of Wagner's contention was never more forcibly nor succinctly stated than by Jean Paul Richter in the very year of the great master's birth.

Carl Maria von Weber in his "Euryanthe" anticipated much in the way of detail, for he had a keen appreciation of the dramatic power of music. Such a statement seems paradoxical, when we remember that no opera before and but one since (Schumann's "Genoveva") has contained in "unity of expression" more that is abhorrent to dramatic truth than this particular work.

And again we must remember that Berlioz in his "Symphonie Phantastique," written shortly after Beethoven's death, had sounded an entirely new note. Dramatic representation through the medium of the orchestra was to be a conditioning factor in the art of the epoch. Wagner was not directly influenced by him—as was Liszt—but the fact is cited to show that this particular development was in the air. On the other hand, von Weber's direct influence on Wagner was very great, so on both sides of the question, the dramatic and the musical, there was an unmistakable tendency in a certain direction. More or less spasmodic, it is true, well nigh concealed by conventionalities, but still there, this movement, the necessity for which had been felt by poets and philosophers, had reached a point where a genius of real force alone was needed to make of this evolution a real revolution. This man, Richard Wagner, illustrates the tendencies of the Germanic races. Such a movement, however, could not be restricted to any one nationality, but must affect all more or less, and Verdi stands as the real representative of the Latin races. The distinctions seen in the early music of the two countries most truly representing the opposing racial characteristics, the German and Italian, are possibly more apparent now than in the early days, because in the music-drama and opera they are intensified and shown in a manner that makes them more definite. One of the most important distinctions may be considered as dependent upon the earliest tendencies of the folk-music of the two nations, and the character of the two languages. The syllabic treatment of the text so essential a part of the German concept of song, as shown in the Lied, had, and has, no counterpart in Italian music. In the one we see as the result of the application of dramatic ideals which demand that the "means of expression shall not be the end of expression"—to paraphrase Wagner's pregnant saying—the so-called Wagnerian melos; in the other the aria, as exhibited in Verdi's latest works. Both of them intended to be the expression of dramatic truth, both of them surcharged with musical feeling—yet how different!

If the career of Richard Wagner from "Rienzi" (1841) to "Parsifal" (1882) is a most inspiring record of steady progress towards more and more exalted ideals, shall we not accord true greatness to Verdi, who solved the great problem of artistic unity in his own way, in accordance with his own environment, in a manner suited to his genius, and yet, although the concept was idealized, in accordance with the artistic outlook of those for whom he wrote? He did not copy blindly, but rather adapted principles to his individual method of expression, translated them, so to speak, into the idiom of his own language, thus giving them vital significance and direct application. It is a great gift, the power to see one's limitations, but with it should go ability to know one's strength, and no one thing is proven more conclusively in Verdi's career than that he did know himself, and this without subjecting philosophy to torture as was the case with his great contemporary, Richard Wagner, who persistently



held to the opinion that he was a great dramatist because he was a great philosopher, ignoring the fact that his sublime musical genius often made amends for philosophical concepts that were essentially puerile, and lapses from his own ideals of dramatic fitness.

We must remember also that from a certain point of view it was possibly even more difficult for Verdi to change his artistic ideals—or at least his practice—than for Wagner. Verdi was never in any sense a martyr to principle; he was never on trial; nor did the pursuit of any self-imposed task ever bring him into conflict with friends, or furnish his enemies with materials for bitter attacks. The very brilliancy of his career, however, made whatever risk he ran in forsaking any of the old-time conventionalities all the more to his credit; and, as a matter of fact, he retained more of the old than he took on of the new; hence, his art was an evolution rather than a revolution. Had the balance been the other way he would have stood, as did Wagner, for revolution. But look at the life work of this great genius for a moment; think of the melodies that he has given to the world! Many of them are now hackneyed—but they are so partly because their very beauty has made them so popular, and partly because since the days of Verdi's early operas we have been gaining in appreciation of other elements than mere melody—for even a genius cannot prevent the onward movement of events. Composers may remain stationary as did Rossini, and not attempt to improve their art, or men, who, like Spontini, follow the lead of the public instead of "despising its decisions," as Schiller advised—may, like him, find themselves "embalmed alive," as Wagner said; but Verdi lived and moved with the times, and when he died, at the age of eighty-eight, he was the youngest man in Italy.

In the operas preceding "*Aida*" (1871) we may see the Verdi of the old school of Italian opera; from "*Aida*" we may date the advent of the greater Verdi, in whose works the beauty of melody of the Italian, and the dramatic intensity and forceful use of the orchestra of the German schools happily combine. Nor in the last compositions published in 1898—the "*Quattro Pezzi Sacri*"—do we see any diminution in creative power, even though the work of one long past the allotted time of man's existence.

"*Aida*" was written for the Khedive of Egypt and was given its first performance in Cairo, December 24, 1871; in Milan, February 8, 1872. It was given in New York in 1873, three years before its first performance in Paris. Contemporary writers give conflicting accounts of the general effect of the first performance, but of the character of the music, its dramatic power, its gorgeous instrumentation, its captivating melody, sonorous harmonies—there was no jarring note in the chorus of criticism. Nor has there been since—for even those who are worshippers at the shrine of what many of us love to think are really more exalted ideals—can but feel its originality and force. It has a most dramatic plot—full of action—giving opportunities for display of Oriental pomp and ceremony—for dancing and all the apparatus of the grand opera—while the deeper elements of dramatic power as shown in the characters of *Aida*, *Amneris*, *Radames* and *Ramphis*, come to the front with a truthfulness and regard for dramatic consistency unknown to most operas of his countrymen. It is a story of love, war, and loyalty—contrasted with hatred, revenge, and intrigue—dominated by the influence of the cruel and arrogant Egyptian priesthood. It abounds in grand chorus effects, notably in Acts I. and II.—while from beginning to end there is not a moment when one feels there is any uncertainty in the mind of the composer, as to the effect he desires to produce, nor any lapse from sus-

tained power of portrayal. There are certain Oriental characteristics displayed in some of the melodies and harmonies, as in the scene in which appears the High Priestess—in conjunction with the Priestesses and the Priests; while some of the dances have a barbaric quality in rhythm and color. Of "typical motives" in the ordinary acceptation of the word, we find no trace, but there are certain themes to which dramatic significance may be given.

But to use the typical motive as Wagner used it, was not Verdi's way of expressing himself, and the power of the work lies—as has been stated—in its naturalness. The verdict of one generation has sustained the judgment of those who heard it for the first time. And nowadays a generation means more than a century formerly.

ACT I.—INTRODUCTION.

SCENE I.—*Hall in the Palace of the King at Memphis. To the right and left a colonnade with statues and flowering shrubs. At the back a grand gate, from which may be seen the temples and palaces of Memphis and the Pyramids.*

(RADAMES and RAMPHIS in consultation.)

RAMPHIS.—Yes, it is rumored that the Ethiop dares

Once again our power, and the valley
Of Nilus threatens, and Thebes as well.

The truth from messengers I soon shall learn.

RADAMES.—Hast thou consulted the will of Isis?

RAMPHIS.—She hath declared who of Egypt's renowned armies

Shall be leader.

RADAMES.—Oh happy mortal!

RAMPHIS.—Young in years is he, and dauntless.

The dread commandment I to the King shall take.

(Exit.)

RADAMES.—What if 'tis I am chosen, and my dream

Be now accomplished! Of a glorious army I the chosen leader,

Mine glorious vict'ry, by Memphis received in triumph!

To thee returned, Aida, my brow entwined with laurel;

Tell thee, for thee I battled, for thee I conquer'd!

Heav'nly Aida, beauty resplendent,
Radiant flower, blooming and bright;
Queenly thou reignest o'er me transcendent,

Bathing my spirit in beauty's light.
Would that, thy bright skies once more beholding.

Breathing the air of thy native land,
Round thy fair brow a diadem folding,

Thine were a throne by the sun to stand.

(Enter AMNERIS.)

AMNERIS.—In thy visage I trace a joy unwonted!

What martial ardor is beaming in thy noble glances!

Ah me! how worthy were of all envy the woman

Whose dearly wish'd for presence
Could have power to kindle in thee such rapture!

RADAMES.—A dream of proud ambition in my heart I was nursing:

Isis this day has declar'd by name the warrior chief

Appointed to lead to battle Egypt's host!

Ah! for this honor, say, what if I were chosen?

AMNERIS.—Has not another vision, one more sweet,

More enchanting, found favor in your heart?

Hast thou in Memphis no attraction more charming?

RAEMES.—(aside).—I!

(Fatal question.

Has she the secret yearning
Divin'd within me burning?)

AMNERIS (aside).—Ah, me! my love if spurning

His heart to another were turning!

RADAMES.—Have then mine eyes betray'd me,

And told Aida's name!

AMNERIS.—Woe if hope should false have play'd me,

And all in vain my flame.

(Enter AIDA.)

RADAMES (seeing AIDA).—She here!

AMNERIS (aside).—He is troubled.

Ah, what a gaze doth he turn on her! Aida! Have I a rival?

Can it be she herself?

- (Turning to AIDA.)
- Come hither, thou I dearly prize.
 Slave art thou none, nor menial;
 Here have I made by fondest ties
 Sister a name more genial. Weep'st
 thou?
- Oh, tell me wherefore thou ever art
 mourning,
 Wherefore thy tears now flow.
- AIDA.—Alas! the cry of war I hear,
 Vast hosts I see assemble;
 Therefore the country's fate I fear,
 For me, for all I tremble.
- AMNERIS.—And art thou sure no deeper
 woe now bids thy tears to flow?
 Tremble! oh thou base vassal!
- RADAMES (*aside, regarding AMNERIS*).
 Her glance with anger flashing
 Proclaims our love suspected.
- AMNERIS.—Yes, tremble, base vassal,
 tremble,
 Lest thy secret stain detected.
- RADAMES.—Woe! if my hopes all dash-
 ing
 She mar the plans I've laid!
- AMNERIS.—All in vain thou wouldst
 dissemble,
 By tear and blush betrayed!
- AIDA (*aside*).—No! fate, o'er Egypt
 looming,
 Weighs down on my heart dejected,
 I wept that love thus was dooming
 To woe a hapless maid!
- (Enter the KING, preceded by his
 guards and followed by RAMPHIS,
 his Ministers, Priests, Captains,
 etc., etc., an officer of the Palace,
 and afterwards a Messenger.)
- THE KING.—Mighty the cause that
 summons
 Round their King the faithful sons of
 Egypt.
 From the Ethiop's land a messenger
 this moment has reached us.
 Tidings of import brings he. Be
 pleased to hear him.
 Now let the man come forward!
- (To an officer.)
- MESSENGER.—The sacred limits of Egyp-
 tian soil are by Ethiops invaded.
 Our fertile fields lie all devastated,
 destroy'd our harvest.
 Embolden'd by so easy a conquest, the
 plund'ring horde
 On the Capital are marching.
- ALL.—Presumptuous daring!
- MESSENGER.—They are led by a warrior,
 undaunted, never conquered:
 Amonasro.
- ALL.—The King!
- AIDA.—My father!
- MESSENGER.—All Thebes has arisen, and
 from her hundred portals
- * Has pour'd on the invader a torrent
 fierce,
 Fraught with relentless carnage.
- THE KING.—Ay, death and battle be our
 rallying cry!
- RADAMES, RAMPHIS, CHORUS OF PRIESTS,
 CHORUS OF MINISTERS AND CAPTAINS.
 Battle! and carnage, war unrelent-
 ing!
- THE KING (*addressing RADAMES*). Isis,
 revered Goddess, already has ap-
 pointed
 The warrior chief with pow'r supreme
 invested.
 Radames!
- AIDA, AMNERIS, CHORUS OF MINISTERS
 AND CAPTAINS.—Radames!
- RADAMES.—Ah! ye Gods, I thank you!
 My dearest wish is crown'd!
- AMNERIS.—Our leader!
- AIDA.—I tremble.
- THE KING.—Now unto Vulcan's tem-
 ple, chieftain, proceed,
 There to gird thee to vict'ry, don-
 ning sacred armor.
 On! of Nilus' sacred river
 Guard the shores, Egyptians brave,
 Unto death the foe deliver,
 Egypt they never, never shall en-
 slave!
- RAMPHIS.—Glory render, glory abiding,
 To our Gods, the warrior guiding;
 In their pow'r alone confiding,
 Their protection let us crave.
- AIDA (*aside*).—Whom to weep for?
 Whom to pray for?
 Ah! what pow'r to him now binds me!
 Yet I love, tho' all reminds me
 That I love my country's foe!
- RADAMES.—Glory's sacred thirst now
 claims me,
 Now 'tis war alone inflames me;
 On to vict'ry! Naught we stay for!
 Forward, and death to every foe!
- AMNERIS.—From my hand, thou warrior
 glorious,
 Take thy stand, aye victorious;
 Let it ever lead thee onward
 To the foeman's overthrow.
- ALL.—Battle! No quarter to any foe!
 May laurels crown thy brow!
- AIDA.—May laurels crown thy brow!
 What can my lips pronounce lan-
 guage so impious!
 Wish him victor o'er my father—
 O'er him who wages war but that I
 may be restored to my country,
 To my kingdom, to the high station
 I now perforce dissemble!
 Wish him conqueror o'er my brothers!
 E'en now I see him stain'd with their
 blood so cherished,

'Mid the clam'rous triumph of Egyptian battalions!
 Behind his chariot a King, my father,
 as a fetter'd captive!
 Ye Gods watching o'er me,
 Those words deem unspoken!
 A father restore me, his daughter
 heart-broken,
 Oh, scatter their armies, forever crush
 our foe!
 Ah! what wild words do I utter?
 Of my affection have I no recollection?
 That sweet love that consol'd me, a
 captive pining,
 Like some bright, sunny ray on my
 sad lot shining?
 Shall I invoke destruction on the
 man for whom in love I languish?
 Ah! never yet on earth liv'd one
 whose heart
 Was torn by wilder anguish!
 Those names so holy, of father, of
 lover,
 No more dare I now utter or e'en
 recall;
 Abashed and trembling, to heav'n
 fain would hover
 My prayers for both, for both my
 tears would fall.
 Ah! all my prayers seem transformed
 to blaspheming,
 To suffer is a crime, dark sin to sigh;
 Thro' darkest night I do wander as
 dreaming,
 And so cruel my woe, I fain would die.
 Merciful gods! look from on high!
 Pity these tears hopelessly shed.
 Love, fatal pow'r, mystic and dread,
 Break thou my heart, now let me die!

SCENE II.—*Interior of the Temple of Vulcan at Memphis. A mysterious light from above. A long row of columns, one behind the other, vanishing in darkness. Statues of various deities. In the middle of the stage, above a platform covered with carpet, rises the altar, surmounted with sacred emblems. Golden tripods emitting the fumes of incense.*

(PRIESTS.—RAMPHIS at the foot of the altar.)

HIGH PRIESTESS (*in the interior*). Lo,
 we invoke thee.

RAMPHIS AND PRIESTS.—Thou who
 mad'st ev'ry creature,
 Earth, water, air and fire,
 Lo, we invoke thee!

HIGH PRIESTESS.—Flame uncreated,
 eternal,
 Fount of all light above,
 Hail! lo, we invoke love,
 Thee we invoke!

RAMPHIS AND PRIESTS.—Life giver, universal,
 Source of unending love,
 Thee we invoke!

HIGH PRIESTESS AND PRIESTESSES.—Almighty Phtha!
 (*Sacred Dance of Priestesses.*)

RAMPHIS (*to RADAMES*).—Of gods the
 favor'd mortal,
 To thee confided be the favor of
 Egypt.
 Thy weapon, temper'd by hand immortal,
 In thy hand shall bring to the foe-
 man
 Alarm, agony, terror!
 (*Turning to the god.*)
 Hear us, oh, guardian deity,
 Our sacred land protecting,
 Thy mighty hand extending,
 Danger from Egypt ward.

RADAMES.—Hear us, each mortal destiny,
 War's dreadful course directing,
 Aid unto Egypt sending,
 Keep o'er her children ward.

CHORUS OF PRIESTS.—Thy weapon,
 temper'd by hand immortal, etc.

CHORUS OF PRIESTESSES.—Almighty
 Phtha!

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A hall in the apartments of AMNERIS. AMNERIS surrounded by female slaves who attire her for the triumphal feast. Tripods emitting perfumed vapors. Young Moorish slaves waving feather-fans.*

CHORUS.—Our song his glory praising,
 Heavenward waft a name,
 Whose deeds the sun out-blazing,
 Out-shine his dazzling flame!
 Come, bind thy flowing tresses round
 With laurel and with flow'rs.
 While loud our songs of praise re-
 sound

To celebrate love's pow'rs.

AMNERIS.—(Ah! come, love, with rapture fill me,
 To joy my heart restore.)

CHORUS.—Ah! where are now the foes
 who dared

Egypt's brave sons attack?
 As doves are by the eagle scar'd,
 Our warriors drove them back.
 Now wreaths of triumph glorious
 The victor's brow shall crown,
 And love, o'er him victorious,
 Shall smoothe his war-like frown.

AMNERIS.—Be silent! Aida hither now
 advances,

Child of the conquer'd, to me her
 grief is sacred.



(*At a sign from AMNERIS the slaves retire.*)

(*Enter AIDA.*)

On her appearance,
My soul again with doubt is tortur'd.
It shall now be reveal'd, the fatal mystery!

(*To AIDA with feigned affection.*)

'Neath the chances of battle succumb
thy people,
Hapless Aida! The sorrows that
afflict thee,

Be sure I feel as keenly.

My heart tow'rd's thee yearns fondly;
In vain naught shalt thou ask of me:
Thou shalt be happy!

AIDA.—Ah! how can I be happy.

Far from my native country, where

I can never know

What fate may befall my father,
brothers?

AMNERIS.—Deeply you move me! yet
no human sorrow

Is lasting here below. Time will comfort

And heal your present anguish. Great-

er
Than time e'en the healing power of
love is.

AIDA.—Oh, love, sweet power! oh, joy
tormenting!

Rapturous madness bliss fraught with
woes,

Thy pangs most cruel a life contenting.
Thy smiles enchanting bright heaven
disclose!

AMNERIS.—Yon deadly pallor, her bosom
panting,

Tell of love's passion, tell of love's
woes.

Her heart to question, courage is
wanting.

My bosom feels of her torture the
throes.

(*Eying her fixedly.*)

Now say, what new emotion so doth
sway my fair Aida?

Thy secret thought reveal to me:

Come, trust securely, come,

Trust in my affection.

Among the warriors brave who

Fought fatally 'gainst thy country,

It may be that one has waken'd

In thee gentle thoughts of love?

AIDA.—What mean'st thou?

AMNERIS.—The cruel fate of war not
all alike embraces,

And then the dauntless warrior who
Leads the host may perish.

Yes! Radames by thine is slaughter'd;
And canst thou mourn him?

The gods have wrought thee ven-

geance.

AIDA.—What dost thou tell me!
wretched fate!

Forever my tears shall flow!

Celestial favor to me was ne'er ex-

tended.

AMNERIS (*breaking out with violence.*)

Tremble! thou art discovered!

Thou lov'st him! Ne'er deny it!

Nay, to confound thee I need but a
word.

Gaze on my visage; I told thee false-

ly;

Radames liveth!

AIDA (*with rapture.*) Liveth! gods, I
thank ye!

AMNERIS.—Dost hope still now deceive
me?

Yes, thou lov'st him!

But so do I; dost hear my words?

Behold thy rival, here is a Pharaoh's
daughter.

AIDA (*drawing herself up with pride.*)

Thou my rival! what tho' it were so;

For I, I, too!

Falling at AMNERIS' feet.

Ah! heed not my words! oh, spare!
forgive me!

Ah! on all my anguish sweet pity
take;

'Tis true, for his love I all else for-

sake.

While thou art mighty, all joys thy
dower,

Naught save my love now is left for me!

AMNERIS.—Tremble, vile bond-maid!

Dying heart-broken.

Soon shalt thou rue the love thou
hast spoken.

Do I not hold thee fast in my power,
Hatred and vengeance my heart owes
for thee!

CHORUS OF PEOPLE.—On to Nilus'
sacred river.

Guard the shores, Egyptians brave:

Unto death the foe deliver.

Egypt they never shall enslave.

AMNERIS.—In the pageant now prepar-

ing

Shall a part by thee be taken;

While before me thou in dust art
prone,

I shall share the royal throne!

AIDA.—Pray thee spare a heart despair-

ing!

Life's to me a void forsaken;

Live and reign, thy anger blighting,

I shall no longer brave;

Soon this love, thy hate inviting,

Shall be buried in the grave.

Ah! then spare!

AMNERIS.—Come, now follow, I will
show thee

Whether thou canst vie with me.

AIDA.—Powers above, pity my woe,
 Hope have I none now here below;
 Deign, ye Immortals, mercy to show;
 Ye gods, ah spare! ah spare! ah spare!

SCENE II.—*An avenue to the City of Thebes. In front, a clump of Palms. Right hand, a temple dedicated to Ammon. Left hand, a throne with a purple canopy. At back, triumphal arch. The stage is crowded with people.*

(Enter the KING followed by Officials, Priests, Captains, Fanbearers, Standard-bearers. Afterwards AMNERIS, with AIDA and slaves. The KING takes his seat on the throne. AMNERIS places herself at his left hand.)

CHORUS OF PEOPLE.—Glory to Isis, who from all

Wardeth away disaster!
 To Egypt's royal master
 Raise we our festal song!
 Glory! Glory!
 Glory, oh King!

CHORUS OF WOMEN.—The laurel with the lotus bound

The victor's brows enwreathing!
 Let flow'rs sweet perfume breathing,
 Veil warlike arms from sight.
 Ye sons of Egypt dance around,
 And sing your mystic praises,
 As round the sun in mazes
 Dance all the stars in delight.

(The Egyptian Troops, preceded by trumpeters, defile before the KING—the chariots of war follow the ensigns—the sacred vases and statues of the gods—troops of Dancing Girls who carry the treasures of the defeated—and lastly RADAMES, under a canopy borne by twelve officers.)

(The KING descends from the throne to embrace RADAMES.)

CHORUS OF PEOPLE.—Hither advance, oh glorious band,
 Mingle your joy with ours;
 Green bays and fragrant flowers,
 Scatter their path along.

CHORUS OF PRIESTS.—To powers war deciding

Our glances raise we;
 Thank we our gods and praise we,
 On this triumphant day.

THE KING.—Savior brave of thy country. Egypt salutes thee!
 Hither now advance and on thy head
 My daughter will place the crown of triumph.

(RADAMES bends before AMNERIS, who hands him the crown.)

What boon thou askest, freely I'll grant it.

Naught can be denied thee on such a day.

I swear it by the crown I am wearing,

By heav'n above us!

RADAMES.—First deign to order that the captives

Be before you brought.

(Enter Ethiopian prisoners surrounded by guards, AMONASRO last in the dress of an officer.)

RAMPHIS AND PRIESTS.—Thank we our gods!

AIDA.—What see I? He here? My father!

ALL.—Her father!

AMNERIS.—And in our power!

AIDA *(embracing her father)*.—Thou! captive made!

AMONASRO *(whispering to AIDA)*.

Tell not my rank!

THE KING *(to AMONASRO)*.—Come forward—

So then, thou art?

AMONASRO.—Her father. I, too, have fought,

And we are conquer'd; death I vainly sought.

(Pointing to the uniform he is wearing.)

This my garment has told you already
 That I fought to defend King and country;

Adverse fortune against us ran steady,
 Vainly sought we the fates to defy.

At my feet in the dust lay extended
 Our King, countless wounds had transpierc'd him;

If to fight for the country that nurs'd him

Make one guilty, we're ready to die!

But, oh King, in thy power transcendent

Spare the lives on thy mercy dependent;

By fates though to-day overtaken,

Ah! say, who can to-morrow's event descry?

AIDA.—But, O King, in thy power transcendent, etc.

SLAVE-PRISONERS. — We, on whom heaven's anger is falling,

Thee implore, on thy clemency calling;

May ye ne'er be by fortune forsaken,
 Nor thus in captivity lie!

RAMPHIS AND PRIESTS.—Death, oh King, be their just destination.

Close thy heart to all vain supplication,



By the heavens they doom'd are to
perish,
We the heavens are bound to obey.

PEOPLE.—Holy priests, calm your anger
exceeding,

Lend an ear to the conquer'd foe,
pleading.

Mighty King, thou whose power we
cherish,

In thy bosom let mercy have sway.

RADAMES (*fixing his eyes on AIDA*).

See her cheek wan with weeping and
sorrow,

From affliction new charm seems to
borrow;

In my bosom love's flame seems new
lighted

By each tear drop that flows from her
eyes.

AMNERIS.—With what glances on her he
is gazing!

Glowing passion within them is
blazing!

She is lov'd, and my passion is
slighted?

Stern revenge in my breast loudly
cries!

THE KING.—High in triumph since our
banners now are soaring,

Let us spare those our mercy implor-
ing:

By the gods mercy, aye, is requited,
And of princes it strengthens the
sway.

RADAMES.—O King! by heav'n above us,
And by the crown on thy brow thou
sworest,

Whate'er I asked thee thou wouldst
grant it.

THE KING.—Say on.

RADAMES.—Vouchsafe then, I pray free-
dom and life to freely grant

Unto these Ethiop captives here.

AMNERIS.—Free all, then!

PRIESTS.—Death be the doom of
Egypt's enemies!

PEOPLE.—Compassion to the wretched!

RAMPHIS.—Hear me, oh King! and
thou too,

Dauntless young hero, lost to the
voice of prudence;

They are foes, to battle hardened.

Vengeance ne'er in them will die,

Growing bolder if now pardoned.

They to arms once more will fly!

RADAMES.—With Amonasro, their war-
rior King,

All hopes of revenge have perish'd.

RAMPHIS.—At least, as earnest of safety
and of peace,

Keep we back then Aida's father.

THE KING.—I yield me to thy counsel;
Of safety now and peace a bond more
certain will I give you.

Radames, to thee our debt is un-
bounded.

Amneris, my daughter, shall be thy
guerdon.

Thou shalt hereafter o'er Egypt with
her hold conjoint sway.

AMNERIS (*aside*).—Now let yon bond-
maid, now let her

Rob me of my love she dare not!

THE KING.—Glory to Egypt's gracious
land,

Isis hath aye protected,

With laurel and with lotus,

Entwine proudly the victor's head.

RAMPHIS AND PRIESTS.—Praise be to
Isis, goddess bland,

Who hath our land protected,

And pray that the favor's granted us,
Ever be o'er us shed.

SLAVE-PRISONERS.—Glory to Egypt's
gracious land,

She hath revenge rejected,

And liberty hath granted us

Once more our soil to tread.

AIDA.—Alas! to me what hope is left?

He wed, a throne ascending,

I left my loss to measure,

To mourn a hopeless love.

RADAMES.—Now heaven's bolt the clouds
has cleft,

Upon my head descending,

Ah! no, all Egypt's treasure

Weighs not Aida's love.

AMNERIS.—Almost of every sense bereft,
By joy my hopes transcending,

Scarce I the triumph can measure

Now crowning all my love.

AMONASRO (*to AIDA*).—Take heart:
there yet some hope is left,

Thy country's fate amending;

Soon shalt thou see with pleasure

Revenge light from above.

PEOPLE.—Glory to Egypt's goddess
bland,

Who hath our land protected!

With laurel and with lotus,

Entwine proudly the victor's head.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Shores of the Nile. Granite
rocks overgrown with palm-trees. On
the summit of the rocks a temple dedi-
cated to Isis, half hidden in foliage.
Night; stars and a bright moon.*

CHORUS (*in the Temple*). Oh, thou who
to Osiris art
Mother and consort immortal,
Goddess that mak'st the human heart

In fond emotion move,
Aid us who seek thy portal,
Parent of deathless love.

HIGH PRIESTESS.—Aid us thy portal who seek.

(From a boat which approaches the shore descend AMNERIS and RAMPHIS, followed by some women closely veiled. Guards.)

RAMPHIS *(to AMNERIS)*.—Come to the fane of Isis: the eve

Before the day of thy bridal, to pray the goddess

Grant thee her favor. To Isis are the hearts

Of mortals open. In human hearts whatever

Is hidden, full well she knoweth.

AMNERIS.—Aye; and I will pray that Radames

May give me truly his heart,
Truly as mine to him was ever devoted.

RAMPHIS.—Now enter. Thou shalt pray Till the daylight; I shall be near thee.

(All enter the Temple.)

(AIDA enters cautiously veiled.)

AIDA.—He will ere long be here! What would he tell me?

I tremble! Ah! if thou comest to bid me,

Harsh man, farewell forever,
Then Nilus, thy dark and rushing stream

Shall soon o'erwhelm me; peace shall I find there,

And a long oblivion.

My native land no more, no more shall I behold!

O sky of azure hue, breezes softly blowing.

Whose smiling glances saw my young life unfold

Fair verdant hillsides, oh streamlets gently flowing,

Thee, oh, my country, no more shall I behold!

Yes, fragrant valleys, your sheltering bowers,

Once 'twas my dream, should love's abode hang o'er;

Perish'd those dreams now like winter-blighted flowers,

Land of my fathers, ne'er shall I see thee more!

(Enter AMONASRO.)

Heav'n! my father!

AMONASRO.—Grave cause leads me to seek thee here, Aida.

Naught escapes my attention.

For Radames thou'rt dying of love; He loves thee, thou await'st him.

□ A daughter of the Pharaohs is thy rival! Race accursed, race detested, to us aye fatal!

AIDA.—And I am in her grasp!

I, Amonasro's daughter!

AMONASRO.—In her power thou! No! if thou wishest,

Thy all-powerful rival thou shall vanquish,

Thy country, thy scepter, thy love, shall all be thine.

Once again shalt thou on our balmy forests,

Our verdant valleys, our golden temples gaze!

AIDA.—Once again I shall on our balmy forests,

Our verdant valleys, our golden temple's gaze!

AMONASRO.—The happy bride of thy heart's dearest treasure,

Delight unbounded there shalt thou enjoy.

AIDA *(with transport)*.—One day alone of such enchanting pleasure,

Nay, but an hour of bliss so sweet, then let me die!

AMONASRO.—Yet recall how Egyptian hordes descended

On our homes, our temples, our altars dar'd profane!

Cast in bonds sisters, daughters undefended,

Mothers, graybeards, and helpless children slain.

AIDA.—Too well remember'd are those days of mourning!

All the keen anguish my poor heart that pierc'd!

Gods! grant in mercy, peace once more returning,

Once more the dawn soon of glad days may burst.

AMONASRO.—Remember! Lose not a moment.

Our people arm'd are panting

For the signal when to strike the blow.

Success is sure, only one thing is wanting:

That we know by what path will march the foe.

AIDA.—Who that path will discover? Canst tell?

AMONASRO.—Thyself will!

AIDA.—I?

AMONASRO.—Radames knows thou art waiting.

He loves thee, he commands the Egyptians.

Dost hear me?

AIDA.—O horror! What wilt thou that I do?

No! Nevermore!



- AMONASRO (*with savage fury*).—Up,
Egypt! fierce nation
Our cities devoting
To flames, and denoting
With ruins your path.
Spread wide devastation,
Your fury unbridle,
Resistance is idle,
Give rein to your wrath.
- AIDA.—Ah! Father!
- AMONASRO (*repulsing her*).—Dost call
thee my daughter?
- AIDA.—Nay hold! have mercy!
- AMONASRO.—Torrents of blood shall
crimson flow,
Grimly the foe stands gloating.
Seest thou? from darkling gulfs be-
low
Shades of the dead upfloating!
Crying, as thee in scorn they show:
"Thy country thou hast slain!"
- AIDA.—Nay hold! ah hold! have mercy,
pray!
- AMONASRO.—One among those phan-
toms dark,
E'en now it stands before thee:
Tremble! now stretching o'er thee,
Its bony hand I mark!
Thy mother's hands, see there again
Stretch'd out to curse thee.
- AIDA (*with the utmost terror*).
Ah! no! my father, spare thy child!
- AMONASRO (*repulsing her*).—Thou'rt my
daughter!
No, of the Pharaohs thou art a bond-
maid!
- AIDA.—Oh spare thy child!
Father! no, their slave am I no
longer,
Ah, with thy curse do not appall me;
Still thine own daughter thou mayest
call me,
Ne'er shall my country her child dis-
dain.
- AMONASRO.—Think that thy race down-
trampled by the conqu'ror,
Thro' thee alone can their freedom
gain.
- AIDA.—Oh then my country has proved
the stronger,
My country's cause than love is
stronger!
- AMONASRO.—Have courage! he comes!
there! I'll remain.
(*Conceals himself among the palms.*)
- RADAMES (*with transport*).—Again I see
thee, my own Aida.
- AIDA.—Advance not! hence! what hopes
are thine?
- RADAMES.—Love led me hither in hope
to meet thee.
- AIDA.—Thou to another must thy hand
resign.
The Princess weds thee.
- RADAMES.—What sayest thou?
Thee only, Aida, e'er can I love.
Be witness, heaven, thou art not for-
saken.
- AIDA.—Invoke not falsely the gods
'above!
True, thou wert lov'd; let not untruth
degrade thee!
- RADAMES.—Can of my love no more I
persuade thee?
- AIDA.—And how then hop'st thou to
baffle the love of the Princess.
The King's high command, the desire
of the people,
The certain wrath of the priesthood?
- RADAMES.—Hear me, Aida.
Once more of deadly strife with hope
unfading
The Ethiop has again lighted the
brand.
Already they our borders have in-
vaded;
All Egypt's armies I shall command.
While shouts of triumph greet me
victorious,
To our kind monarch my love dis-
closing,
I thee will claim as my guerdon glori-
ous,
With thee live evermore in love re-
posing.
- AIDA.—Nay, but dost thou not fear then
Amneris' fell revenge?
Her dreadful vengeance, like the light-
ning of heaven
On me will fall, upon my father, my
nation.
- RADAMES.—I will defend thee!
- AIDA.—In vain wouldst thou attempt it,
Yet if thou lov'st me,
There still offers a path for our es-
cape.
- RADAMES.—Name it!
- AIDA.—To flee!
- RADAMES.—To flee hence?
- AIDA.—Ah, flee from where these burn-
ing skies
Are all beneath them blighting;
Toward regions now we'll turn our
eyes,
Our faithful love inviting.
There, where the virgin forests rise,
'Mid fragrance softly stealing,
Our loving bliss concealing,
The world we'll quite forget.
- RADAMES.—To distant countries rang-
ing,
With thee thou bid'st me fly!
For other lands exchanging
All 'neath my native sky!

The land these armies have guarded,
That first fame's crown awarded,
Where first I thee regarded,
How can I e'er forget?

AIDA.—There, where the virgin forests
rise,

'Mid fragrance softly stealing,
Our loving bliss concealing,
The world we'll quite forget.

RADAMES.—Where first I thee regarded
How can I e'er forget?

AIDA.—Beneath our skies more freely
To our hearts will love be yielded;
The gods thy youth that shielded,
Will not our love forget;
Ah, let us fly!

RADAMES (*hesitating*).—Aida.

AIDA.—Me thou lov'st not! Go!

RADAMES.—Not love thee?

Ne'er yet in mortal bosom love's flame
did burn

With ardor so devouring!

AIDA.—Go! go! yon awaits for thee
Amneris!

RADAMES.—All in vain.

AIDA.—In vain, thou sayest?

Then fall the axe upon me,
And on my wretched father.

RADAMES (*with impassioned resolution*).
Ah no! we'll fly, then!

Yes, we'll fly these walls now hated,
In the desert hide our treasure,
Here the land to love seems fated,
There all seems to smile on me.

AIDA.—'Mid the valleys where nature
greeted thee,

We our bridal couch soon spreading,
Starry skies, their lustre shedding,
Be our lucid canopy.

Follow me, together flying,
Where all love doth still abide;
Thou art lov'd with love undying!
Come, and love our steps shall guide.

(*They are hasting away when suddenly AIDA pauses*)

AIDA.—But, tell me: by what path shall
we avoid

Alighting on the soldiers?

RADAMES.—By the path that we have
chosen

To fall on the Ethiops,
'Twill be free until to-morrow.

AIDA.—Say, which is that?

RADAMES.—The gorges of Napata.

AMONASRO.—Of Napata the gorges!

There will I post my men!

RADAMES.—Who has overheard us?

AMONASRO.—Aida's father, Ethiopia's
King!

RADAMES (*overcome with surprise*).

Thou! Amonasro! thou! the King?
Heaven! what say'st thou?

No! it is false!

Surely this can be but dreaming!

AIDA.—Ah no! be calm, and list to me,
Trust! love thy footsteps guiding.

AMONASRO.—In her fond love confiding
A throne thy prize shall be.

RADAMES.—My name forever branded!
For thee I've played the traitor!

AIDA.—Ah, calm thee!

AMONASRO.—No; blame can never fall
on thee,

It was by fate commanded.

Come, where beyond the Nile arrayed,
Warriors brave are waiting;
There love each fond wish sating,
Thou shalt be happy made. Come
then.

(*Dragging RADAMES.*)

AMNERIS (*from the temple*).—Traitor
vile!

AIDA.—My rival here!

AMONASRO.—Dost thou come to mar my
projects!

(*Advancing with dagger towards
AMNERIS.*)

RADAMES (*rushing between them*).

Desist thou madman!

AMONASRO.—Oh fury!

RAMPHIS.—Soldiers, advance!

RADAMES (*to AIDA and AMONASRO*).

Fly quick! delay not!

AMONASRO (*dragging AIDA*).—Come
then, my daughter.

RAMPHIS (*to the guards*).—Follow
after!

RADAMES (*to RAMPHIS*).—Priest of Isis,
I yield to thee.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the King's palace.*

On the left a large portal leading to the subterranean hall of justice. A passage on the right, leading to the prison of Radames.

AMNERIS.—She, my rival detested, has
escaped me.

And from the priesthood Radames
Awaits the sentence on a traitor.

Yet a traitor he is not. Tho' he dis-
closed

The weighty secrets of warfare, flight
was

His true intention, and flight with her,
too.

They are traitors all, then! deserving
to perish!

What am I saying? I love him, still
I love him:

Yes, insane and desp'rate is the love
My wretched life destroying.

Ah! could he only love me!

I fain would save him. Yet can I?
One effort! Soldiers, Radames bring
hither.

(Enter RADAMES, led by guards.)
Now to the hall the priests proceed,
Whose judgment thou art waiting;
Yet there is hope from this foul deed
Thyself of disculpating;
Once clear to gain thy pardon
I at the throne's foot kneeling,
For mercy dear appealing,
Life will I render thee.

RADAMES.—From me my judges ne'er
will hear

One word of exculpation;
In sight of heaven I am clear,
Nor fear its reprobation.

My lips I kept no guard on.
The secret I imparted,
But guiltless and pure-hearted,
From stain my honor's free.

AMNERIS.—Then save thy life, and clear
thyself.

RADAMES.—No.

AMNERIS.—Wouldst thou die?

RADAMES.—My life is hateful! Of all
pleasure

For ever 'tis divested,
Without hope's priceless treasure,
'Tis better far to die.

AMNERIS.—Wouldst die, then? Ah!
thou for me shalt live!

Live, of all my love assured;
The keenest pangs that death can give,
For thee have I endured!
By love condemn'd to languish,
Long vigils I've spent in anguish,
My country, my power, existence,
All I'd surrender for thee.

RADAMES.—For her I too my country,
Honor and life surrendered!

AMNERIS.—No more of her!

RADAMES.—Dishonor awaits me,
Yet thou wilt save me?

Thou all my hope has shaken,
Aida thou has taken;
Haply thou hast slain her,
And yet offerest life to me?

AMNERIS.—I, on her life lay guilty
hands?

No! She is living!

RADAMES.—Living.

AMNERIS.—When routed fled the savage
bands,

To fate war's chances giving,
Perish'd her father.

RADAMES.—And she then?

AMNERIS.—Vanish'd, nor aught heard
we then further.

RADAMES.—The gods her path guide
then,

Safe to her home returning,
Guard her, too, e'er from learning
That I for her sake die!

AMNERIS.—But if I save thee, wilt thou
swear

Her sight e'er to resign?

RADAMES.—I cannot!

AMNERIS.—Swear to renounce her for-
ever,

Life shall be thine!

RADAMES.—I cannot!

AMNERIS.—Once more thy answer;
Wilt thou renounce her?

RADAMES.—No never!

AMNERIS.—Life's thread wouldst thou
then sever?

RADAMES.—I am prepared to die.

AMNERIS.—From the fate now hanging
o'er thee,

Who will save thee, wretched being?
She whose heart could once adore
thee,

Now is made thy mortal foe
Heaven all my anguish seeing,
Will avenge this cruel blow.

RADAMES.—Void of terror death now
appeareth,

Since I die for her I cherish;
In the hour when I perish,
With delight my heart will glow;
Wrath no more this bosom feareth,
Scorn for thee alone I know.

(Exit RADAMES attended by guards.

AMNERIS, overcome, sinks on a
chair.)

AMNERIS.—Ah me! 'tis death ap-
proaches!

Who now will save him?

He is now in their power, his sen-
tence I have seal'd!

Oh, how I curse thee, Jealousy, vile
monster,

Thou who hast doom'd him to death,
And me to everlasting sorrow!

(The Priests cross and enter the
subterranean hall.)

Now yonder come, remorseless,
Relentless, his merciless judges.

Ah! let me not behold those white
rob'd phantoms!

He is now in their power;

'Twas I alone his fate that seal'd!

RAMPHIS AND CHORUS.—Heavenly
spirit, in our hearts descending,
Kindle of righteousness the flame,
eternal;

Unto our sentence truth and right-
eousness lending.

AMNERIS.—Pity, oh heav'n, this heart
so sorely wounded!

His heart is guiltless, save him,
pow'rs supernatural!

For my sorrow is despairing, deep,
unbounded!

(RADAMES crosses with guards, and
enters the subterraneous hall.
She sees RADAMES, and exclaims.)

Ah! who will save him?

I feel death approach!

RAMPHIS (*in the crypt*).—Radames! Ra-
dames! Radames!

Thou hast betrayed of thy country
the secrets

To aid the foeman. Defend thyself!

CHORUS.—Defend thyself.

RAMPHIS.—He is silent.

ALL.—Traitor vile!

AMNERIS.—Mercy! spare him, ne'er was
he guilty;

Ah, spare him, heaven, ah, spare his
life.

RAMPHIS.—Radames! Radames! Ra-
dames!

Thou hast deserted the encampment
the very day

Before the combat. Defend thyself!

CHORUS.—Defend thyself!

RAMPHIS.—He is silent.

ALL.—Traitor vile!

AMNERIS.—Mercy, spare him, save him,
oh heav'n,

Ah, spare him, heav'n, ah spare his
life!

RAMPHIS.—Radames! Radames! Ra-
dames!

Hast broken faith as a traitor to
country,

To King, to honor. Defend thyself!

CHORUS.—Defend thyself!

RAMPHIS.—He is silent.

ALL.—Traitor vile!

AMNERIS.—Mercy, spare him, save him,
oh heav'n,

Ah heav'n, spare him, heav'n, spare
his life!

RAMPHIS AND PRIESTS.—Radames, we
thy fate have decided;

Of a traitor the fate shall be thine:
'Neath the altar whose god thou'st
derided,

Thou a sepulchre living shall find.

AMNERIS.—Find a sepulchre living! Oh,
ye wretches!

Ever blood-thirsty, vengeful, and
blind,

Yet who serve of kind heaven the
shrine!

(*The Priests re-enter out of the
crypt.*)

AMNERIS (*confronting the Priests*).
Priests of Isis, your sentence is
odious!

Tigers, ever exulting in slaughter!
Of the earth and the gods all laws
ye outrage!

He is guiltless, whose death ye de-
vise!

RAMPHIS AND PRIESTS.—He is con-
demned! He dies!

AMNERIS (*to RAMPHIS*).—Priest of Isis,
this man who you murder.

Well ye know, in my heart I have
cherish'd:

May the curse of a heart whose hope
has perish'd

Fall on him who mercy denies!

RAMPHIS AND PRIESTS.—He is con-
demned! He dies!

(*Exeunt RAMPHIS and Priests.*)

AMNERIS.—Impious priesthood! curses
light on ye all!

On your heads heaven's vengeance
will fall!

SCENE II.—*The scene is divided into
two floors. The upper floor repre-
sents the interior of the Temple of
Vulcan, resplendent with gold and
glittering light. The lower floor is a
crypt. Long arcades vanishing in the
gloom. Colossal statues of Osiris with
crossed hands support the pillars of
the vault. Radames is discovered in
the crypt, on the steps of the stairs
leading into the vault. Above, two
Priests are in the act of letting down
the stone which closes the subter-
ranean apartment.*

RADAMES.—The fatal stone upon me
now is closing!

Now has the tomb engulf'd me.

I never more shall light behold.

Ne'er shall I see Aida,

Aida, where now art thou?

Whate'er befall me, may'st thou be
happy,

Ne'er may my frightful doom reach
thy ear.

What groan was that! 'Tis a phan-
tom,

Some vision dread! No! sure that
form is human!

Heav'n! Aida!

AIDA.—'Tis I, love!

RADAMES (*in the utmost despair*).—
Thou? with me here buried?

AIDA.—My heart foreboded this thy
dreadful sentence,

And to this tomb, that shuts on
thee its portal,

I crept unseen by mortal.

Here, far from all, where none can
more behold us,

Clasp'd in thy arms I am resolved to
perish.

RADAMES.—To die! so pure and lovely!
For me thyself so dooming,
In all thy beauty blooming,



Fade thus forever!
 Thou whom the heav'ns alone for
 love created,
 But to destroy thee was my love then
 fated!
 Ah, no, those eyes so clear I prize,
 For death too lovely are!
 AIDA (*as in a trance*).—Seest thou,
 where death, in angel guise,
 In heav'nly radiance beaming,
 Would waft us to eternal joys,
 On golden wings above?
 See, heaven's gates are open wide,
 Where tears are never streaming,
 Where only joy and bliss abide,
 And never fading love.
 PRIESTESSES AND PRIESTS.—Almighty
 Phtha, that wakest,
 In all things breathing life,
 Lo! we invoke thee.
 AIDA.—Doleful chanting!
 RADAMES.—Of the Priests 'tis the in-
 vocation.
 AIDA.—It is our death chant resound-
 ing.

RADAMES (*trying to displace the stone
 closing the vault*).—Cannot my
 lusty sinews move from its
 place
 A moment this fatal stone!
 AIDA.—In vain! All, is over,
 Hope on earth have we none.
 RADAMES (*with sad resignation*). I
 fear it! I fear it!
 AIDA AND RADAMES.—Farewell, oh earth,
 farewell, thou vale of sorrow,
 Brief dream of joy condemn'd to end
 in woe,
 To us now opens the sky, an endless
 morrow
 Unshadow'd there eternally shall
 glow.
 Ah! now opens the sky.
 (*AMNERIS appears habited in mourn-
 ing, and throws herself on the
 stone closing the vault.*)
 AMNERIS (*soffocating with emotion*).
 Peace everlasting. Oh, my beloved,
 Isis relenting greet thee on high!
 PRIESTS.—Almighty Phtha!

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SOPRANOS

Avery, Marie
Barton, Allie
Bebout, Mrs. G. N.
Ben'Oliel, Lillie
Blaich, Mrs. Geo.
Borden, Gertrude
Brewster, Katherine
Bruegel, Anna
Bury, Mary E.
Caldwell, Minnie B.
Campbell, Elizabeth A.
Caspary, Frances
Chase, Mildred H.
Chubb, Carolyn
Chute, Gertrude M.
Clarke, Georgia P.
Conder, Mrs. E. R.
Crim, Ruth E.
Davison, Nina M.
Dudley, Mrs. S. M.
Eberbach, Mrs. E. H.
Ely, Abigail M.
Farlin, Leila H.
Ferguson, Mrs. A. P.
Fischer, Babette L.
Fischer, Ida M.
Fischer, Natalie
Fitzgerald, Birdie
Fouch, Mrs. Squire
Gannett, Lucy

Godfrey, Effie
Greene, Mrs. C. W.
Gundert, Anna
Hamilton, Nellie M.
Harnden, Mabel
Hawkins, Mrs. F. B.
Heywood, Mabel
Hulett, Helen V.
Jenks, Caroline
Johnson, Marilla
Jones, E. May
Kanouse, Sarah L.
Kieth, Mrs. E. A.
Key, Mrs. G. F.
Kitson, Mrs. A. J.
Krause, Carrie P.
McMichael, Lillie
Marble, Alice
Marshall, Berthena
Mummery, Mrs. A. A.
Niles, Mrs. B. D.
Oleson, Rubv M.
Osborne, Grace A.
Peale, Marjorie
Pennell, Carolyn A.
Pennell, Elizabeth C.
Peterson, Mrs. M. C.
Potts, Georgina
Rainey, Mrs. A.
Reyer, Amanda E.

Rhodes, Jennie S.
Rominger, Julie
Rothman, Alice E.
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Savery, Mrs. W. I.
Schenk, Rosina
Schleede, Edith
Slaight, Mrs. R. D.
Sperry, Ora
Staebler, Mrs. J.
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Tarrant, Bertha H.
Taylor, Mella
Thayer, Laurel C.
Thompson, Grace McD.
Tremper, Kate
Tremper, Mildred
Vaughan, Estelle J.
Vincent, May R.
Voorhees, Gertrude
Weinmann, Emma C.
Whedon, Sara
Whitfield, Mrs. F. M.
Whitman, Daisy H.
Whitman, Lillian
Wilson, Mrs. Kate M. B.
Woods, Mrs. H. M.
Wurster, Pauline

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ALTOS

Allmand, Jessie
Allmendinger, Marie E.
Barnard, Florence
Barnard, Bessie
Ben'Oliel, Daisy
Blanchard, Bertha
Bogle, Katherine
Broadbridge, Lotta
Bull, Roberta
Carlisle, Lelia
Cawley, Anna
Chandler, Dulu
Chapman, Olive
Childs, Mrs. W. K.
Chubb, Agnes
Clark, Martha
Coldren, Mae B.
Compere, Irene L.
Covert, Ida M.
Davis, Mrs. A. L.
Davis, Bertha

Dicken, Carrie
Dunbar, Frances J.
Eberbach, Edith
Ferris, Etiola M.
Gandy, Leona
Goodrich, May E.
Hawley, Mrs. E. A.
Hawley, Mary
Hicks, Mrs. A. P.
Lemm, Atla
Marschke, Emily K.
Marsell, Fern
Medaris, Carlotta
Minchin, Nydia
Munn, Helena
Munn, Mrs. M. S.
Pease, Mrs. C. H.
Peck, Lulu
Pfeifle, Marie
Pfisterer, Matilda C.
Post, Helen

Reed, Mrs. J. D.
Rhead, Mrs. Geo. B.
Ritter, Mrs. D. W.
Ryan, Agnes E.
Schurrer, Bertha
Seltzer, Esther
Smith, Mrs. E. M.
Smith, Marian
Solether, Hallie B.
St. James, Evelyn
Stebbins, Mrs. L. A.
Stockwell, Nellie B.
Strain, Sara
Sturgis, Martha
Wahl, Otilie A.
Wahr, Caroline D.
Wilson, Mrs. J. C.
Wood, Blanche
Wood, Cornelia
Woodley, Mrs. Maud
Wright, Mrs. W. R.

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TENORS

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Austin, L. B.
Baley, Stanley J.
Berry, J. T.
Becker, A. J.
Bee, H. C.
Boord, C. N.
Brookhart, L. S.
Burrill, J. A.
Clark, N. B.
Cooper, W. H.
Crosby, J. H.
Dexter, T. H.
Fouch, Squire

Gilkey, R. L.
Gordon, G. L.
Greene, O. J.
Grocock, Jas. S.
Higley, G. O.
Hoxie, J. M.
Killeen, Fred
Kletzer, Wm.
Koch, August G.
Lewen, Rudolph
Moore, H. B.
Murphy, J. E.
Nelson, J. R.
Niles, B. D.

Patterson, P. N.
Pease, C. H.
Rhead, G. B.
Root, F. M.
Schenk, Philip.
Snauble, Vernor L.
Stone, H. K.
Sunderland, E. R.
Swineford, C. R.
Webb, G. A.
Zimmerman, L. D.
Zoellner, Karl

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BASSES

Baker, R. C.
Bebout, G. N.
Berry, Otto
Boardman, N. H.
Brooks, E. D.
Carney, C. S.
Carraghan, L. H.
Coe, H. E.
Collum, LaMont A.
Conder, E. R.
Davis, R. B.
De Bruyn, R. P.
de Pont, P. R.
Doll, M. G.
Edwards, R. L.
Erwin, H. P.
Finney, A. C.
Fisher, C. A.
Gzas, T. H.
Goodrich, R. D.
Greene, C. W.
Halliday, E. M.
Hawley, J. A.
Henselman, J. H.
Hicks, A. P.

Higley, F. C.
Hirschman, Jesse F.
Horton, E. H.
Howell, R. B.
Howes, F. J.
Ingold, Geo.
Johnson, Moses
Johnson, Thos.
Keeler, C. E.
Kerr, J. Y.
Kilgore, F. J.
Killeen, Earle G.
Koch, Eugene J.
Lange, C. F. A.
Macduff, Douglas
Minor, Van Lien
Mitterwalner, A. M.
Murdock, C. E.
Nancrede, C. B.
Ortmeyer, A. H.
Parrish, B. R.
Roberts, J. C.
Rogers, Collin B.
Ruby, Clem
Ryder, E. H.

Schmidt, August
Seymour, H. J.
Sidener, J. D.
Sims, T. A.
Smith, C. S.
Smith, W. C.
Snell, W. C.
Solether, E. K.
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Stair, Gobin
Stieger, A. W.
Test, E. W.
Tower, L. H.
Trueblood, B. C.
Van Dorn, R. V.
Wagner, G. E.
Weeks, Walter
Whitsit, Lyle
Wines, L. D.
Wood, F. E.
Wood, Rex
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